

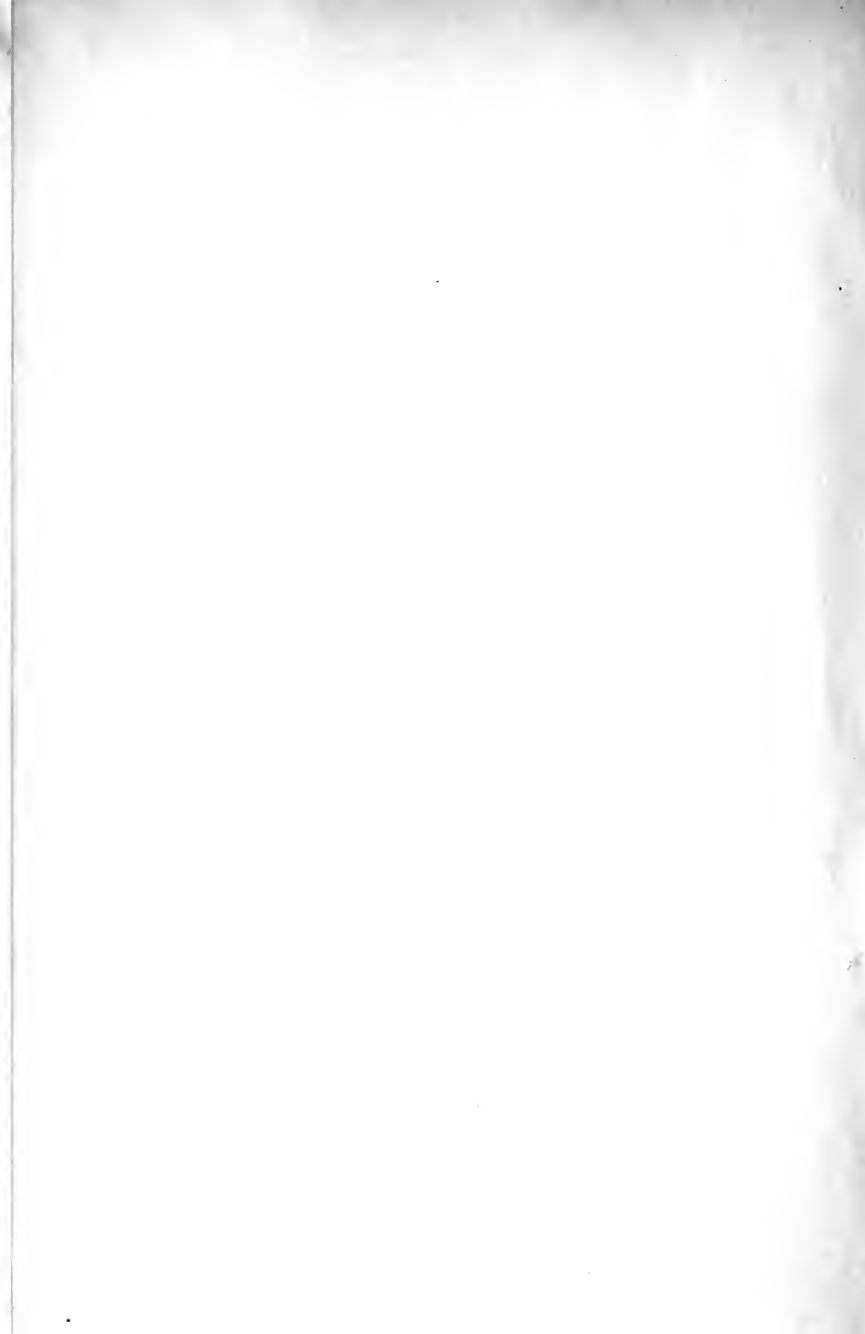




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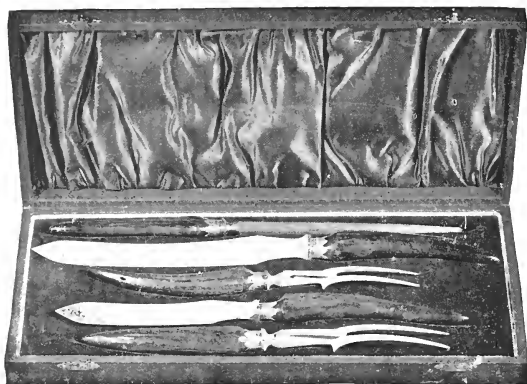
A
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

WESTWARD HO!

The New Year---the perihelion of Hope---lifts us into the boundless possibilities of the future---the glorious future of Canada. "Build" cries Hope, "build with all thy might, unselfishly, for the happiness and wellbeing of all." To such a majestic building, Westward Ho! will continue to contribute its quota of literary workmanship.

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VOL. IV JANUARY, 1909 NO. 1



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BRAM THOMPSON, M.A.,

Editor-in-Chief.

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Publishers' Announcement

With this issue, "Westward Ho!" opens the pages of its fourth volume; an epoch in our magazine life justifying a slight retrospective review, for which the indulgence of the reader is claimed.

The first number of "Westward Ho!" contained fifty-six pages—the present number contains ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE PAGES.

The first issue of "Westward Ho!" reached a local constituency—the present number will cover a field of readers stretching from Mexico on the South to Alaska on the North; from the Westernmost point of British Columbia, through Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, to Ontario, and Quebec on the East; with a by-no-means contemptible sprinkling in Great Britain. The whole of this extra-territorial circulation has been obtained without the aid of canvassers or advertisements—simply from the fact that "Westward Ho!" is the National magazine of Western Canada, breathing the "Spirit of the West" and carrying that Western Spirit and solid Western information into realms outside its immediate constituency. No wonder, the amount of advertising carried by "Westward Ho!" has grown in like ratio.

The first issue of the magazine was sold at a popular price—in spite of the fact that the present issue is double the size of the original issue and other increased costs, "Westward Ho!" is still sold at the popular price of 10c and will be continued at that price; but, we rely on our readers to reciprocate our endeavours by securing new subscribers at every possible opportunity—every subscriber so secured is an incentive to our efforts in building up a truly National Magazine.

SYNOPSIS OF FEBRUARY NUMBER

The series of articles by the Editor on "**THE VITAL PROBLEMS OF CANADA**," which commence in this number, will be continued in February. The announcement of them, contained in the December issue, has itself evoked extensive eulogies; and seeing that the articles do not declare dogmas, but express convictions, Westward Ho! will gladly receive criticisms and expressions of opinion from every side of the subjects treated, and either by way of counter-criticism or by publication, will deal with the views of others; provided that those views are strictly *ad rem* and not *in personam*.

The other new feature of the magazine, "**The Empire of Woman**," will also be continued. Volatile and Versatile as "Valerie Vectis" is when painting scenes in picturesque, pathetic poesy, her articles under this head are evincing a philosophic faculty and synthetical power which everyone will appreciate who reads in the February number her "**Ideal Man**" as a complement of her "**Ideal Woman**" in the January number. In this part of the Magazine she has placed many magnets which are simply irresistible.

FICTION.

"**The Expiation of John Reedham**," by the celebrated writer, Annie S. Swan, becomes more and more enamouring; and in the section for February the social and family cords dissevered by Reedham's disaster are being reknit by fate and fortune's fantastic finger. Watch the operation!

"**The Patchwork Quilt**," by Mrs. Agnes Lockhart Hughes, graphically portrays the morally debasing influences of money even with the family circle; and illustrates how a condemned Sister in poverty becomes with the acquisition of wealth the object of hypocritical adulation. But the righteous perversity and vindictiveness that lived on the sycophant,

hypocrit-sister for years, and then left the hoarded money to a Public Charity is exquisite irony in which the author seems to excel almost as much as she does in her delightful revelations of the master power of love.

"The Conjured Melon"—This tragic story, related by Frank H. Sweet, can hardly be classed as fiction, for it gives an Indian version of the slaughter of Whitman, the great Pioneer Missionary of Oregon and Washington, whose deeds are almost as monumental as are the achievements of General Gordon; and the end of both how tragic!

In **"The Last Fight of the Tennessee"** Patrick Vaux gives us a living description of a Naval encounter in the Confederation War of 1865, and the collapse of the Southern Forces. A Canadian Navy, being now a pressing question, this naval story, besides the fact that its scene is only next door, is exceedingly opportune and thought-creating.

"A DRUG STORY," by E. M. Eassie, is a comical exposure of the "all-cure-medicine-quack" that infests the centres of population and feeds and fattens on the gullibility both of the ignorant and of those who think they know.

"LOVE'S CROSS PURPOSES," by Isabel Bowler,
and

"THE SHADOW OF A GREAT MISTAKE," by Isabel Macdonald, are two love romances of the rolling Prairies—the one woven among the bronchos, and the boys and girls of the "rounds up," and the other among the wheat harvests and autumn scenes of Sunny Alberta.

"ONE GILMPSE OF HIGH LIFE" exactly expresses by its title what the author, St. John Bradner, beautifully unfolds—a glimpse of high life which excites intense interest, and teaches the lesson that "things are not as they seem."

ARTICLES DESCRIPTIVE AND OTHERWISE.

THE NORTH WEST AND THE LAST WEST receive an even more conspicuous treatment than in the January number for

THE PRAIRIES are described by Blanche E. Holt Marison with that wealth of imagery which metaphorically paints on the mind enduring scenes whose bewildering splendour has heretofore eluded and evaded our utmost efforts to appropriate them.

THE MEMOIRS of the great pioneer discoverer, **"Simon Fraser,"** which have attracted widespread attention, will be concluded by E. O. S. Scholefield.

BUILDERS OF THE WEST have found another compatriot through the medium of the Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, whose remarkably able sketch of **"One of Victoria's Pioneers, Ex-Mayor T. W. Carey,"** is embellished with many reminiscences of Lord and Lady Dufferin; and

THE UNFOLDING WEALTH OF PRAIRIE-LAND is revealed by Dr. D. D. Ross with a precision of thought and phrase which proves that the writer not only depicts realities but is familiar with, and enthusiastic about them.

POETRY.

Nothing stirs the soul of poetry more than patriotism, heroic deeds, the splendours of nature, and the deep, sublimated emotions of the true and pure heart: and

OUR EMPIREby Ada S. Walker

SUNRISE, and SUNSETby Frank G. Strong

YEARNINGby Martha S. Lippincott

are instances of the wide-spread spirit of poetry in this new land of the West.

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Russell Sage once said: "Buy gas stock, in which you have confidence, and put it away. Don't worry it and don't let it worry you. A good gas stock is working for you all the time; it will work for you when you can't work for yourself."

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We endorse and recommend shares in the Royal City Gas Improvement Co. as a safe and profitable investment, principally because such eminent gas experts as Roger Polk of St. Louis and W. Thomas, Engineer, of Vancouver, after carefully inspecting local conditions at New Westminster, emphatically state that the enterprise will be a success and pay big profits.

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Mr. Thomas, in his report to the directors of the Company, shows very clearly that the company can pay 20 per cent. dividend from a sale of 100,000 cubic feet of gas per day. As a matter of fact the directors have already received reserve orders for more than 100,000 cubic feet daily from manufacturing concerns in New Westminster. Add to this another 100,000 cubic feet daily, which would represent only a portion of the gas required for domestic purposes, consequently the Company has in sight business which would enable it to pay a greater dividend than 20 per cent. estimated in the report of Engineer Thomas.

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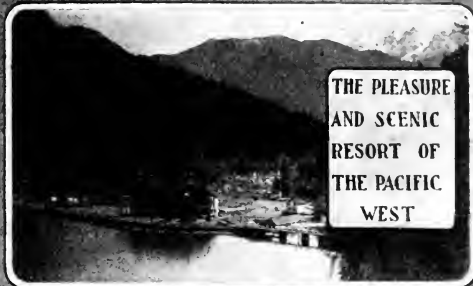
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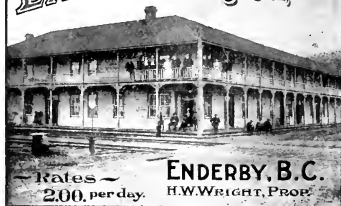
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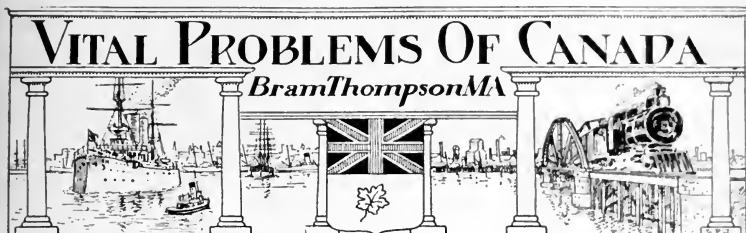
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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Vol. IV.

January, 1909

Number



CANADA AND NATIONHOOD

THE Problems that are rightly called vital to Canada must necessarily be such as are of a fundamental and permanent character. They pertain not only to the base of the national edifice and the superstructure that is rising upon it, but to the people themselves who are to be either the architects of a sublime destiny or iconoclasts of the most glorious ideal of Nationhood, Empire and Liberty that has ever been presented to the World.

The fleeting and ephemeral will *ex necessitate* be eliminated from these articles; and as the love of Canada has produced them, and the ambition to see her discard the togger of Colonialism for the royal robe of Sovereign Nationhood has inspired them, their aim will be to solve her problems however complex and to make clear her path however devious by the illuminating torch of patriotism. But this patriotic torch, it must be remembered, has a double flame: one to illuminate the way of truth, glory, honour and renown; and the other to wither, scorch and burn, and to convert into smouldering ashes whatsoever would retard the attainment of the Dominion's great destiny or tarnish the name of her people.

These articles will no doubt afford genuine patriots,—real seekers after truth,—consolation, aid, and guidance; but the political vampire had better beware of their long distance range while

the tergiversator whose evasive and elusive expedients continually clog the wheels of progress and jeopardize the integrity of the Country must expect from the author no deflection of the light of Truth. Though it is principles we wish to propound, the integrity and not the dark deeds of men, either in the individual or in a political aggregate, we wish to reveal, yet if some infatuated Mephistopheles should be found clinging with desperate resolve to some infernal project for his own or a party's aggrandisement, it is not our fault or the author's seeking if with the revelation of his scheme, the sensibility of the Country should revolt and deal him the kick of contempt that will consign him to an inglorious oblivion.

CANADA IS THE INHERITOR OF THE CENTURIES.

All that tyranny has lost, all that democracy has won, all that civilization has garnered, all that education has accomplished, and all that the Sword of Right has wrested from the Sword of Might,—are hers, laid at her feet as a bountiful bequest of the Ages.

Nor is this all. Nature has endowed her with a soil prolific, a climate propitious, and in her bosom has hidden away the accumulated treasures of infinite aeons.

She begins her progression where the past has ended; she is unincumbered by, absolutely free from, any *damnosa haereditas* either of overturned dynasties, sub-

verted tyrannies, or perpetuated systems of effete Law or Constitutional Bondage, and unless she is recreant to herself and perfidious to posterity her advance towards the attainment of the ideal in Government and in individual life must be such as no nation heretofore has achieved.

HER PROBLEMS, however, are not lessened or simplified, but rendered more pressing and complex by reason of her phenomenal position. She must still face the questions that confronted other lands though her approach to them is along the Path of Peace and not through Seas of Blood. There is no obstacle before her, no menacing foe, no relentless grasp of a titanic tyrant, and yet she displays a certain dilatoriness in attaining to her full national stature that strangely contrasts with the ardour and frenzied impatience which nerved the arm of her precursors to cut their way to freedom with battle-axe and sword.

We have no desire to arouse within Canada an ultra-military spirit. But at the present time it behoves her to make a strict scrutiny of her environments.

Every nation in the world is her friend. Besides the denizens of the Empire whom for the present we leave out of the reckoning, all nations love her; but it is by no means Platonic Love that animates them. They propitiate her with their varying gifts; they adulterate her name; and more than one Political Pedagogue from a foreign land has essayed the task of teaching her the arts of Colonization, internal development, and concentric Government. But "*timco Danaos et dona ferentes*" is as true as it was in the days of Troy; and the Canadian people had better beware that history does not, even after long epochs repeat itself, or that some politico-national lingo does not from the bosom of friendship whisper alluring themes into her credulous ear with the ulterior design of subverting her national integrity.

We make no sinister suggestions; but as Canada's position is unique, and the path of her destiny is a path untrodden, she must be her own guide; and her Star, or Pillar of Fire, must not be con-

founded with that which other nations have followed—followed even to glory.

There are men of eminence claiming to be her citizens who boldly advocate her absorption by or amalgamation with, her Southern Neighbour; but her southern neighbour whom these men, and all men, admire did not attain greatness by absorption or amalgamation.

ABSORPTION OR AMALGAMATION—they are both the same—means the escape from national problems; but it no less means the effacement of the Canadian name; and no man that has sounded the depths of Canadian patriotism could ever be deceived into the belief that it would subordinate itself to any power or consent to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage.

CANADA, AN INTEGRAL STATE, MUST BECOME, AND FOR EVER REMAIN, A NATIONAL ENTITY.

NATIONHOOD IS THE CROWNING GLORY OF A FREE PEOPLE.

A NATION is a Sovereign State, a Law unto herself, the supreme mistress of her own domain, and the absolute arbiter of her own destiny. She may vault high in the Empyrean, expand her wings and soar aloft; or she may decline and sink or dwindle and decay.

A PEOPLE on the other hand, no matter how homogeneous, who have not attained to this absolute arbitrariness are at the best in some species of Governmental subordination, and curbed and controlled by forces, powers and authorities extraneous to themselves. They may be a Crown Colony without a voice at all; they may be a Self-governing Colony; or they may be euphemistically designated an Oversea State or even a Sister Nation. It matters little in which of these categories they are classed, they are still devoid of their "crowning glory."

Since first the ennobling names of Nationhood, Fatherland and Motherland, touched the ear and stirred the heart of patriotic devotion the conceptions of Government, and the relationships of States to Peoples, of Nations with Nations, and of Empires to their constituent parts have undergone many changes; and in order to clarify our present ideas it is absolutely essential to specify the old.

ROME was the concatenation of all that is subversive of freedom. Wherever she carried her victorious arm she crushed and pulverized the national life of every subdued people; and out of the debris she constructed the fabric of her Empire.

Nationhood was incompatible with her tyrannic and autocratic sway. *Pari passu* with the expansion of her Empire, Nationhood was extinguished; and as patriotism is a stronger and deeper emotion than pride of empire or loyalty to an exotic executive, Independence became the synonym of freedom and the watchword against Imperial aggression.

Both SPAIN AND ENGLAND, when they inaugurated their colonization policy, were enthralled with the idea of a central Government over a universal domain; and neither of them had any conception of Empire other than that of Imperial Rome. In later times GREAT BRITAIN saw the "inexpediency" of asserting over her colonial possessions anything more than a paternal control. So long as this was passive or merely suggestive, it was tolerated; but soon the paternal and the filial conceptions of it came into antagonism, and almost simultaneously the principle that had been generating for centuries opportunely fructified and yielded the true political philosophy, the definite formula, that "TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION" were eternally linked and formed an integral part of Constitutional Government. The Declaration of Independence of the States of the American Union denoted the triumph of this principle, and demarcated the final revolt against, and severance from, all forms of exotic government and extraneous control.

There was no *via media* for the States of America. Their alternative to Independence was Submission; for Great Britain had not yet grasped the truth which Burke had thundered into her ear, and almost scorched into her brain with an eloquence, a wealth of imagery, and a prescient philosophy that have never been surpassed. But she began to apprehend that truth when submission on her part became inevitable, and after Inde-

pendence had been declared by a people who could easily have been placated.

Since that eventful epoch there has been no retrogression in constitutional thought. The trend has been upward; the clouds have been lifting, until now we are on an untrodden altitude, in the centre of dazzling radiances, where EMPIRE AND NATION appear not only as *consentaneous entities* but as the *best allied guardians of National Liberty*.

But we must clear away some hazes of the Confederation proposals before we gain a complete view of the glorious panorama which this Pisgah height affords to the Canadian people.

The "CONFEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE" assumed considerable proportions in the public mind with the *volte face* of Joseph Chamberlain, and his advocacy of intra-Empire Preferential Tariffs. That was in 1903. Some years before he had become an Imperialist. An episode connected with the Boer War has the honour of imparting this last complexion to his multi-coloured career. It may fittingly be stated now as the recent German coup is still fresh in the public mind. It was this: The erratic and feather-headed Emperor of Germany had telegraphed to President Kruger his congratulations on the rout and capture of the Jameson Raiders; and Chamberlain, then the Colonial Secretary, but not so long before one of the "Peace at any price" Party, had promptly and significantly warned him that, at all cost, foreign interference in a controversy between the United Kingdom and her Colonies would be sternly resented and requited. The Kaiser subsided; and since then Chamberlain has always worn the Imperial badge. But it is only a little more than five years since he became an advocate of Imperial Confederation on a Commercial basis. With what vigour he pushed the idea, we all know, even when the Sun of his Life was rapidly descending to the horizon.

The German Zollverein, and the international Free Trade System of the United States, were the lights he followed. Many of the ideas of his Imperial propaganda had been adumbrated, announced and formu-

lated before, by men like Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Salisbury. Dilke had discussed Confederation upon a military basis, while Beaconsfield and Salisbury had only had vague notions of the growing necessity for a Bond of Union between the Mother Country and her Colonies. But none of them succeeded in propounding a satisfactory scheme, because the Empire to them was only an expanded Great Britain.

Chamberlain's impetuosity to consummate what either he had so long postponed, or had so long regarded as chimerical had one superb and permanent effect,—that of arousing the Empire. But such a transformation as he designed could not be effected by a *coup d'etat*.

Balfour's profound philosophic logic, which has been called "dialectics" for no other reason than that his words and thoughts are deeper than the Superficialities who condemn his real statesmanship, has largely contributed to the lifting of us far beyond Chamberlain's most exalted ideal.

Daniel Webster said of the Constitution of the United States: "It was the child of pressing commercial necessity. There is not an idea in it but trade—Commerce, commerce, commerce is the beginning and end of it." The same might be said of the German Zollverein and the restoration of the Reich; and the same words aptly describe Chamberlain's Confederation Scheme. But we are now as far ahead of that scheme and of its German Prototype as we were behind them when Chamberlain began his momentous campaign.

The truths that he taught, and the principles that he preached, we can never forget and never ignore; but the Pillars upon which the constitution of the Empire now rests are Everlasting Pillars, rising out of the Waters of every Ocean, out of the Core of every Continent, and cemented by Anglo-Saxon, Hibernian Scottish and Gaelic Blood.

NATIONHOOD IS THEIR NAME; and from the PILLAR OF "CANADA A NATION" the loftiest and sublimest of them all, we take our long-deferred survey of our country's destined greatness.

To gauge the perspective we must discard old ideas and devise new definitions for old terminologies.

"EMPIRE" henceforth is the direct antithesis of all that it formerly meant. It is not a Government at all; it is divested of every legislative function; and it becomes the symbol and exponent of a United Voice. So far from being what even notable men of our own generation regarded it, an expanded Great Britain, *it becomes the co-ordination of several Kingdoms whose united strength is its strength and whose united greatness is its greatness.*

"NATIONHOOD WITHIN THE EMPIRE" will henceforth have a peculiar significance, and must be reckoned with in our constitutional nomenclature.

The phrase does not indicate a status or condition conterminous with Independent Nationhood.

"THE NATIONHOOD WITHIN THE EMPIRE" must no doubt in Imperial affairs subject its volition to the preponderant volition of the whole Co-ordinate Powers. But its Independence is not thereby impaired; for cessation from the co-ordination will at all times be an open way, and continuance in it will be a free exercise of its own volition. Besides that, it will not only have its own strength to develop and defend itself, but it will have the co-operative forces of the whole Co-ordinate Powers behind it.

Every "Nation within the Empire" will have the Empire's might; and the most cursory observer can apprehend that the status thus acquired far transcends Independent Nationhood—so far and so vastly supersedes it that the "Independence of Canada" which many men have seductively preached within her own borders, is relegated, as a gaunt, hideous and dead monstrosity, to tenebrous darkness where it is no more likely to be resuscitated than the embalmed carcass of Rameses II is to be resurrected.

It is not within the scope of this article to define the constitution of the Body which will express the predominant voice or preponderant volition of the Empire. But no doubt its basic principle will be that of the population of the individual

entities composing it. And if it be, *what splendour of fame, what illimitable potentialities, what magnificence of Sovereign sway await this country!*

We cannot at this juncture do more than stand on Pisgah's height and look ahead.

Is it a creation of the fancy, or an illusion of the brain, this magnificent transforming panorama that we behold?

Nothing but reality, O Canadian people, is in the vista presented to your view; and did I not believe that your ambition aspired to it, that your manhood was capable of achieving it; were I not persuaded that the throb of conscious strength, and the yearning for self-reliant existence, had already stirred your blood and impelled you to it—impelled you to undertake the *work of constructing your own Pillar of the Empire, and of making your own Land a Nation*,—I would regard you as a people unworthy of the prowess of your Fathers, unworthy of your magnificent heritage, and unworthy of continued participation in the Empire's glory.

But "*Confido et conquiesco*": I believe and am persuaded that Canada, once she comprehends the problem and her relation to it, will not resist the impulse to enter upon her inevitable task and that she will perform it in a manner magnificent and magnanimous.

No doubt there are many who will try to dissuade and delude her—the Egotist, the Self-Complacent, and the Temporalizer. The first will assert that Canada has already done enough, and more than her circumstances required; the second will declare himself satisfied with the *status quo*; and the third will aver that the terrors of Scylla and Charybdis lie ahead of any movement towards nationhood.

One and all they are enemies or poltroons.

In proof of the assertion that Canada wants Nationhood, I bring her Population, her Commerce, her Revenue, and her own emphatic claim to the Sovereign

Treaty-making Power, as witnesses whose veracity cannot be impugned.

GREAT BRITAIN CANNOT MAKE CANADA A NATION.

The child grows and expands by virtue of laws and forces within, and not without, himself, until a certain juncture having been reached, he demands recognition as a man and assumes his own responsibilities. And by a parity of principle an adolescent people, when a proper period arrives, assume the rights and responsibilities of Nationhood.

That time has arrived for Canada.

Conclusive and emphatic as this is, the larger and greater question remains, and, when added to the first, it makes the position absolutely overwhelming.

According to the views here propounded, and now recognized by the most advanced Imperial Constitutionalists of the day, Confederation of Great Britain with her Colonies being no more than a continuance of the *status quo* is an effete idea.

Unequals can never coalesce on terms of equality; and consequently a National status must exist among the Entities of the Empire before Co-ordination can be effected.

Delay in attaining to that National Status, retards the real Consolidation of the Empire which at present is a figment; or rather it exists only in a sense that is repugnant and detrimental to "the Oversea States" of the British Crown.

To none of these "Oversea States" does the Empire offer such certainties of greatness and power as undoubtedly it would confer upon Canada. Why then does Canada delay it?

Every consideration of Nationhood and international expansion urges her on; and on let her advance "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

We have brought her to the threshold, and she has beheld a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of the Glory that awaits her as a NATION WITHIN THE EMPIRE. The full radiance of its surpassing splendour must be reserved for another day.

Circumventing the Deutchers.

Patrick Vaux.

IN the harbour of one of the North Frisian Islands, lying off Schleswig-Holstein's west coast, the British steamer, "Happy Ann," though with steam up and all cleared for sea, still lay moored chock-a-block alongside the north pier. Her forecastle, standing in groups sheltered by the funnel-casing from the piercing north-easter, were throwing dark looks at the natives on the pier, and talking angrily amongst themselves. Aft, much lurid and defamatory language had filtered up to the ear of the maritime guard, who was pacing the deck there, his rifle at the slope and sword jangling. He was ignorant of Anglo-Saxon—which was worrant!

"You say, Bykett, these Germans are too smart for us," exclaimed her skipper, who had regained some measure of self-restraint. "D—d smart, any-how, in slinging out this arrestment." In his vindictiveness he slapped the portentous document viciously against the cuddy table.

"Yus! Just think of them ketching us as we were moving out," replied the first mate. "Too smart for us. No mistaking that! Punching in the bows of that 'ere Government launch, Tuesday night, means 'eavy damages again' the 'Appy Ann.' No mistaking that. They must 'ave made the wires 'um between 'ere and Kiel to get that arrestment in time."

"Why, in Cain's name, couldn't the loblollies have cleared their Daimler out from under the bows as we came alongside the pier?" grunted the skipper. "Awkward enough, being milked in damages for what one is not responsible for doing, but what about Christmas? Christmas, three days on from now. Eh? Think of spending Merry Christmas in this d—d mud-hole, these Germans are

simple enough to call a harbour—'stead of at home, right and jolly, with the missis and the kids. It sticks in my gizzard, it does."

In derision, the master gave a wave of his arm round the cuddy with its well-worn fixings and rough comfort. In deep disgust, he threw a look pier-ward, where only the interlacing muddy piles and the lower edge of the stringer-beam faced the port holes.

"Well, there ain't any 'elp for it, sir. No mistaking that!"

The cockney first mate rose to go on deck. John B. Vancouver, master mariner, stood up and stretched his lanky body.

"There isn't any help for this bit awkwardness, ye say," said he slowly, "it's like there isn't. I've been in a tight fix before—and with a German gunboat it was, too, the 'Blitz,' when I was a giddy, irresponsible second mate on a British schooner blackberrying for Kanakas; but I wriggled free, and took the old craft with me. I was gotten in a kind of fix, for by rights of the story, the 'Bay of Honduras,' a sailing barque, picked me up off Vancouver as she was beating away for Cape Horn and home; only survivor I was of a boat-load of castaways, father, mother, vessel, unknown. That's how J. B. V. comes by his name; yes, sir, John Bull Vancouver. I tell ye, fixes come naterally to me, and naterally I get out of fixes. But this is one I've never been in before."

"By the time the Deutchers are finished with you, ye'll have bin taught summat, sir," jerked out Bykett, with unusual freedom of tongue, as he gained the companion way. "They have the cinch on you, with this 'ere arrestment aboard; guards a-walking up and down overhead; police cocking their eye at

'er every time they see a head on her bridge or Swabs cleaning the telegraph brasses; and there's that old flat-iron of a gunboat a-lying out in the roads. All like as if waiting for the "Appy Ann" to slip moorings, and try a run for it."

The afternoon was bleak and threatening, with a drab sky overhead, and white tufts of sea breaking down in the near distance. Across the well-boomed watersheds to eastward, over which the flow was fast deepening, winter drift hid the low coast-line of North Germany facing the harbour. As Captain Vancouver stepped out of the companion, a few feathers of snow swirled down and specked the upperworks. With his deep-set eyes resting on the port, into which he had been driven three nights ago through stress of the gale now blowing itself out, he turned amidships.

Along the short north pier, where runs a tramway leading up to the gunpits and garrison among the dunes commanding the sea, behind the port—for this Frisian Island is the base of the North German Maritime Defence—a dredger and two tugs were moored in front of their stores sheds, and fishermen and others lounging about were inquisitively gazing at the Britisher. Upon her, the 'poliz-officeren' had relentlessly fixed their attention. Near by stood the harbour-master, gesticulating at her as he talked with a military officer.

At the south pier, across the harbour which at high-water seems a deep and spacious haven, but at low tide is only a bed of blackish slime, except where dredged deep alongside the piers, some lighters and various coasters with quaint high pitched bows and bluff, squarish sterns were busy with cargoes, and small craft jobbed about in the rising tide-way.

Captain Vancouver paused at the foot of the bridge ladder, he glanced malevolently at the whitewashed houses huddled round the conical-roofed church looking towards the Customs on the quay between the piers. Against the sandhills, that shelter the port in a kind of elbow from all gales save the north-east,

the place looked hideous in its sterility. Along the esplanade facing the east beach great white hotels with shuttered windows, a deserted public-garden commanded by a gorgeous casino, its porticoes and windows boarded, and the many kiosques and cafes protected by planking against the winter, lay awaiting the return of summer visitors.

"By thunders," he growled, stepping up to his bridge, "to spend Christmas here with these sauer-krauters, swigging lager beer, and munching black bread and horse sausages! And me promising the missis and the kids, bless 'em, to be sure and be home for plum-pudding and pie."

"A nice hole to see Christmas in!" he ejaculated laconically to the second mate, who with his elbows propped on the after bridge-rail was staring through his glass away north-west into the offing. There haze obscured the north end of the island with its two lighthouses and great circular beacon.

Robinson took the glass from his eye, and threw a wry look shoreward. He gave a significant shrug of his broad shoulders.

"'Nough to give one the rats, thinkin' of it, sir," he replied, in a voice of disgust, reflecting on his sweetheart and the mistletoe in the dark little lobby at home, and the smell of roast turkey and roast beef coming upstairs, and the jolly company there busily popping corks to celebrate the merry festival. "But that arrestment has tied us up. Taken us aback all standing, sir."

"Yes, the Deutchers have tied us up," assented the skipper.

"One' ud be almost tempted to cut and run for it, sir," continued the second mate in an aggrieved voice, "but they're watching us that close. Hello, sir, here's a sailing craft standing in."

The skipper took the glass, and scrutinised the nearing galliot that with wind and tide in her favour was heading out of the falling haze at some speed for the north pier. A sudden thought caused him to wrinkle his brows; he directed his gaze on the low squat gunboat lying outside in the roadstead, eastward. On board her there were no signs of

activity except the sentry officer on her bridge, the pacing up and down by the near gangway, a few figures passing to and fro along her deck, and the thin wisp of smoke eddying from her funnel.

"I reckon that is the powder craft the harbour-master was jabbering about this morning. Mr. Robinson," he exclaimed, handing back the telescope. "We've got to shift berth to the south pier then, I understand. She moors alongside here."

"Harbour-master, sir, makin' for the gangway. Will they be havin' us winch her across into the fresh berth?"

"I expect so, I expect so," the skipper replied in tones that suggested a fresh grievance.

As he swung round to greet the vociferous "Hafenmeister" the master's eyes met Robinson's, and for a second or two they looked interrogatively at each other—quick with surmise and adventure.

"Umph! Glad to see, Robinson, you're no croaking Cockney like Mr. Bykett. By thunders, wouldn't I like to let these Germans see we're all the Old Blood yet."

"It isn't us, sir, but the harbour-master and the Maritime Defence lot that are responsible for the Daimler getting her bows stoved in," the second mate broke out with resentfully.

"She was where she oughtn't to have been, with us coming inside," assented Vancouver, "or we should have been put into an empty berth. Hark ye to Herr Deutscherman hailing as if we are his goods and chattels!"

"You Englisches schiff, ahoy, da. You vill to shift now, to die sudwärts bruck-enpfeiler. . . What! You do not know what I say? To die south pier, I tell you; die same berth there. I vill take you kreutzweise myself, mit your engines. Then you will draw die fires, and remain in die schiff. You are arrest-anten. No! No! you cannot land."

Maybe it was the Old Blood, maybe it was the New, that now flushed Vancouver's dark face, and made his lean hands strain on the bridge-rail. That, too, prompted sudden enterprise and desperate bearing.

"I can't land, can't I, eh," he rumbled,

staring down from the end of his bridge at the harbour-master, a sallow, wizened-faced Frisian giant, beetle browed with a bush of grizzled moustache, and a bayonet cut across the bridge of his broad nose. "How d'ye know I want to? Tell some of your hands to slip the wires, and we'll haul all aboard for t'other berth."

With sluggish, indifferent eyes the skipper watched him step down the gangway and gain the pier, but it was with swift, decisive motions Vancouver turned to his engine room, telegraph and wheel. On Robinson's ear came his undertone as he passed; for one moment the officer stared in amazement at him; the next, his feet were on the ladder, and he was hurriedly making for the forecastle.

The master of the "Happy Ann" paused for a minute. Intently he watched the pier hands slouching round the great cast-steel bollards; behind them, the background of sheds and fixings, and the crowd of spectators.

"Haul away, haul away, bow and starn, there."

The order came like the crack of a whip, and his telegraph went twang-twang in the engine-room, the propellor speedily to beat up muddy foam. Before the harbour master and his men could believe their senses, the great wire hawsers were being ravenously picked up by their steam capstan, the looped ends to fall into the water with a heavy splash.

"Danke, danke, meine Herren," roared Vancouver, "I am shifting my berth, but it's to t'other side of the North Sea. You don't catch this Britisher doing Christmas time with you. It's——" But the crash of the maritime guard's rifle as he realised affairs cut short the skipper's vehemence.

With a sharp ping the bullet struck the funnel in front of the bridge, and the skipper's face winced. Hunching his shoulders together as if lessening the target of his tall figure, he bent low over the wheel as he brought the steamer round on her heel for the open. Grunts and yells broke out behind him, on the deck where the boatswain and two sea-

men were in hand-grips with the guard. Above the hubbub on the pier he heard the second mate's voice drawing attention to the harbour-master, who in his desperation and fury had jumped from the pier-head, and landed almost at the cost of his life on the runaway's port quarter.

"Look out there for boarders, lads! Catch him. By G—— he'll be overboard. Clew him up, clew him up. Don't hurt him. Ain't he a plucky un."

Oaths, strange and weird, hurtled through the air. Heads, arms and legs wriggled and heaved about. Fists and knees came into play, and Robinson's nose was dripping all gory.

"Shove 'im down into the cuddy. Secure companion," bawled the skipper, exultation swelling his voice.

But as he laid the steamer on a course for the red and black buoys marking the channel seaward, round the north end of the island, he eyed with trepidation in his glance the gunboat in the roadstead. Already her bridge-telegraph was energetically answering the shore; officers were thronging her bridge; men were swarming up forward; and figures were busy amidships at a cutter there, which the steel derrick was about to lift into the water. Her men Vancouver now saw jumping into her.

"It'll be twelve months' quod for the 'ands, five years for the mates, an' the vessel confiscated," groaned the first mate, who had climbed to the bridge. "Jus' look at that 'ere Kaiser craft. Oh, 'ow bloomin' smart she is; her 'ands jumpin' around, slicker'n fleas. There ain't any comin' over them Deutscher-men."

"Stow your gab, or I'll come over you," rasped the skipper, devouring the "Bremse" with nervous eyes as he handed over the wheel to Bykett till a hand came on the bridge.

Telescope levelled he craned himself over the starboard bridge-rail, and scrutinized the gunboat. Suddenly her derrick stopped lowering the cutter, it began to hoist her in again. The little handful of bluejackets at her forward quickfirer ceased their activities and slowly housed it again under its water-

proof sheeting. A grin of contempt and scorn corrugated the master's high-cheeked features. In the height of triumph he slapped the telescope home.

"There ain't any coming over them Deutscher-men!" he repeated, with more than a trace of derision in his deep voice. "Isn't there? I'll allow, though, I did expect they'd overhaul me. A close thing!"

"An' so they could," the first mate asserted. "They've either summat up their sleeve, sir, or don't like this dirty weather comin' down with the drift. Mayhap, they're relyin' on that crewser of theirs that went out last night, to ketch us outside. She's being wirelessed."

"Looks like she is, don't it," grunted Vancouver, suddenly picking up the glass. "If I don't mistake her, here she comes down the fairway, and bringing the fog and snow with her. Oh, blast her!"

"If the dirt comes down a bit faster, we might dodge her," chimed in the second mate, breathless with excitement, as he ogled *Seiner Deutscher Majestat's* cruiser, and industriously wiped his nose. But the skipper, gloomily eyeing the "Gazelle," shook his head in dissent.

Smartly, too, the warship arrested the "Happy Ann," alas happy no longer. As the two vessels lost way, the Britisher's hands lined her deck rail, and glumly viewed her. But upon the bridge, the skipper faced his situation like a true-born Briton.

"Mr. Robinson, your voice carries well," he jerked out, "ask that band-box looking cratur on the fore bridge what he wants."

"Sieh da!" bawled the German commander, standing to starboard, apart from his officers. "Vas do I vant? Potz tausend, you are cool, you Engländer! You have escaped die law. You are now my arrestanten. You have two men also seized. I send a boat."

Grim was the face of the Britisher's captain, but the gloom was gone from it. He wiped the flakes of falling snow off his eyelashes, and threw an anxiously expectant look at the winter weather coming down ahead.

"I'm taking all the chances in this game," he announced in a dry voice to his Bridge, "and mayhap I'll best them yet. Over with the wheel a bit, and let this old tub wallow in the lift of the rough water. You just wait, my boys!"

Drunkenly the tall-sided merchantman swayed from port to starboard and back again, lurching and heaving about, as the German got away her whaler. But Captain Vancouver contemplated her erratic movements with much satisfaction, which was vastly increased when he marked that the fog was thickening rapidly. In a few minutes it would be enveloping both vessels. When the "Happy Ann" made a ponderous sally at the cruiser's port amidships, an ill-concealed smile of gratification spread over his face.

"Achtung! Achtung!—take care. Potz tausend, where do you come, hey?" bawled the cruiser's commander. "Vorwärts, da! Get out die way, as you say, or you vill into us run."

He ordered his engine-room telegraph "Slow Ahead," but Vancouver in his turn chuckled softly on seeing the "Gazelle" move clear of the steamer's embraces. Peering beneath his hand he scrutinized the nearing whaler from the deck, then glanced again at the snow-shot drift forging down at hand, impenetrable to sight as any London fog.

"Cabbage green!" was his comment on the cruiser's third lieutenant, sitting erect in the sternsheets. "Guess it is the drift that has driven the cruiser in. My luck holds."

As the steamer dipped, the whaler's bow-men made a frantic grab at the "Happy Ann's" accommodation ladder with their boat-hooks. One missed, but the other caught on, just as the steamer gave an upward heave, lifting the man off his feet. Frantically he yelled out, and his mates forward in the whaler gripped him by the legs, and hung on desperately. It was just then that the second mate, intently watching his superior officer, saw his hand go up, and forthwith he also rang the engines to "Slow Ahead."

"Der teufel," snapped the lieutenant, so rambling forward from the stern-

sheets as the steamer began to seethe through the broken water. "Ring off die engines. I teil you, ring off die engines. You vill us schwamp."

"Cast off then," replied Captain Vancouver, who was climbing down the accommodation ladder, "cast off, my son. Who the deuce wants you aboard!"

"Do you hear," the officer cried furiously, hanging on desperately to the slippery rungs as the "Happy Ann" dipped him almost to the chin then hove him high above the weltering sea, "ring off die engines, or I will you make."

"Oh, you would," returned the skipper in an interested voice, "you vill me make, vill you! Cast off, Herr Officier, cast off. The drift is coming down right here. There's your old man tootling for you."

The wrathful eyes of Seiner Deutscher Majestat's officer ate up the Britisher.

"I vill you force," he roared, beginning to ascend. "You schwimm . . . bei Gott, you vill."

He made an upward dash, but Vancouver bent down and clutched at him. Dextrously he threw him wide off the ladder.

"Swim yourself," he bellowed, stung at last into anger.

Instantly the whaler dropped astern to pick up her officer. Again the cruiser moaned out amidst the welling fog. From well astern came the sound, and the skipper gave a grunt of relief as he hurried on the bridge. At full speed ahead the "Happy Ann" charged through the wintry elements, on towards the open North Sea, the fog-bells on the jobbling buoys to port and starboard guiding her. Astern, the "Gazelle's" syren made faint weird noises that mingled with the "Bremse's" still fainter moanings. With every faculty strung alert, Captain Vancouver was taking his vessel homeward.

Yet he had qualms of conscience. But when the second mate came on the bridge at eight bells, he had some information for him that went very far to absolving his uneasy mind.

"Weather is as thick as ever sir," he observed to the master, standing in the lee of the charthouse, the light of which gleaming through the snow-flaked win-

dow dimly illumined Vancouver's worried face. "By-the-bye, sir, the harbour-master and t'other un are keen to know what you intend doing with 'em. The guard wants to skip, 'cause it'll be two years' hard on black munchoo and skilly for letting the steamer skidoo, and the harbour-master, poor devil, is in the deuce of a stew; seems, he is responsible for the Daimler getting her nose stoved in. He don't mind, if he never gets back. They'll be mighty severe on him."

The long laugh of an eased mind escaped Captain Vancouver. He rubbed a circle in the snow clogging the chart-house window, and peered inside at the clock beside the log desk.

Said he in a voice, the cheerfulness of which the pitiless fog and snow could not dispel, "I reckon, this hour three nights on, Mr. Robinson, sees these two Germans sitting in my front parlor with my missis and myself, supping punch and eating mince pies. Foolish having any grudge against them," he added thoughtfully, "they were only doing their dooty."

But the second mate did not hear his last words. Pulling the sou'-wester well down over his brows, he had stepped out of shelter, into the blinding gush of the wintry night along the bridge. "Rolling Home To Merry England" was the chanty he hummed.

The Years That Lie Ahead.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Here's to the year that is to be,
And here's to the year that's gone;
Still at the loom of Eternity
Old Time is a-spinning on.
Hither and thither the shuttle flies,
Weaving the vesture before our eyes,
The vesture that we must don.

Every day does the pattern change
To a maze of tangled hues;
Interwoven and twisted and strange,
And not what we would choose.
But we must take what the Weaver weaves,
For naught availeth the heart that grieves;—
We win by the things we lose!

We lose a lot, but we also gain,
And learn with a braver zeal,
To take the Pleasure and bear the Pain,
For what it will best reveal.
The years may take, but the years will give,
While the soul beats out the way to live,
And Time works on at his wheel.

Here's to the year that is to be,
And here's to the year that's sped.
The loom is the loom of Destiny,
But the Spinner guides the thread
And weaves it in—as he stands aloof—
With the lives of men, and the warp and woof
Of the years that lie ahead.

THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDMAN

BY ANNIE SWAN



CHAPTER IV. THE HEIGHTS OF HAMP-STEAD.

THE office boy knocked at the door of Mr. Archibald Currie's private room.

"The carriage is at the door, sir, and Miss Wrede wishes to know if she is to come up."

"No, Baddeley, tell Miss Wrede I shall join her in less than five minutes."

"And please, sir, there's a man wishes to see you very particular. Could you spare him five minutes? No name, sir, but he gave me this."

He handed a small piece of paste-board to his master, who read both the printed words and the name scribbled on the back.

"Another of Fielden's proteges. I don't think I can see him now, Baddeley. But there, yes, I will! Tell Miss Wrede I am engaged for a few more minutes and that if she prefers to come up she will find Mr. Willett's room empty."

"Yes, sir, and shall I show the party up, the gentleman I mean, sir?"

"Yes, now."

Baddeley went off cheerfully. Everybody was cheerful under that roof. The note was struck by the principal himself each morning, when he appeared spick and span and smiling at his business house. The world could have told you that Archibald Currie had good reason

for cheerfulness, and that he had been an extraordinarily successful man, that he had amassed great wealth, and had most of the gifts that men prize.

But personally he was a singularly lonely man, without ties of the kind which make the chief joy of life. He was estranged, through no fault of his own, from his only brother. They had never, even as boys, been intimate. It was indeed hard to believe that two men so different could have been born of one parentage and shared the same early home-life. Archibald, the elder, was large-hearted, sunny-natured, generous to a fault, combining with the highest business gifts a breadth of view and a benevolent spirit which his brother James continually condemned.

"Archie makes paupers, and adds to the problems of existence," he was fond of saying, and would then launch into condemnation of his brother's indiscriminate charity.

Mr. James Currie did not err in that direction. He distributed no charity whatsoever, but required all he earned for himself and his family.

The astonishing thing, however, was, that the more Archibald gave away, the more money flowed in upon him. He did all sorts of unnecessary and expensive kindnesses. His latest was to adopt as his daughter one Katherine Wrede, the orphan child of a woman they had known in their youth, and who had married disastrously and suffered much. This

latest indiscretion the James Curries condemned very loudly, because they feared that it might divert the channels of their uncle's money from themselves.

Archibald Currie was a very fine-looking man, resembling his brother somewhat in figure and feature, though on a larger scale. The generous largeness of his life seemed to have written themselves all over his personality; his eyes beamed kindness; his beautiful white hair, which gave him at too early an age a singularly benevolent look, framed a face in which there was nothing to repel.

He drew a sheet of paper before him on the desk, and was busy writing when the door opened, and Mr. Charlton was announced.

"In a moment, sir," he said, partly wheeling round, but not taking a good look at the stranger. "Pray take a chair."

It gave the man whom we must henceforth call Charlton the necessary moment for self-recovery. The very fact that the glance bestowed upon him conveyed not the smallest recognition was in itself most reassuring. He looked round the room with interest, and tried to still his nerves, which threatened to get out of hand. Up till now Charlton had not had any occasion to play a part; he was astonished at his own ability to play it. Surely it was the very madness of daring to venture into the presence of this man, noted as much for his shrewd knowledge and judgment of human nature as for his benevolence! It was said in the City that Archibald Currie had never been known to make a mistake in his man.

To pass the bar of judgment, therefore, was to go forth hall-marked to the world.

The risk for Charlton was colossal; only success could justify it. The man whose verdict might decide his whole fate and future signed the letter and rang for it to be taken away.

Then he turned to give courteous attention to the stranger, rising to his feet and standing before the empty fireplace, with his hand folded behind his back. To the day of his death Charlton thought he would remember the pattern of his

clothes, the curiously wrought link of the old-fashioned fob, which dangled from beneath his ample waistcoat, the keenness as well as the kind lines in his deep-set eyes.

"You are a friend of the Vicar of St. Ethelred's?"

"Not exactly a friend, sir—a waif on whom he chanced this morning on the top of an omnibus," replied Charlton, striving to meet Currie's eyes, and succeeding wonderfully.

"You want help? What can I do for you?"

"I am out of work, sir," replied Charlton, quietly. "A post of some kind, however humble in this place, would be at once the saving and making of me."

"You have been in another position," remarked the elder man, easily detecting the educated note, the case of manner which singled him out from other applicants. "You have been, I could almost swear, an employer of labour yourself?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"It does not seem to come readily to you to use the prefix, 'sir,'" continued Currie in an even, quiet voice. "Is there anything you would wish to tell me of a private nature before we consider how you are to be helped?"

Charlton seemed to struggle a moment with himself.

"Sir, if my own fate only were involved I should speak out freely. I cannot do so. I am here without character or credentials, asking you for the love of God to give me one more chance."

Currie remained silent a full minute, during which he regarded the pleader steadily. There was not the faintest recognition in his look, however, though he felt himself puzzled not so much by a haunting sense of familiarity as by the desire becoming momentarily more insistent to give the desired aid against his better judgment. Something in the pleasant educated voice, in the eager, almost hollow, eyes, appealed. And to sum up, the chance to drag a man back from any pit, was a task after his own heart.

"I have been often disillusioned and taken in," he observed, "and I have even no later than yesterday taken a vow to harden my heart. But you interest me."

You are fully aware what an immense thing you ask from me?"

"I am fully aware of it, sir. No one could be more so, but—but if I live I shall repay, not betray, your trust."

Archibald Currie cleared his throat.

"I am not to ask a single question?"

"I could not answer any of a personal nature," replied Charlton frankly.

"And your very name, I take it, is assumed?"

Charlton made no reply, and again there was a prolonged silence.

Currie thought of all the men he had interviewed in that room, of the specious lies to which he had listened, of the crocodile tears he had witnessed, the false promises of amendment and reform. And he could not remember any appeal which had so powerfully affected him.

Against every warning of his shrewder judgment he determined to trust this man, to fling one more hostage upon the sea of fortune.

"You have been in business?" he inquired briefly. "So much I must know before I can do or promise anything. And as you have come to me I take it that you understand the nature of my business?"

"Yes, sir, I do understand it."

"The only thing I could offer you meanwhile is clerical work of the elementary order, and that merely superfluous, because we happen to be more than usually busy. The impending trouble in South Africa has quickened all the export trade, but your salary would be of the most meagre description."

"So long as it can provide me with food to eat and a decent shelter I shall be grateful for it, sir. It will give me my opportunity."

"Well, I will take you on your own recommendation solely, and perhaps because you come to me by introduction of Mr. Fielden. He and I together have been at the upbuilding of more than one fallen fortune, and helped to restore a few. You can commence here on Monday morning at a salary of twenty-eight shillings a week. Whether you remain will depend on yourself."

A flush, deep, almost painful, over-

spread Charlton's face as he sprang to his feet.

"Sir, I cannot thank you. I hope that my future conduct will be my guarantee of good faith."

Currie faintly smiled.

"I re-echo that hope," but he hesitated a moment and then forced back the question that had sprung to his lips.

He would not put it, because something warned him that the man before him either could not or would not answer it. No, he must today draw a large cheque on the bank of faith, and if it were dishonoured, well, he would not even then be wholly the loser.

Charlton dismissed, passed out; and as he reached the end of the passage which shut off the private room, the swish of silken skirts, the faint perfume of violets greeted him. Immediately he had to stand aside to let a lady pass. He knew who she was, he had heard of Archibald Currie's ward, but he now saw her for the first time. She was beautifully dressed in a gown suitable only for some fete, and which seemed out of place in the bare passages of a city office. She looked at the man standing hat in hand in one of the shadowy corners, and as if the glance interested her, turned to look again. Then the vision disappeared beyond the glass panels at the end and Charlton passed out to the stairs.

"Are you there, Uncle Archie? You said five minutes, and do you know it is nearly half an hour. Mrs. James will be furious."

"Oh, of course, it is the day of the garden party at Fair Lawn, isn't it?" he asked with a facetious smile as he turned to greet the radiant vision invading his privacy and creating a very different atmosphere from that usually found therein. "Why, Katherine, surely this is the height of extravagance!"

"Hush, you naughty man, it will horrify Mrs. James, and Elizabeth and Sophia will bewail your extravagance. But nobody will dare tell them the thing cost two pounds, and that I made it myself!"

She pirouetted on one foot and took up her dainty skirts in her hands to show the delicious fron-fron beneath, and Currie smiled an indulgent smile.

Katherine Wrede had now been four years in the old house in Hyde-park-square, and she was verily the light of his life. He would have lavished his all upon her had she lifted her little finger, but her tastes were simple and her fingers clever, and she spent so little that those who only saw the finished product would have been amazed. There was a secret antagonism between her and the feminine element at Fair Lawn, for which reason she kept them wholly in the dark regarding the actual terms on which she lived in Hyde-park-square. They did not know that the comparatively small sum she spent on her own clothes was more than refunded by the economy and comfort with which she ruled the household. Archibald Currie had never known a home until she came to brighten his with her presence.

At Fair Lawn they were jealous and angry with her, they alternately patronised her and gave her warnings and advice. Katherine Wrede was never at her best there, and went as little as possible. This was a gala day, however, the one garden party of the season, into which Mrs. James paid off all her social engagements to the somebodies and nobodies of Hampstead. After consultation it had been decided that it would be better not to cancel the invitations, though the blow in the city would of course shed a gloom over it for themselves.

"Who was that man I passed just outside the door, uncle?" inquired Katherine Wrede as she took his hat from the cupboard and the brush from the shelf to polish its glossy surface.

Instead of answering her he put a counter question.

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because his face interested me. He is not a common man. He is very good looking to begin with, and there is a whole story in his face."

"I believe that I have been guilty of what my brother James would call another deplorable indiscretion this afternoon."

Her eyes sparkled.

"Have you? Do tell me what it is. You have given a large sum of money

perhaps to that man because his eyes appealed to you. I should have done just the same myself."

"No, my folly did not go quite so far, but I have given him employment without a reference of any kind or any guarantee that he will even serve me honestly. But if I hadn't he might have gone under."

The brightness on her face was arrested by the seriousness of the old man's words. A lovely, still look, which added indescribably to her beauty, because it gave a sudden glimpse of the soul, overspread her face.

"Dear, I am glad you are like that. It must be a splendid thing to be able to give a man his last chance and be willing, that is the greatest of all. So few are willing. Look how you took me from that horrible pension at Bruges! Oh, God knew how much need there was in the world when He made you."

She spoke with such passion that her guardian was at once touched and surprised.

He laid a soothing hand on her shoulder.

Child, you must try to be less intense. You feel things too much, and make too much of every little service rendered, especially to yourself. Wipe those pretty eyes and keep the tears for the real need there is. Now come, and we shall be restored to a normal temperature by the atmosphere on the heights of Hampstead.

Often now they had their little joke, though it was always kindly, at the expense of the Fair Lawn relatives, with whom neither felt conspicuously at home.

"I don't care for this sort of thing, Katherine," he observed as he took his seat in the carriage beside her. "And James knows I don't, but in the circumstances it is our duty to rally around them. They are feeling this a good deal, and the attendance at the party this afternoon will be a sort of gauge of public opinion."

"I see. Has nothing been heard of poor Mr. Reedham yet?"

"Don't call him poor, Katherine. The man did wrong with his eyes open, and ought to be punished."

"You are not often so severe, Uncle Archie," she remarked in surprise.

"I can be severe when occasion arises. If the man had stuck to his guns and owned up it would have been better for everybody. And nothing can excuse his treatment of his wife. I wish you would go and see her, Katherine, before she leaves Norwood. Perhaps we could go together at the beginning of the week."

"Poor, poor thing; I shall go, certainly. I wonder how she feels about him! But, Uncle Archie, if it was as bad as the papers said, and he would have been committed, that would have been even more painful for his wife and son. I think, were I in her place, I should be glad that he had escaped."

"It was the coward's way out, Katherine," observed Currie, as he laid his hand on the padded morocco, lining the side of the carriage.

"I thought suicide was the coward's way. Is it thought he has done that?"

"Nobody knows. I shouldn't think it likely myself. George Lidgate told me himself that he deliberately gave him eighteen hours' start. They all liked him, Katie, men trusted and liked him, which makes it all the worse. I was talking to a man yesterday, who has lost three thousand by him, and he said he would pay the money twice over to see Reedham reinstated."

"There must have been good in him; great good, then," she said emphatically. "People don't talk like that about a weak, or merely wicked man."

"You may be right, but I feel sore and hard about it. When that sort of thing comes near home, as it does in this case, it alters a man's point of view. We must do our best at Fair Lawn this afternoon to show our sympathy."

"Yes, Uncle," she said obediently, and did not add that he had set her a task. For she knew, though he did not, that the moment she felt herself enveloped by the hostile atmosphere of Fair Lawn, the other side of her nature, not the lovable side, would be up in arms.

They drove by way of Haverstock-hill to the Heath, the air growing purer and rarer as they made the steep ascent. Out there, the dust of the long, dry summer

was not so all-pervading, and some freshness seemed yet to linger in the fine old gardens among the noble trees.

"It is very pleasant up here, Katie, but I have always said I would make no compromise betwixt town and country. One day, perhaps soon, we shall turn our backs wholly on London, and find a real country retreat. Then, when I have cut myself off from the London I love so well, you'll turn and leave me——" he added, with a slightly pensive touch.

"Why should I leave you? There is nothing I should like better than the country, and, believe me, I should never once look back."

"Ah, but you will ride off with a handsomer man?"

"Where is he to be found?" she asked, with a touch of gay banter. "If it is marrying you mean, dearest, I am not a marrying woman."

"That sounds bad for poor Stephen Currie," he said amusedly, and yet with a certain furtive anxiety in his glance. He saw her lip curl.

"I could not, and would not, marry Stephen Currie, Uncle Archibald, if he were the last man in the world."

"That would not be a good hearing for Stephen. He will ask you one of these days, Katie."

He did not add that he had already been sounded on the subject by his brother James, who had been anxious to learn the nature of the settlements to be made on Katherine Wrede in the event of such an alliance coming within the province of actual fact.

"I don't like him, Uncle Archibald. Oh, yes, he has brains of a kind, but all his views are opposed to mine, and his ideas about women are mediaeval. He shall be prevented asking me, Uncle Archibald."

When he did not immediately reply she turned her sweet face towards him anxiously. "It would not disappoint you very much, dearest. I mean you are not keen for me to marry Stephen Currie?"

"I, oh, no, it is a matter of indifference to me. But Stephen is a good boy as far as he goes, and has never cost his parents any anxiety."

"He is made after their pattern," she

said severely. "He will always walk in the appointed path, and do all that is expected of him. You could tell it by the parting in his hair, and the cut of his clothes."

"Hush, my dear, the sarcastic tongue does not become you," he said reprovingly, yet tempering his reproof by an indulgent smile. She asked his pardon immediately, and begged him to remember that she was a Bohemian by nature and upbringing, which pronouncement brought them to the well-appointed gates of Fair Lawn. They were pretentious for a merely suburban residence, towering high and ornate above the young trees planted to flank their buttresses, and they seemed to dwarf the house, visible two hundred yards further on. It was a fine house of its kind, and the lawns surrounding it were soft and fine as continuous attention could make them. They presented an animated appearance that afternoon, with the gay dresses of the ladies, the bright, sun-shades, the red and white stripes of the awnings, while the pleasant strains of the Viennese band filled the summer air.

Mrs. James Currie always did her garden party well, and favoured with fine weather, usually achieved success. She was looking very gracious, and when she saw her brother-in-law's well-appointed carriage draw up where the avenue took a curve for the wider space of the front lawn, she looked gratified. Archibald was always a gracious and acceptable personality, whom everybody was pleased to meet, and even while she secretly disapproved of Katherine Wrede, she also never failed to interest.

She seemed to strike a new note in the suburban crowd. Her frock of flowered muslin simply made, with the big sash about her slender waist, seemed to add to her height, and the big picture hat, with its sweeping black plumes made a most becoming frame for her piquant face. Many looked at her with interest and curiosity, and the son of the house, immaculately attired in his frock coat suit and white waistcoat, and with a gardenia in his buttonhole, hastened forward to receive them.

"How do you do, Archibald?" inquir-

ed Mrs. James, in her well-modulated, conventional voice. "You are a little late; I was afraid you were not coming. Thank you, I am quite well, Miss Wrede. Yes, we have a beautiful day."

Katherine made her little bow, and turned to speak to Elizabeth and Sophia, who were eyeing her with ill-concealed envy and dislike.

Their gowns, made in Bond-street, bore the unmistakable cachet of the West-end, but they were not well worn. To them the simplicity of Katherine Wrede's attire seemed an affront, which made them, in their stiff silk frocks, suddenly feel overdressed. The delicate bloom of lilac scattered over her muslin skirt, the big fichu of old lace, draped about her shoulders with an art they could not copy, annoyed them beyond measure. And she did not wear a single article of jewellery of any kind; the fichu was knotted, and no one could tell how it was kept in its place.

Yet she at once took her place as the most distinguished-looking among the five hundred people present, and many eyes followed her admiringly.

"I say, you're looking stunning, you know," whispered Stephen Currie in her ear, when, after continuous effort, he managed to get a private word with her. "Simply stunning; you knock 'em all in-to cocked hats the minute you appear on the scene."

"I hope not. I don't see any evidence of it," she said demurely. "Get me an ice, will you?"

"Of course I will, if you promise not to let anybody else have my chair," he said jealously. With a good deal of engineering he had managed to secure a chair by Katherine's side at a convenient distance from the throng. Stephen was honestly and very much in love, though she did not give him credit for it. By the time he returned his chair was occupied by the clergyman of the church the Curries attended, a middle-aged man for whom Katherine had the greatest respect and esteem. He rose, however, when Stephen returned, gathering from his expression that he was *de trop*.

But Katherine begged him to stop.

"I have ever so many things to say to

you, Mr. Cadell," she said gaily. "Did you see Mr. Cruie and me in the front gallery seat last Sunday night when you preached at Kensington? I want to tell you that it was the best sermon I have heard since I came to London.

"That would be nothing to Uncle Archie's horses," said Stephen quickly, while a gratified expression crossed the clergyman's face. He was not a *persona grata* at Fair Lawn, and in some unaccountable way had missed his mark at Hampstead. Very little appreciation came in his way; therefore the sincere and kind words spoken by Katherine Wrede warmed his heart.

"May I bring my wife to speak to you, Miss Wrede?" he eagerly asked.

"I will come to her, Mr. Cadell," she said, with a ready grace. "It is only right that I should. Just let me finish my ice, will you?"

Someone sauntered up to speak to the clergyman, and Stephen bent over her reproachfully.

"Why are you so disagreeable to me, Katherine? You know I am only here today because you were coming. I loathe this sort of thing."

"Do you? I am sure it is very pleasant," she said quietly.

"And what do you want to go and talk to Mrs. Cadell for? You'll never get away. She'll pin you down for a week with trivialities. I tell you what, the Cadells are the greatest bores I know."

"You don't appreciate them as you ought. I like him sincerely, and I hope he will find his true sphere soon. He certainly hasn't found it in Hampstead."

"Won't you come for a turn round with me now, Katherine? It's really quite pretty at the back of the house, and the roses are out in plenty yet."

"Mr. Cadell may bring his wife to me at any minute, besides I didn't come to walk about with you. I must make myself agreeable to your mother's guests.

That's why people come to garden parties."

"Why wouldn't you see me last Sunday when I called," he persisted.

"I had a headache. No, it wasn't any make-up, I assure you. I never came down all the evening."

"Well. I'll come tomorrow."

"Don't, we have three men already coming to lunch, I shall find them enough."

She rose as she spoke, handed him her ice-plate, and began to move across the lawn. She saw that she must put a stop to Stephen's talk, that it was approaching debatable ground. But he did not mean to be put off. Later on he managed by constant shadowing, observed with much piquant interest by many of the guests, and with inward chagrin by his mother, to get her alone again.

"Look here, Katherine, you're not going yet. Uncle Archie is still enjoying himself, and that awful Mrs. Cadell has got him fast in her toils. If I mayn't come to lunch when may I see you? Will you come down to Richmond with me one afternoon and we'll dine at the Star and Garter, and have a run on the river?"

She opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, Stephen, what will you suggest next? No, I certainly can't do that."

"You're tormenting me beyond endurance, Katherine, but you shan't browbeat me altogether. You know what I'm driving at. You will marry me won't you?"

She lowered her sunshade until it came between her face and his eyes, and began to walk rather smartly away, but he kept pace with her.

"I mean to have you, Katherine. You've driven me nearly mad of late. You used to be much kinder to me. Do you hear. I'll come and speak to Uncle Archie about you tomorrow in spite of you."

She laughed a little, and with a bewildering glance over her shoulder flitted away.

(To be continued)

A Bid for Wheat.

Cyril Stackhouse

IT was at Isaac Butler's sale that the scare started. Butler's farm was about four miles from town and as a sale is attended as much for local gossip as for legitimate buying, most of the Evergreen farmers were there. Willson was there, representing the Bank, and it was through him that the news came that "The Prairie Farmers' Elevator" had assigned!

Evergreen is one of the many small, one-horse towns, which lie dotted along the Canadian Pacific in its winding course through the western provinces. Five tall elevators and a few scattered houses lie on one side of the track; and the hotel, the stores, and the three little churches occupy one long main street and a few side streets on the other. Dave Carter was buying for the Prairie Company and it was more on the strength of his personal reputation than on that of the Company itself that the farmers had stored their wheat with him. They had been confidently waiting for a dollar a bushel and never thought but that their wheat would be safe in Dave's hands.

Knowing that George Cheeseman had his whole crop of eight thousand bushels stored there, the banker told him the news first. Now Cheeseman was a good Methodist and as close as a hen on a china egg, so he got the scare all right, forgot his bids and hitching right up hiked for town hot-foot. The news was not slow in travelling, and Jack Leech left his spring-plowing and hit the town about the same time as Cheeseman. His Scotch blood demanded a touch, so he brought along a bottle of rye for company. Ten thousand bushels of wheat were more to him than all the laws of prohibition, so he poured some down Cheeseman's neck, while discussing the problem that faced them. They must act immediately, so they chased round to

the 'phone exchange and kept the rural lines busy looking up Carter and his elevator keys. After half an hour's wild ringing of half the 'phones in the municipality, they heard he was over the track in his implement warehouse. Leech was there first with Cheeseman and a half-dozen others trailing behind.

"What are we to do about it?" he yelled in his strongest accent.

Carter bit the end off a cigar, rolled it between his lips and then sucked it contemplatively for a while. Then he looked at the end of his nose and guessed that cigars generally smoke better lighted. He was a thick set, clean shaven fellow with good nature written all over him.

"I opine it'll rain some before supper," was all he said.

"Come, Dave," Cheeseman said, "what about my wheat?"

Carter looked at him as though he wondered what aided him.

"Guess it's in bin number twenty-three, far as I know," he answered.

"Then I want it out, right now," Cheeseman snapped.

"Kind of difficult to stow away eight thousand bushels in that buggy of yours," Carter said slowly, "besides it's safer by far with me than in your granary just now."

Cheeseman sidled up to the buyer threateningly.

"Can I have it or not?" he demanded.

Carter gave him a pitying look and lit his cigar.

"Now, George," he said persuasively, "you'll fly off the handle in a minute and then the preacher will put you in his sermon on Sunday for an example. Jest cool off a bit and tell us what's eating you."

Leech saw that his brother in distress

was unequal to the occasion, so he stepped in himself.

"The elevator people have gone up, haven't they?" he asked.

"Sure," smiled Carter, just as if they did it every day for exercise.

"Then they'll get our wheat and we shall have to be satisfied with a dividend that won't pay for seed."

"Likely," Carter smiled again.

"Best thing for us is to get our wheat while we can, ain't it?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. No use standing around doing nothing."

Leech produced his flask and handed it to the buyer.

"Then jest let us have it, Dave, like a good fellow."

Carter saw that the flask was three-quarter full and as he thought the others were better without any more he quietly finished it. Then he wiped his mouth, slowly relit his cigar and smiled in a fatherly manner at the crowd.

"Easy as rolling off a log," he grinned, "Come in and fill your pockets." And with that he wandered off towards the elevator.

Most of the farmers whose wheat was in the elevator had arrived by this time and were eagerly discussing among themselves ways and means of saving their grain. They must organise and bring Carter to reason, so they elected Willson, the banker, as their chairman and wandered over to the bank to find him. Willson and the teller were playing poker in the sitting-room behind the office with one or two others. He took no notice of the visitors but just looked at his hand, opened the pot and drew three.

"Check those three card draws," called the teller and raised him a quarter.

Willson raised him back and froze the others out. The teller looked at his hand and doubtfully raised him again. Willson without hesitation doubled the bet and the teller called him. The teller had a pair of tens to Willson's pair of queens, and the hardware man had frozen out with a pair of kings at the start.

Leech informed Willson for the third time that he was elected chairman of the meeting and sat on the cards and chips to call the meeting to order. The banker

smiled affably and suggested a "smile." The farmers looked willing, so he went into his bedroom at the back and handed out a small keg of rye from under his bed. One drink had to be seconded and by the time they had had a third, the meeting was ready for business. The teller was an Englishman and green, and the three drinks had driven away all care from him. He rose unsteadily.

"I move that we proceed to play Guy Fawkes with the blooming elevator," he stammered.

"Guy Fawkes be sugared," roared Cheeseman, whose righteous head and stomach were unused to three neat drinks in succession, "what about my wheat?"

Willson, however, was hardened and kept his head.

"You can't have it without your storage tickets anyway," he said, then there's your storage to pay, too. Somebody find Dave Carter and I'll talk to him right here."

The buyer was duly found and sauntered in with the smile still on his face. He saw the keg and didn't mind if he did, only the others must drink "success" too. No one objected, so business was postponed for a few minutes. The keg couldn't last out like the widow's curse, however, so business came up again and the buyer gave his advice.

"Now, you see, fellers, it's this way. I can't give up the wheat until you give me your storage tickets, which I guess you've all got in your stockings at home. Now the company have 'phoned me to give up the elevator keys to their agent, who is coming up on number three. That train is due right now and if he gets those keys, bang goes your wheat and some of you will be heeled."

There was a low whistle from down the track, where the train was just passing the mileboard. The crowd groaned.

"Guess them's the cars," he went on, "so we'll meet Mr. Man and see what he is going to do. Come along fellers, we're in for a deuce of a good time."

They followed him sheepishly across the main street to the depot and talked among themselves while the train drew in, slowed up and stopped.

A big, pompous-looking individual

alighted, gave up his grip to the hotel porter and looked up and down the platform. The buyer walked up to him and carefully bit the end off a new cigar and just as carefully lit it. He waited there calmly smoking, for the stranger to speak and the train drew out, westbound.

"Mr. Carter?" the big man enquired, and Dave nodded.

"You buy for the Prairie Farmers' Elevator here, I think?" the big man asked.

"You can stop thinking right now and be sure of it," Carter answered.

"I represent the Western Office of the Company and have been instructed to take over the elevator and its contents from you," the stranger went on; "you received my telephone message, of course?"

"I sure did," answered Carter; "got the keys right here, too."

He jingled the keys in his hand and the Farmers groaned. The big man reached for them.

"Then, if you don't object——?" he began, but Dave transferred them to his coat pocket.

"Not at all," he said; "you're Mr. Straker, I guess?"

The man nodded.

"Got a letter of introduction from the firm, I suppose?" he queried.

The stranger was getting hot.

"I am the firm," he blustered; "I need no introduction."

"That so?" asked Carter, very calmly, "I'm afraid you've missed your guess this time all right. Best thing you can do is to 'phone right down and tell them to send it up to you."

The man grew hotter still.

"Preposterous," he almost shouted, "hand over those keys at once."

Carter took no notice. "If you phone right now, they can have that letter up to you in five hours on the way freight."

The farmers were getting terribly uneasy. Here was Dave, whom they had always trusted, fighting against them. But if he was really against them and their interests, why did he not give up the keys at once? Dave did not keep them guessing long, though.

"Now these farmers can run up home

and get back here with their tickets in less than an hour, most of them, which just gives them about four hours to get out their wheat. I have cars enough here on the track to take all the wheat I've got and they can ship it in their own names and leave the elevator full of wind for the company." He smiled at the farmers and then at the stranger knowingly. "I reckon it'll be a mighty interesting race." And he wandered back to the implement warehouse chewing the stump of his cigar.

Leech and Cheeseman looked at each other and set off for home. They must hustle back with those tickets or all would be lost. Other farmers, who were interested, followed suit.

The stranger saw the uselessness of argument with his buyer and struck for the 'phone exchange and talked for ten minutes at sixty cents a minute at red-hot speed.

Wilson went back to the office, discovered another small keg, and proceeded to skin the teller and the hardware man with his pat hands and bluffs with four flushes.

Carter was adjusting a gang-plow and smiling to himself.

* * * * *

Fifty-five minutes later George Cheeseman tore past the cemetery, down the hill, eastwards past the Presbyterian Church and drew up at the drug-store. His horses were heated into a white lather and he hastily hitched the lines round the tie-post and asked for Carter. Dave was still working at the gang-plow. Cheeseman found him, hurriedly endorsed the tickets and told Dave to get a move on. Three minutes later Leech followed him and in another quarter of an hour the town was astir with farmers demanding their wheat. Ike Butler's sale was totally forgotten. Those not having enough wheat to fill a car of their own, clubbed up with others to do so. Willson and Carter began to organise. Leech being the largest holder, it was decided to fill his cars first; and the whole town, young and old, came out to push the cars to the elevator spouts, shovel the wheat and help in every way. Never was the town so excited. Prohibition

was overlooked and the local constable went out in search of whiskey and such good stuff as might help the workers and speed the work.

No train was due for four hours, the westbound freight being the next, so the station agent left his work and took a shovel also. Willson left the office in charge of his English teller who slept until three o'clock, then closed the bank and insisted on helping to shovel the grain. In two hours the work was well on its way, and to make sure all the grain should be saved men were actually shovelling it out of the bins into wagons at the back. Could they get through in time? That was the question.

Straker was looking on, realising how helpless he was until his letter should come. They were taking away twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat, and he was powerless to stop them.

Suddenly there was a whistle down the track to the east and Straker saw an engine and a caboose coming along and drawing up for orders. The conductor was leaning out of the caboose and waving. There was his letter, which might save some of the wheat for him, anyhow. He boarded the car and tried to grasp hold of the letter, which the man held out to him; but before he could get it, he was grabbed from behind and the letter taken from the conductor. Jumping to his feet, Straker saw that Willson had the letter. The train received orders and sped on westward.

"Give me that letter," Straker demanded.

Willson glanced at the address and carefully placed it in his pocket-book. Straker was for a moment dumbfounded.

"Guess it's near supper time," grinned he sorry for it," he shouted.

"If you don't hand me that letter you'll the Banker. "Come on and have one on me. Seems quite a time between drinks."

"Curse you, give me that letter or I'll plug you," and the stranger drew out a revolver and covered him.

Willson seemed to take little notice of him, but turned and called the half-drunken constable to his side.

"Here, Jack," he said, "quit that drinking and arrest this man. Can't you see

he is threatening me with his loaded, little son-of-a-gun? Constable do your duty."

Now, though Jack Bores had been constable of the town for over five years, this was the first time he had ever been called upon in his official capacity, so filled with zeal and bad whiskey, he promptly became vigilant. A strong man at any time, the drink had made him doubly strong, so he bore down upon the luckless Straker, dashed the revolver from his hand and took him away.

Evergreen does not boast of a lock-up; and where Jack took his man Willson didn't know or care, so long as the farmers were able to save the wheat. The men were getting tired, so they called off until after supper, and had another meeting when Willson explained what had happened.

Number four eastbound was due in thirty minutes, so they brought out Straker and sat him on the platform and talked to him. Cheeseman, though a good Methodist, had taken some drinks to help him in his shovelling operations, so he forgot his high morals and went back to the language of his ranching days before he found words really befitting the occasion. Leech followed him and in broad Scotch cursed the abject looking man, cursed his near and distant relations, cursed his ancestors, descendants and generations yet unborn, and finally cursed his elevator and personal property. Such invective was never heard between the two seas. Carter, his late employee, stepped up and spoke in the language of Missouri River, most politely and adorned with the indispensable urbane smile. Still it seemed to hurt the big man all the same.

Finally Willson spoke, "Give him those keys, Dave," and Carter threw them at him, "here's your precious letter of introduction, though heaven knows we don't need introducing now, and none of us care to see it anyhow, for we don't care a twopenny cuss who you are or what you are," and he threw the letter down at him, "Now here's number four coming right along and if you don't jump aboard (the hotel man is right here with your grip) you'll get pulled for attempt-

ed murder under the laws of the Dominion of Canada in general and the enactments of the Province of Manitoba in particular; and I may say that we have a pretty slick magistrate here too. You can come right up again tomorrow as soon as we've got all our wheat, and pack up your old chicken-coop of an elevator on a flat-car and take it home for fire-wood."

Number four pulled in and Mr. Straker, followed by his grip, was thrown unceremoniously aboard, his coat torn, his hat dented beyond recognition, and his boots covered with mud. As the cars drew out of the station he had not sufficient energy left to shake his fist at the departing town and its inhabitants. He just sat down on the platform of the parlor car at the rear and sobbed, while the black attendant lifted him up.

As the car passed the banker, Willson

carefully drew the revolver from his pocket and having ejected the shells, carefully aimed at the half-prostrate Mr. Straker, hitting him in the centre of his vest.

"I've got the shells, old man," called the banker, after him, "because you might want to shoot yourself and then you'd be sorry after you had done it and be angry with me for it."

So the Company lost their game and the farmers bluffed them out of their grain.

Willson returned to find another keg and skin his teller afresh, and Dave went back to tighten up a nut on his gang-plow.

By the morning the elevator was empty and the grain well on its way to Fort William in the names of the farmers themselves.

The Passing of the Year.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

The winds were sighing wearily;
 The chimes began to play;—
 And snow-clad elfs were gathering,
 Along the year's highway,
 The icy mirror on the brook—
 Crashed with an ominous sound,
 And clovers sweet with grasses, slept,
 In frosty fetters, bound.
 A knight in ermine suit, passed by—
 With helmet—snowy-white;
 While low the hooded grasses knelt,
 And said their prayers in fright.
 This gay young princeling, hummed a song—
 And bore a rose of red,
 While gleaming like a sapphire crown,
 Sweet violets wreathed his head.
 Then, when the sunbeams came to earth,
 To warm the ground grown cold,—
 They kissed the frosty elfin sprites,
 And fused their hearts with gold.
 Now, when the fire's ruddy gleam,—
 Within the maple trees,
 And bluebirds pipe a sweet farewell,
 To Autumn's chilling breeze,—
 Just hark,—the knight in ermine dressed,
 Who laughs without a care,
 And dancing down the aisle of Time,—
 Sings,—“Hail, thou glad New Year.”



Charles S. Douglas.

Xenophon.

THE "Builders of the West" is certainly a most alluring theme and it transcends in interest even the "Anabasis" with which the name of my progenitor, the illustrious Athenian Historian, is identified. What was the Expedition of Cyrus against Artaxerxes II compared with the exploits of the Western Pioneers who fought their way not only against myriads of men who opposed their march and against the forces of nature, but also against ignorance which averred that the Conquest of the Prairies was beyond human accomplishment and that the penetration of the Rockies was as quixotic as the establishment of wireless telegraphy with Mars or Saturn?

These Pioneers, however, were animated by a soul and spirit both of curiosity and courage; and they scorned to be deterred by the misanthropic ravings with which their ears were continually dinned. They refused to consult any Oracle, except the oracle of conviction and determination; and the only Star which they followed was one which refracted its light from behind—the Star of Experience.

As quickly as they advanced, step by step as they progressed, that star, constantly gathering new lustre, sent its posterior light in alluring rays before them until the Prairies were traversed; and the Rockies and Selkirks relaxing their

stern forbidding frown, smiled sweetly at the prowess of the Pioneers and revealed to them Vales and Valleys of surpassing richness. Rivers, Lakes and Streams of super-abundant piscatorial wealth, Forests flourishing with the growths of centuries, and Mines which contained inexhaustible stores of all the minerals which have been the quest of mankind ever since history shed its faintest glimmer upon their insatiable aspiration for all that the earth contained.

The Pioneer felt instantly requited by his discovery, for the discovery was the vindication of a mental conception which, until realized, was more poetical than logical. He had his reward; and today he has the reverent admiration of every man and woman in the Dominion whose richness is now the conjoint heritage of a progressive, peace-loving and homogeneous people.

No brighter lustre could adorn his brow, no star in his victorious diadem could gleam with more effulgence, than the beam of Happiness, Contentment and Prosperity which radiates from and through every heart and home in the land which his first white-foot trod amid trials, vicissitudes and dangers which no one knew but his own courageous soul.

But great as were the deeds of the discovering Pioneers they pale before the marvellous achievements of the men who within the past thirty or forty years have

made CANADA THE IDOL OF THE EMPIRE. I use the word in its noblest sense; for the land to which the appellation is given, is beloved by her own people and admired by the stranger in the remotest ends of the earth.

Intellect—courageous and stupendous intellect—must have allied itself with un-

One Dominion and afterwards a Consolidated Nation.

Patriotism, I have always held, is the creative cement of prophetic genius; and both patriotism and prophecy were superlatively demonstrated in the devoted deeds of Love and Loyalty which the men of the Sixties and Seventies and



faltering faith to invest these men with the almost miraculous power of grappling with problems which varied with the varying physical, topographical and climatic phenomena of the vast domain which they were resolved should first be

Eighties performed to advance and to summarize the project on which they had set their heart.

Distance which "lenses and filters" the view," always has been a source of weakness and feeble-heartedness; but the men of the

imbue these men with firmer faith in schemes which others decried as the merest erratic transcendentalism.

These men, however, were possessed of hero souls; and they rose to the heights, and expanded to the greatest demands, of their gigantic projects. They stood on an eminence while the herd of their detractors murmured below at their supposed infatuation and extravagance.

There is nothing more entrancing and entertaining than to listen to one of the men who remembers, and participated in, the contests for Confederation and for making the first Steel Belt around the Dominion. How these men even yet in the calm surroundings of business and private life, seem to be transported to another sphere when an inquisitive friend or a prurient interrogator projects a conundrum as to the way in which "the thing was accomplished." "Accomplished!" they will say; "*We did it!*"

I had the pleasure of meeting one of these men recently; and as his face beamed with triumph, I shall not readily forget the force and eloquence of his words. It was Mr. C. S. DOUGLAS, the essential type of man described by "*Sana mens in sano corpore.*" He has passed through many phases of life; and though a Scotchman by descent and an American by birth—neither of these is his fault remember—he became in his early boyhood an adopted son of Canada to which he has given his loyalty and love during all the intervening years. This act of adoption is one of the first evidences of that virtue and wisdom which still denote his character.

Lawyers and Journalists have contributed more than all other classes of men to Canadian Statesmanship; and Journalism had the honour of perfecting Mr. Douglas for the great work in which he participated, and which he is still hopeful of seeing far advanced towards accomplishment.

When the fierce conflicts were proceeding as to the construction of the C. P. R. and as to whether the trade of the country should be trended from East to West or deflected from North to South Mr. Douglas was the Editor and proprietor of "The International," a daily

paper in the town of Emerson, Manitoba; and as he sat as Member for Emerson in the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba from 1883 to 1889 he had, in his two-fold capacity of Journalist and Legislator, a double responsibility in formulating, and influence in projecting, the policy which has made Manitoba the prosperous Province that it is today.

The glow of his cheek and the sparkle of his eye—a triumphant sparkle—is still before me as he recounted the arguments, pro and con, in relation to the transcontinental railway proposals. Winnipeg then was only a hamlet, more western towns mere clusters of huts; and even to such Statesmen as Edward Blake, British Columbia was "only a Sea of Mountains." Blake is an Irishman, and therefore his mixed metaphor was in some degree comprehensible to Douglas; but the narrow pessimism, and the blind disbelief in British Columbia which marked many of Blake's utterances, Mr. Douglas has not forgotten, though he is generous enough—victory is the father of generosity—to say they are long since forgiven; for Blake and his friends lived to regret and retract much of what they had said and done in frustration of the project which has so largely contributed to the making of Canada.

We need not wade through the years. Mr. Douglas at least had faith in British Columbia; for he relinquished his publishing business and journalistic work in Manitoba and came straight to Vancouver where he has been ever since.

His old profession had a certain fascination for him; and after coming here more than one proposition and inducement were held out to him to continue in the field.

But feeling that he was destined to be a Vancouverite almost from the birth of the city upward, he parted from journalism and became what he is today—a practical and fervent believer in Vancouver, and in Vancouver's Real Estate.

I thought he had exhausted his enthusiasm and eloquence over the development of the interior; but when he dilated upon British Columbia and especially on Vancouver his thoughts ascended, his outlook widened, and his lan-

guage expanded to cosmopolitan dimensions.

Vancouver he is sure must be the Liverpool of the Pacific—aye the London, Liverpool and Glasgow all in one. The London and Liverpool as a shipping centre, and the Glasgow as a constructor of the magnificent Mercantile Marine which he predicts Canadian Commerce will e'er long require to convey its products over the Globe.

Belief in Vancouver as the greatest Pacific Port and Harbour of the future has brought before Mr. Douglas's mind many pressing problems which must be presently solved or at least projected upon lines of a gradual solution. Some of these are the expropriation of private individuals, and corporations owning and controlling the Foreshore and Riparian Rights; the acquisition by the city of all the Water Fronts; the widening and deepening of False Creek; the construction of a Dry Dock; and the constitution of a Board of Harbour Commissioners with both controlling and constructive powers.

These with several ancillary proposals, seem absolutely indispensable to the future of the Harbour. They are all feasible; and Mr. Douglas has worked out

the financial aspects of them on the basis of a minimum present expenditure in order to secure an ultimate source of enormous revenue to the city.

A Bridge over the Second Narrows is also in his opinion necessary in view of the fact that the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways will, or rather must, make Vancouver their final British Columbia destination. These Railways with the Canadian Pacific will trend the traffic of wheat and all other products of the Northwest from as far as Moosejaw straight through to Vancouver which Mr. Douglas says will be a cheaper point for Land Transportation and a better point for Ocean Shipment, than even the best of the Eastern Ports.

Mr. Douglas's proposals are huge, but they are, like himself, essentially practical; and it is to be hoped that his succeeding years may see him assuming positions of public influence and importance to enable him to crown a successful business career with valiant achievements for the development and expansion of British Columbia and the elevation and extension of *his Idol and our Ideal City, Vancouver, the Gateway of the West.*







Trapping in Northern Wilds.

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

THE Romance of the Fur Trade! An Empire transferred to "The Company of Adventurers," comprising a galaxy of prismatic courtiers, in return for the annual contribution of a few pelts, fewer promises and fulsome declarations of fervid loyalty. The subject has already been dilated upon by prolific historians, profoundly discussed by generations of statesmen and pondered over by philosophers not directly affected by financial results. Doubtless within a few months the Hudson's Bay Company, with all its picturesque past will cease to exist, to become a powerful commercial concern, trading as well in lands where once roamed myriads of fur-bearing and dividend yielding specimens of animal life.

The North-West Company long ago passed to oblivion; the army of traders, trappers and voyageurs disappearing from the Ottawa, Lakes Superior and

Winnipegosis, seeking spheres for activity far removed from the original posts. "Red River" (the land which excited Lord Selkirk's cupidity) instead of buffalo, beaver, martin, and fox, is now pouring millions of bushels of cereals into the world's granary. "Fort Garry" has indeed dwarfed the prophecies of its founders, Winnipeg, a magnificent city, the Capital of Manitoba, occupying the site where once British and French half-breed and Indian strove for supremacy. Further west the present Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, a vast expanse of prairie extending from the boundaries of Manitoba to foothills of the Rockies, are, as all know, now great farming and stock raising centres. Cities, towns, villages and hamlets cover the buffalo "wallows," hunters and trappers being forced to seek new fields in the Northern and Western confines of the Canadian Territories and the wilds

of British Columbia. The Indian, relentlessly active, slaughtered his best friend, the bison, ultimately becoming a government ward and surrendering his primeval right to the prairie. Like the buffalo, he too is disappearing, but neither so suddenly nor so rapidly, and too often is only in evidence as a treaty-sustained intruder whose glory and reminiscent prowess have crossed the Great Divide. At times the traveller comes across "My Lady of the Snows," whose knotted stick shews that she lived in the grand old days of the Red Man's supremacy. The following was taken from life:



An Old Timer.

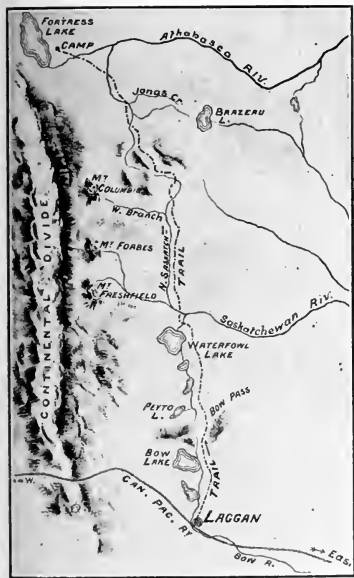
The modern Canadian Indian seldom distinguishes himself as an expert trapper, never a considerate or reasonable hunter. He once loved the plains, his dogs or his canoe, but the morrow to him never came. He killed big game with prodigal indifference; today in Saskatchewan and Alberta, he stays upon his reserve, sometimes starts out as a guide or on a hunting expedition. Too often, he is discovered extending moral support to his squaw, haunting railway stations, selling deftly polished cow horns, passengers bearing these off

triumphantly as last mementos of the buffalo epoch. It is marvellous how the supply holds out! The man of experience, however, is well aware of the fact that a real bison's horn or head is as difficult to procure as a good buffalo skin or overcoat. Long ago car-loads of horns were gathered from the prairie and conveyed to various phosphate factories, being converted into fertilising powder.

Where Indians hunt big game, they corral and indiscriminately destroy with a relentless avidity commemorative of the "brave" days of old. The British, American, French Canadian and half-breed virtually monopolize hunting and trapping districts at the present time and only in emergent cases are Indian guides brought into requisition. One of these, Jonas Benjamin, and another called Beaver, have both had wide experience as guides. Trapping in the North-West Territories and across the continental Divide has become not only a popular source of amusement for those who can afford to indulge in this sport, but has also become a legitimate industry, many of those prosecuting that arduous occupation, thinking less of the financial profits than of the excitement and independence of their calling. When, twenty-two years ago the first transcontinental train passed from Montreal to Winnipeg and across the prairies, piercing the Rockies and Selkirks, the prospector with pack and pick and "gun"; the tourist in knickerbockers and deer stalkers, the hunter and trapper with paraphernalia common to the mountains,—all experienced the exhilarating novelty of contemplating and conquering what to them seemed a new world. Today, in the recesses of the mountains, charming chalets, Alpine guides, domestic comforts and romantic environment are provided for those inclined to restful methods. In no such civilized retreat does the trapper seek his quarry; he must go where Nature reigns supreme, spurn modern luxuries and accept with equanimity climatic changes, hand to hand encounters with grizzly or black bear, the perils of surmounting glacial obstacles and above all, face the awful solitude, the mystic

quietude of a six months' sojourn in wilds where, mayhap, human foot may never have trodden, trusting in Providence to uncertainties of his romantic existence.

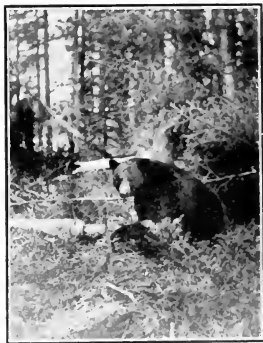
At the head of this article will be found a "snap shot" of William Simpson, who for many years has explored the country and for some time acted as guide in the hunting and trapping grounds between Laggan and the Athabasca river. It may be interesting to accompany Simpson on one of his expeditions during the trapping season.



Route Chart.

In ordinary times, late in the Autumn or early in the Spring, upon arriving at a given point, what is called a "pen," is constructed. Two trees, in close proximity—say, seven or eight inches apart,—are selected; then dead logs are procured, each end being forced into the crotch between the two standing trees, the long ends being made in the form of an inverted "V." The bait consists of horse flesh, or failing that, decomposing

fish. The trap is placed a little to one side of the opening in the "V" and small stakes, about four inches in length, driven on the outside of the jaws of the trap. This is done to prevent any stray or inquisitive animal stepping into the jaws and springing the trap. The trap is then covered with moss, brambles or grass. Usually, a stick, about two inches long and a quarter of an inch thick, is placed under the pan of the trap, to prevent small animals disturbing it. The prop is green and easily broken or is sometimes bent, to make sure that bruin or wolverine or lynx, once in, would be held fast by its own weight. When horse flesh or decomposed fish are not handy, beef is used as bait. A little on one side of the trap and the outside open-



In the Trap.

ing of the pan, some dry limbs, about an inch thick and nearly two feet in length are placed; this is done to prevent a bear getting on the outside of the trap, the animals being very careful as to where they place their paws, frequently feeling their way and moving cat-like towards any object attracting their attention. The "pan" is also covered with fine grass, as the quarry is more readily deceived by this process. The log to which the trap is fastened is sound and of good girth. At times the trapped animal remains quiet for considerable time, studying the best means of escape.

The accompanying, is from a photograph taken from life by Mr. Simpson.

On one occasion, arriving at the Saskatchewan, early in the spring, Simpson found that a trapped bear, had, with his hind paws, excavated a hole half his own length, and from that vantage point, raised the trap and pounded it ferociously against a fallen log, the huge paws bristling with formidable steel-like claws. He was soon despatched and added to the winter's trophies.

The traps in general use are Number 5 or 15 Newhouse, mostly manufactured at present, in the United States. They weigh from seventeen to twenty-two pounds. Those considered most tenacious in holding, have no teeth or other indentation or have what is termed the off-set jaw. These latter have teeth, but when closed there is a space of about an inch between the jaws, the teeth dovetailing, leaving a little space for play, preventing the bear lacerating limbs or destroying the fur. The trap is held by a chain eighteen inches long and on the end a six-inch ring, although some trappers substitute a nine-inch ring, and consider the change a great improvement. The chain is then attached to a log about eight feet long—thus enabling the bear to draw it after him through the brush. It is whittled at one end, to permit of the ring being driven over and fitted tightly. The trapper is then ready for business in other directions.

One hundred and fifty miles north of the south branch of the Saskatchewan, big game trapping has hitherto proved fairly remunerative. As has been said, the trapper is beyond modern civilization. For six months in the year he travels on snowshoes, sleeps sometimes in a wolverine or lynx-lined bag and frequently is obliged to depend upon the locality for rations, unless having an appetite for "pemmican." Winter traps are covered by an arch of spruce bows, thus guarding the traps against snowfalls and consequent disability should an animal step upon them. They are set under wide spreading trees, the branches of which shed the snow outside the radius of the traps. This does not apply to the trapping of small game and fur-bearing animals; bear traps are never set, until the spring opens, usually about the first week

in April, continuing until the 15th of June. After that bears shed their coats and possess little marketable value. No animal is more vicious than a trapped lynx. He will tear himself to pieces in a wild effort to regain liberty. For instance, Simpson, visiting his trapping post, on one occasion, found a lynx making frantic movements to withdraw from the trap. He had all but scraped the fur from his left paw and had gnawed with might and main at the stick, which at last succumbed. In a second, the animal was climbing an adjacent tree, but came to earth consequent upon being shot through the head by Simpson's revolver.



Trapped Lynx.

As many hunters know, the lynx is a species of big wild cat, called in the United States "Bob-cat," a much smaller animal. Formerly the Indians gave the lynx the name of Indian Devil; possibly there was reason for it, although the North-West lynx is a cowardly quadruped and it may be that the Congar or Mountain lion had been confounded with the lynx. The former is a nasty customer, hairy but not furry, and, if at all, a very distant member of the lynx family. The wolverine is another fur contributing denizen of North-West wilds. It will steal anything, even a traveller's boots, moccasins or snow-shoes. Cunning, it will undermine a cabin, with the instinct of a trained engineer; it can readily break from a bear trap, is sav-

age when trapped, but never anxious to fight its captor. Hunter's, having "cached" their supplies in the crotches of trees and bound the parcel with ropes, were amazed in the morning to discover that a wolverine had eaten through the ropes and made off with their "grub stake." The wolverine weighs about forty pounds, has a long body and short legs and has been found at times minus one paw, or all his claws off—still doing business as though enjoying full physical vigour. This beast can chew through a trap anchor and the only redeeming feature about him is that his fur is a capital lining for sleeping bags

and even overcoats, the skin being light and well covered. The average "catch" of a trapper during the winter season's work (omitting bear skins—which vary in value and number) is as follows:

Martin, 50 or 60, value, each, \$9.00

Lynx, 20, value, each 8.00

Wolverine, 2, value, each 7.00

Fox (red and cross) average,
value, each 7.00

Or about \$700 for a winter's work, and it means hardship, toil and patience. The man possessing courage, endurance and intelligence, sufficient to be a good trapper, should amass a fortune in any other calling of life.



A Season's Catch.

Two Typical Knockers.

Edgar W. Dynes

I STOOD at the foot of First street, Edmonton, Alberta. At my back was a growing, throbbing city that had been my admiration for a day. Before me stretched one of the most beautiful of landscapes. Far below was the mighty Saskatchewan, and far beyond were miles upon miles of picturesque poplar and interspersed willow and hundreds upon hundreds of acres of waving wheat and grain.

What a picture! And I had forgotten the camera.

"It's not *too* bad," said a man at my elbow. "But, then it'll never ripen." A month later, some fields averaged forty bushels to the acre!

"Been here long?" said I too a rather communicative gentleman, whom I met on Jasper avenue a little later in the same day. "Oh, a little while. Five years."

"Seen quite a lot of progress," I com-

mented, conning over in my mind that in the period named Edmonton had grown from a town of five thousand to a city of eighteen thousand. "Yes, considerable," he drawled. "I wish some one had pulled me into a real estate office, when I first came here and made me buy a few lots. But, then it's only a bubble—a frozen country—it'll be deserted in five years." There was the knocker again.

I drove through the country. How I enjoyed it! I had never seen such grain before; I'm not sure that I ever will again. Field after field that would yield thirty to forty bushels.

I stopped a man on horseback to enquire after a certain house. "Splendid crops," I observed, after he had given me the direction. "Oh, fair," he replied. "But, wait till you see a few dry years and the people will leave this country like buffalo before a prairie fire."

"Would I never get clear of this ilk, the pessimist knocker!"

The iron horse was whisking me through one of the most beautiful valleys in British Columbia. On a mountain just above was a mine producing over a thousand tons of copper ore per day; and experts have estimated that it contains ore enough to warrant production at this rate for the next one hundred years. It is even now paying a very good profit.

"Quite a mine," I said to a fellow passenger. "Oh, yes, but it will soon peter out."

Good fortune, I thought; how long did he expect to live? The inevitable knocker.

Fruit and more fruit! Twenty-four boxes on a seven-year-old tree. The big red apple; juicy and luscious. Trees bearing a fair crop three years after planting. Just like the old farm at home, only more fruit and quicker results. I was delighted.

I passed a bunch of loafers on the

street corner. Listen to the croaking comment!

"And they talk about growing fruit in this country. Pugh! These ten-acre fruit ranches will only be a cattle pasture one of these days." My knocker friend again, of course!

But, there is another kind of knocker. He is as different from the knocker I have described as an asp is from an elephant or a bumble bee from a giraffe. He is the knocker who wants to come into and help to develop this magnificent heritage which the other knocker despises.

I like to call him the new knocker. Listen!

He is knocking at the door of Canada today. The wheat grower knocks; he would make fruitful our western plains. The lumberman knocks; he would manufacture our forests into building material. The fruit grower knocks; he would make our fertile valleys to blossom as the rose. The manufacturer knocks; he wants to have a share in the production of our factories and supplying at first hand the wants of the people. All are hopeful, optimistic, conquering men who do things. They are men of will and men of force and are coming from here and there and everywhere by the thousands. Open the door! The new knocker means Canada's growth and crowning glory even within the lives of the present generation.

Thus the optimistic annihilated the pessimistic, and so I have recovered some of the discomfiture engendered by my first experience of the chronic grumbler and grunter.

One knocker offsets the other, effaces him, and transcends him; and soon I trust that Canada will be so busy with the prosperity and industry inaugurated and promoted by the new knocker that there will be neither time to attend to nor place for the pessimistic specimen either in the office or warehouse, on the street or on the farm.

A Cathedral Romance.

Christine Barrett

I HAD received an invitation to a dinner party at the Dean's. I live in a small Cathedral City, where dissipation, even in the mild form of dining out, is rare, so I accepted with alacrity and at once began to ponder over the possibilities of my wardrobe. Parsons' daughters are seldom overburdened with this world's goods, and my choice was that of Hobson's. The important point of costume being rapidly settled, I turned my thoughts to the Dean, and also to a certain nephew of that kind, and reverend old gentleman, whom I had met at various local functions, and I found myself hoping with an earnestness quite out of proportion to the occasion, that he would be at the dinner party.

The much-looked-forward-to night arrived in due time, and I set forth with the dear old Dad, for the Deanery. It was a glorious moon-lit evening, with a suspicion of frost in the still air, and the grand old Cathedral showed towering and majestic against the invisible blue of the sky. Often as Dad and I see it, its beauties are always new to us, and we paused now, and gazed up at its mighty centre tower, with its splendid contrasts of inky shadows, and shining whiteness.

"In all England there is no Cathedral like our's, Dad," I said. "You're right, my dear," he answered, "and the old place is at its best tonight. But come, it is chilly, and I am sure you don't want young Neville to see you with a pink-tipped nose," and he chuckled slyly. "Oh, Dad, do you think it will get red? Come on at once, or we shall be late." And, seizing him by the arm, I hustled the dear old man along at a pace, which I thought, even if it did make my nose red, would at any rate paint my cheeks to match!

We were a little late, and everyone was assembled in the Drawing Room, when we went in. The Dean, a dear, comfortable old bachelor, came forward to greet us. I am rather a favourite of his, so it was some time before he gave me a chance to look about me, and see if his nephew had come to support his uncle in the duties of host. I had not far to look; he was close behind me talking to Dad. The next minute my hand was in his, and, I knew it was going to be a nice dinner party. I forgot all about my nose, I don't think it was very red after all. I only knew that his eyes were grey and tender, and that his hand held mine tightly and long. His greeting was mundane, however. "It is ages since I saw you, but I am to take you in to dinner; so if you aren't very hungry, we will make up for all the conversations we have missed in the last—Oh! ever so long." It was only a fortnight since we had met, but it filled me with an imbecile joy that he should think it long.

Striving, however, to cast a decent veil over my feelings, I answered with flippancy, as I laid my hand on his immaculate broadcloth arm. "I have a hunger that would put the stoutest yokel to shame, and I think not even the most thrilling conversation could harden my heart to the very delicious provender the Dean always places before his guests." "Yes, my uncle is a positive old epicure, isn't he? I am always expecting him to invent some marvellous liqueur, like the monks of old; but it is horrid of you to be hungry, surely no soup ever invented, and no fish ever hooked, could be as interesting to you as my enlightened conversation." "I am not at all sure of that," I answered, as we seated ourselves at the table, "however, you can talk while I eat, and by

the time dessert is put on, I may be able to give a decided opinion." "How can you be so unkind," he murmured, "when I have deserted the great Babylon, at the imminent risk of losing many clients" (he is a lawyer) "simply and solely for the pleasure of taking you in to dinner." "How did you know you would?" I couldn't help asking. "I haven't been nephew to my uncle for 30 years," he replied, "without learning how to get things I want out of him." "So I am a thing!" I murmured rashly. "If you are," he began eagerly, "you are the sweetest thing I know and I want you more than anything else in the world, Maisie dear, will you?" "Mr. Neville, you will join the glad throng, won't you?" cried a loud and cheerful voice from the other side of the table, "or don't you like the interior of Cathedrals by moonlight? Arthur (he had called me Maisie, so I thought I might at any rate think of him as Arthur) muttered something into his serviette, that might have shocked the Dean, had he heard him, and answered after a scarcely perceptible pause, "I shall be delighted to join any glad throng, Mrs. Harvey, but don't quite grasp the plot; what throng? and what interior?" "Why we've been persuading the Dean to take us into the Cathedral after dinner, and see how the moonlight shows up stained glass," said Mrs. Harvey, the cheery Canadian wife of a minor Canon. "I guess it will look just fine, and all those frightful gargoyles and other graven images may look handsome for once, though I doubt even the moon being able to work such a transformation; I wouldn't be left in that place alone all night, not for a million dollars, I guess I should just die with fright. Dean, I shall hitch myself on to you all the time we are in there to-night, and don't you leave me for a moment, or my brain may give way, Freddy," (to her husband across the table) "I guess you can be rear-guard, I shouldn't feel safe with nothing I know of behind me, and you are better than a gargoyle anyhow."

A roar of laughter greeted this wifely remark under cover of which Arthur began, "Maisie, darling"—but again the

shrill Canadian voice stopped him: "Mr. Neville, you're a brave man aren't you? I reckon you look as if it would take more than a carved face to frighten you, so you can watch out the other side of me, then I shall feel fixed." Poor Arthur! he made a desperate effort, but his voice was certainly not very cordial as he answered, "I shall be charmed, Mrs. Harvey. With so many protectors I don't think you can feel very nervous."

I was prevented hearing Mrs. Harvey's reply by a voice on my other side. "Miss Dering, as everyone seems to be choosing partners for this nocturnal church-going, may I offer myself, I am warranted steady, and free from vice." It was one of the senior curates, who had an annoying, and quite unreciprocated affection for me. I had more than once told him that it was so, but he declined to be refused, and stuck to me with a persistency worthy of a burr, or a better cause. "I didn't know people were choosing partners," I said rather snappishly, "it's not a game, and I think the outside of the Cathedral would be much less creepy, and quite as interesting as the inside, in the middle of the night." "Stay outside then, with me," said Mr. Worth, rather diffidently, as if he were expecting a snub, "and we will study astronomy instead of stained glass." "No thanks," I answered brusquely "neither stained glass, nor astronomy interests me much, but of the two, stained glass is the warmest, as one can study it under cover." But my heart sank as I spoke, for I knew that Mr. Worth would exercise his adhesive qualities either in or out of the Cathedral, and I wanted to finish my conversation with Arthur so much. There was no chance of it for the rest of the dinner at any rate for Mrs. Harvey was keeping him employed answering her lively sallies across the table; and once Mr. Worth had got my unwilling attention, I knew him too well to hope he would let it go until the ladies left the dining-room. He must have thought me more than usually snubbing, and absent minded, for I was racking my brain for a plan to rid myself of him in the Cathedral, and despoil Mrs. Harvey of Ar-

thur. But I was ever a poor plotter, and by the time dinner was over, and we ladies alone in the drawing-room, my ideas were still unhatched. I felt embittered towards Mrs. Harvey too, though I will do her the justice to say she seemed quite unaware she was a spoil-sport. She sought me out in the quiet corner where I had established myself, within view of the door, so that Arthur could see me as he came in. "Why, Miss Dering, I guess you are like a possum stowed away here. May I sit down?" She did so without waiting for permission, on the seat that I had hoped would be occupied by another, and manlier form.

"And who is going to protect you in the trip round the Cathedral? Well now, I've left you the pick, so you needn't look so cross; but I guess if I had one glass eye and the other bunged up with a green shade, I could see who it was going to be. Well, I hope he's worth his name, my dear, if you will overlook the horrid pun. Ah, there now, how you blush child! Yes, I saw it all at dinner; that's why I kept young Neville occupied, so he shouldn't spoil the fun. Aren't you grateful to me?" "But, Mrs. Harvey," I began protestingly yet unable to help laughing, as the humour of the situation struck me, "It is not,—I mean I don't—" "Tut, child, don't tell me, I've been there myself, and I just love to help young folks all I can; I'll see you have a good chance tonight, never fear. Ah, here come the men, and Mr. Neville is making straight for this corner, the wretch! I'll fix him": and she was gone like a flash and "fixed" Arthur half way, while I had the unspeakable exasperation of seeing Mr. Worth sink his long person into the depths of Arthur's chair, and beam upon me with a suavity quite undiminished by the sight of my sour countenance.

"The Dean will soon say, 'Gentlemen, choose your partners,' he began amiably "and then everyone will make a dash for their respective enslavers, so I thought I would save time and trouble by coming here at once." I smiled a grim, embittered smile. "How thoughtful of you, but how do you know that

in the rush which will surely ensue in my direction you will not be overwhelmed, and the prize borne off by some apparent outsider?" "I have no fear," he answered gaily, "An Englishman's house is his castle; possession is nine points of the law; finding's keeping; and so on. No man would dare invade a territory which is so obviously, for the time at least, mine."

I looked round. Alas! he spoke truth. We were almost hidden, save for that view of the door, by tall palms, while a group of statuary (The Dean has a passion for statuary, draped, of course) and a beautifully wrought Chinese screen, added to the impression of concealment, and love-making, which we must inevitably have presented to the rest of the room. Well, I was caught in my own trap, and with a sigh of resignation, I turned to, and made the best of it.

I began to flirt with Mr. Worth, at the imminent risk of his proposing again, but nothing seemed to matter much just then, and I should rather have enjoyed refusing him. He, poor man, was delighted at my change of manner and grew more and more confidential, and to the outward eye, accepted-lover-like. I saw Arthur cast several ferocious glances in our direction, but he was held fast by the fluent tongue of Mrs. Harvey, who doubtless thought her scheme was proceeding admirably, and that I was getting the wished for proposal out of Mr. Worth several times over. At last, when I was getting to a positively hysterical pitch, and should probably have accepted Mr. Worth, if he had screwed up sufficient courage to propose for the third time, the Dean rose, and going to Mrs. Harvey, said, "Now shall we sally forth, and brave the gargoyles? Mrs. Harvey, I think I am your chosen knight on this occasion," and he offered his arm. "Yes, Dean dear," responded she, gaily, "but you are not the only one, there's safety in numbers you know. Mr. Neville, here's my other hand, clamouring for an arm to snuggle into. Hubby dear, get my cloak, and then to your post in the rear-guard. Now, I guess we're fixed.

Her laughing voice trailed away into

the hail,—the Dean and Arthur with her. The other guests paired themselves off, and disappeared in the same direction. Then I rose with a flounce, and looking with sudden wrath at Mr. Worth still stretched indolently in his chair, "I thought you were so anxious to act as my cavalier on this auspicious occasion, yet you don't seem to be burning with excitement now," I said, with some acrimony. "But you didn't want to go at dinner," he said, lazily lifting his eyebrows, "Why not stay here in the warmth with me, instead of going into the cold, though chaste, moonbeams with a crowd. Much better stay where we are Maisie, they'll never miss us." "You pay a great compliment to my social charms as well as your own," I responded tartly. I wasn't going to stay there with him whilst Arthur was stained-glass gazing with Mrs. Harvey. Not I! "I am tired of staying here, besides I have talked to you the whole evening and change is good for us all. Get up and don't look so horribly lazy," and I moved towards the door without waiting for him.

He was by my side directly. "Your wish is my wish," he murmured, arranging my shawl for me with most undesirable tenderness. "You know that, Maisie." "Very well," I said unkindly, "be quick with my shawl, and don't call me Maisie." He said nothing to this, but looked hurt and surprised, as perhaps is not to be wondered at, considering my previous behaviour. I was sorry directly, and slipped my hand through his arm as soon as we got outside, as a mute apology. He took the hand in his, and held it tightly, which was more than I meant, but I said nothing, and let it stay there, only walking with great speed across the close, on pretence of cold.

We went in through the Dean's side door, and I insisted on joining the others, who were in the choir, though Mr. Worth made desperate efforts to detain me in the unpeopled parts. If he had been Arthur he wouldn't have had to exert himself; I should have stayed without any pressure being brought to bear.

The sight of Arthur still pinioned to Mrs. Harvey's side, made me frantic; and I again began to concoct plans to

drag him thence. But the first thing was to lose Mr. Worth. This I found almost impossible, but at last, after many fruitless efforts, I got him entangled with a fat and fluent doctor of divinity, and his equally fleshy and conversational daughter. Then I flew!

I slipped through the west door into the nave, and although somewhat daunted by its vast majestic silence, made positively ery by the moonbeams, I sped down the whole of its tremendous length, nearly to the great west door. Then I sat down in a chair, in the shade of a pillar, and waited. My intention was to wait there for the rest of the party; for I felt sure they would come down the nave, to see the moon through the great rose window; to let Arthur get alongside, and then to calmly join him, and then I felt sure fifty Mrs. Harveys would not keep him!

I sat revolving these thoughts in my head for some time, when suddenly the intense silence of everything struck me. Where were they all? They had left the choir, and must be coming my way now, but I could hear no sound of feet, or whispering voices. A sudden terror shook me. Surely they were not going out by the little side door, which was so far off, right on the other side of the great building! I sprang to my feet, and started down the nave. I had only gone a yard or two when a distant bang took the breath from my lips. I paused in agony. They had gone out and not noticing I was missing, had shut and locked me in. Only a second I stopped; then fear lending wings to my feet, I simply flew towards the side door. Oh! what a long way it seemed; and every second they were getting farther off and I more utterly alone. When I reached the door, panting and trembling, it was close shut and locked. I pulled at it madly, and beat on it with my hands, but with no result;—they were all too far off. I could not hear the slightest sound of their footsteps, though I held my breath to listen. There I was, alone in that awful edifice, and I mightn't be missed for hours, not until Dad wanted to go home. What should I do?

Already the utter silence was begin-

ning to tell on my nerves, and everything looked so weird and strange in the ghastly moonlight. Then a glad thought struck me. Perhaps the great west door was not locked. It might be only bolted on the inside, and I could get out that way. I rushed back as quickly as I had come; and reaching the great door, feverishly pulled back the heavy bars and bolts, and seizing the ponderous handle, turned and pulled with all my strength, but it did not move a jot. It too was locked, and my only chance of getting out gone! I sat down in a chair, with the cold, unsympathetic moon peeping at me through a mullioned window, and cried like a child, from sheer fright.

You may think me very silly and nervous, but I really think most girls in the same situation would have done the same. I cannot explain the immense overpowering emptiness and loneliness of the place.

How long I sat, drenching my handkerchief, and spoiling my complexion, I do not know; but suddenly a horrible feeling, worse than the loneliness, and silence, came over me—a feeling of being watched. I removed the handkerchief from my swollen eyes, and looked around. Nothing but great white pillars, and rows upon rows of empty chairs. Then I looked up, up at the great vault above me. Merciful Heaven! What was that? But before I describe what I saw let me explain that in the Cathedral, there are three great stone galleries, one above the other running along one side of the nave at the top. On great festivals some of the choir are sent up to these galleries, and the effect of their voices floating down from that great altitude, is very sweet and strange. Probably by reason of this custom the galleries are called the Angel Choir.

My terrified glance, in looking up, lighted on the top gallery, and there, full in the path of the moon, and apparently gazing intently down at me, was a face—white, weird, and horrible. I gazed paralyzed with terror for a full half minute. The face did not move, but continued its stony stare in my direction. I felt the hair upon my head beginning to stand up, and the blood in

my veins turning chill, when an overpowering wave of reassurance swept over me. Of course, it was a gargoyle!

I sank back in my chair with a sigh of relief. My muscles relaxed, and my eyes, before almost starting from their sockets, closed. Then swift fear returned. I had never seen a gargoyle or any graven image up there before; and I knew the Cathedral, as a child its mother's face. Had my eyes deceived me? I looked up again; the face had disappeared. I blinked my eyes and again looked. Most certainly there was nothing there now, but the cold, pale moonlight, turning the old grey stone into whitest marble. I stared with breath suspended, and heart thumping. Whatever the thing was, it had gone; and, horrible thought! might be coming nearer every moment.

My eyes dropped to the second gallery. If terror kills, I should have died that moment, for even as I looked, there suddenly appeared the face again, still in the light of the moon, which cast an eery path diagonally across the three galleries. Once more it fixed its full gaze upon me. As I sat shivering and limp with indescribable fear, it disappeared into the shadow. I seemed to see a dim form flit along the gallery a moment, then—nothing.

For a second or two I felt powerless to move. Then the instinct of flight, always great in the feminine breast, overcame even my terror, and I rose and slipped noiselessly into the shadows behind a pillar. From there I fixed my gaze upon the third gallery, for by some instinct I knew the face would appear again there. I found myself repeating again and again in a whisper, "The third time is fatal, the third time is fatal." Then I pulled myself up with a jerk. Was terror depriving me of reason? I felt almost like it, but I must at any cost keep calm, for if this horror I was imprisoned in the Cathedral with, was to assume tangible shape, I must have all my wits about me to evade it.

I pinched one of my arms until under ordinary circumstances I should have shrieked with pain. The present effect, however, was to stop the chattering of

my teeth, and the whirling feeling in my head. I wiped the cold dews from my forehead and hands, then with a desperate calmness, I looked up at the third gallery. What was that? A shadow darker than the ones cast by the moon moved swiftly along the gallery, and then—the face again.

Nearer now, and I could distinguish features and wild, glittering eyes. It leaned over the side, and looked down to the place where I had been sitting. For a moment it gazed, then laid a long white hand on the parapet and leaned over dangerously far, sweeping all the part below lit by the moon with its wild gaze. I could see it well now, and it was a man,—thin and attenuated, apparently by the look of the hand; mad, by the look in the face. My horror was in no wise lessened by the evident fact that he was looking for me. He moved a little further along the gallery, and again leaned over, searching the space below, then straightened himself, and stood a moment as if thinking.

A sound like a laugh smote my ears, and then he disappeared once more into the thick darkness. What in the name of all that was ghastly was going to happen next? Was he coming right down into the nave to look for me? At the thought I turned cold and sick, and leaned against the pillar with shaking limbs. Then a distant sound brought me back to stiff, agonized, attention. Footsteps, hurried and loud, were echoing along the pavement, and drawing every moment nearer. They seemed to beat into my brain, setting every nerve on edge. I gathered up my skirts, even in that moment of terror thanking Providence, and the sparseness of my wardrobe, that they were black, and unrustling, and stealing from behind my pillar, fled down the shadows past the great locked west door, and into one of the side aisles. My hope was to get to one of the vestries, or some such haven, without being seen, where I could lock myself in.

I stopped to listen again. The ringing footsteps had ceased; but above the heavy beating of my heart I could hear a soft pad-pad, and knew the creature

was coming down the strip of matting laid along the aisles. I had stopped behind a pillar, around which I peered, and saw a figure coming down the middle aisles.

Wild and malevolent it looked—moving in a semi-crouching position, with one hand at its throat, and turning its head from side to side in a restless, hungry way. Which way would he turn when he got to the great west door? Oh! merciful God! which way? If to the left, I might still have time to find a safe hiding place; if to the right—but of that I dared not think.

When he reached the door he stopped and looked from side to side hesitatingly. I was perhaps unwise not to seize the opportunity, and fly at the risk of his hearing me; but I was fascinated, and stood staring like a bird at a snake. Then *he turned to the right*, and came swiftly in my direction.

The spell was broken, and I turned, and ran like a hare. Further down the aisle was a window, through which the moonlight streamed. Across this betraying path I must go. Would the horror behind see me? It was no time for hesitation. I could hear the scudding of feet not far behind me. Across the white stream I flew. A horrible sound behind me told me I was seen. A yell of triumph, ending in a chuckling laugh!

Then began such a ghastly game of hide and seek, as surely, never had been played before. I dodging behind pillars, with panting breath, and bursting heart, and the maniac silently gaining upon me. Finally I reached the iron gates leading into the choir. By some heaven-sent luck one was open, and I burst through, flinging it to behind me. It snicked; and I heard the rattle as the maniac flung himself upon it.

Opening it delayed him a second or two, and I had time to fly between the choir stalls,—the carved angels with their mild, sweet faces looking benignantly down upon me—on through the right hand door; on, past dead brave knights and their illustrious dames—past horrible carved faces of men and

beasts, but none so dreadful to me as the living one behind.

Dear heaven! What a way it seemed! Should I ever reach that little vestry tucked away in a corner, the door of which I knew was never locked? Now my legs were beginning to tremble under me, and my breath to come in choking sobs. I must get there if I died in doing it,—better that than the horror coming behind. I could hear the mad wretch's feet again now, nearing and nearing; and then, just as I thought he must reach me, I heard a door clash, a voice cry "Maisie, Maisie, where are you?" I gave a wild shriek "Arthur," plunged blindly forward a few more steps, and fell into Arthur's arms!

Of what happened then I have a very indistinct and confused recollection. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Worth, Dad, and one or two other men whom I did not know, rushing past me. There was a yell, and a dreadful sound of scuffling; then silence. Then, while I hid my face on Arthur's very starched and uncomfortable shirt-front, I heard one of the strange men say. "We were only just in time, Sir. Nothing could have saved the young lady if once he had got hold of her. He's the most dangerous case of homicidal mania we've got, and as cunning as a fox."

I felt Arthur's arm tighten round me, and safe in that shelter took courage to look up. Someone had lit a flaring gas jet near by, and I saw my waking nightmare stretched upon the pavement, one burly stranger holding his arms, the other sitting stolidly upon his legs. Dad was standing, very pale, looking down upon him, and Mr. Worth, holding his handkerchief to a rapidly blackening eye, was looking with the other at Arthur and me, while various expressions chased each other over the portion of his face still visible.

I moved towards Dad, and held out trembling arms: "Dad, Dad, take me home," I whimpered. The instant I came near him, the maniac became furiously excited, foam broke out upon his lips, and he wrestled and writhed with appalling strength. Arthur and Dad sprang forward and seized me and Mr.

Worth, dropping his handkerchief, flew to the assistance of the keepers, who, burly giants though they were, had great difficulty in subduing the wretched man.

"Better take the young lady away, Sir," gasped one of them. "This ain't no sight for her, and she seems to make him worse." Dad put his arm around me, and hurried me to the door, while Arthur, with a hasty word in my ear, and a tender pressure to my hand, went to help Mr. Worth and the keepers, who were still struggling desperately.

Dad explained things to me as he led me across the Close. The party had not noticed I was missing for some time, but thought I was ensconced behind the palms and statuary with Mr. Worth again, as he too had disappeared (to smoke a pipe in the moonlight, he told me after), and when people, Arthur especially, began to enquire as to my whereabouts, it was yet longer before it dawned upon them I must have been left in the Cathedral. When this struck them, Arthur, Dad and Mr. Worth instantly set forth to liberate me. As they hastened across the close the two keepers met them and informing them that a dangerous lunatic had escaped from the asylum at B——, asked if they were going to the Cathedral, and if so, might they take a look round there, as though it was scarcely probable he could have got in without being discovered, still no stone must remain unturned in searching for him. The rest I knew only too well.

When we reached the warm, lighted Deanery, everyone instantly crowded round us asking questions. Our white, scared faces silenced them however, and I further distinguished myself by sitting down on the nearest chair, and bursting into tears for the second time that night. Dad explained as quickly as he could, and the men immediately rushed out to the Cathedral. Never had they displayed such haste to reach the holy edifice, I feel sure! Then I was taken in hand by Mrs. Harvey and the other married women, and petted and cosseted as if I had been a hurt child. I longed privately for Arthur's shirt front, and Dad's kind voice, but it was

very ungrateful of me, for they all were gentleness and kindness itself.

It seemed ages before we heard the men's voices in the Hall again, sounding muffled, but excited. "By Gad, how he fought, it's no wonder they sent the keepers out by two's to look for him. He would have knocked one galley-west in no time," were the first words we heard as the door opened, and they streamed in "That's a nasty eye you've got, Worth my boy," I heard someone say. "Can't appear at Matins on Sunday, I fear, looks so bad you know." "Yes, it is 'swelling wisely,'" answered the victim; "that fellow must have learned boxing in his sane days, and he hasn't forgotten the art now. But where is Miss Dering? How is she, Mrs. Harvey? Her experience tonight was too horrible to even think of with calmness. By Jove! Miss Dering, most ladies would have fainted a dozen times over by now. Do you mean to say you haven't even gracefully swooned once? Well I call that too bad, here we have all the necessities for a most blood-curdling drama, and you deprive us of one of the greatest essentials. "Please faint at once."

I knew he was babbling on in this way to give me a chance to recover myself, for I was still half hysterical. I gave him a glance as expressive of gratitude as the swollen, and puffy state of my features would permit, and took Dad, who had come up to me, by the arm, "Dad, take me home," I whispered. "Yes, dearie, yes," he answered, "the Dean has ordered his carriage round for you. Worth, would you mind seeing if it is

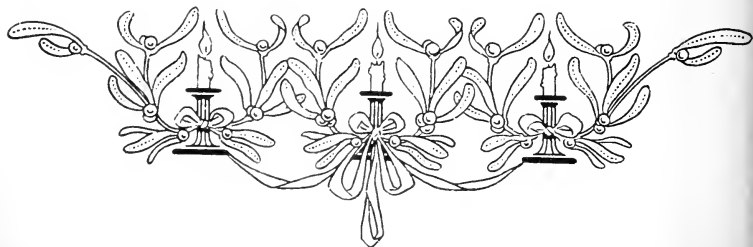
ready yet. The sooner I get this little woman home the better. Her nerves will be all over the place tomorrow." Mr. Worth disappeared, and I was led off by Mrs. Harvey to be wrapped up.

When we came down the carriage was waiting, and after a confused jumble of good-byes, everyone pressing round and all trying to shake my hand at once, I was hustled in by Dad. Just as we were about to start, Arthur fled down the steps bundling on his great coat, and sprang in after us. "I must see you safe home," he said, "you don't mind, Mr. Dering?" "Not a bit my boy, delighted," answered my well-brought-up old Dad, and considerably looked out of the other window, whereupon Arthur instantly took possession of my hand.

The last glimpse I had of Mrs. Harvey she was excitedly pointing after us, and apparently trying to push poor Mr. Worth down the steps. She evidently thought I had got the wrong man again!

Well, she found out her mistake the next day, when she came to ask after me, for Arthur and I managed to finish our interrupted dinner conversation in the drawing-room at home, while Dad was getting cigars out in his study, and it was quite the nicest conversation I have ever had!

So my Cathedral adventure ended happily, though it was long before I got over the effects of that awful night; and even now, when Arthur and I have been married three happy years, the sight of a Cathedral by moonlight turns me cold all over.



A Lake of the West.

Orville Bertly

It lies twixt two smoky mountains
All covered with firs and pines,
Its waters are still, and tranquil,
And its glossy surface shines.
'Tis bordered by drooping willows,
That fall to the water's brink
As if they were searching vaguely
For a cool and soothing drink.
There, where the water is shallow
By the edge, tall rushes grow,
And yonder there comes the murmur
Of a stream's unceasing flow—
A stream that for years and ages
Has emptied into that lake,
Winding its way unweariedly
Through the woods without a break.

At last the stillness is broken
By the flaps of Mallards' wings;
They light on the placid waters,
Sending forth a thousand rings.
There's a splash—a moment's silence;
They've gone to the bottom sand!
They rise again to the surface—
There's a shot from off the strand!
Another—and still another!
They start to the airy height;
There's a quack—a sudden flapping,
And the rest have taken flight.
And the three poor bleeding ducklings,
That fell by the sportsman's gun,
Roll on the trembling waters
That glitter in the sun.

Out over the widening circles
The water-dog wends his way,
And brings at his master's bidding
The spoils of the weary day.
Only a few bleeding Mallards—
Three fowls that are limp and damp!
The hunter smiles as he takes them,
And hurries away to camp.
For a moment there's a rustle
Where the tall green rushes grow;
Then there's nothing but the murmur
Of a stream's unceasing flow—
A stream that for years and ages
Has emptied into that lake,
Winding its way unweariedly
Through the woods without a break.

Under the Northern Lights.

Mabel L. Stuart

IN the smoke-grimed kitchen of the minister's shack a roaring wood fire blazed merrily, casting a moving patchwork of light and shadow over the dingy rafters and blackened walls.

Full in the path of its ruddy glow a girl was seated, leaning forward, chin on hands, staring absently into the flickering flames. She seemed utterly out of place in her comfortless surroundings, like a beautiful cameo in a dull and ugly frame; yet her sweet face expressed such perfect contentment that her old-fashioned name of "Joy" seemed abundantly justified.

It was not without some trepidation that she had come, but a few months before, to keep house for her favorite brother. But the call of the West had come to her with such force, that she had yielded, as have most of us, who have felt that deep, inexplicable longing for the great, new land, with its mysteries and hardships—its glories of success.

Outside on the lonely trail, the white moonshine beat down, pitilessly cold; frosty stars glittered intensely through the clear, biting air, reflected from a myriad diamond-points of snow. Long shadows of majestic pines fell across the clearing, and the moonlit path into the dim recesses of the forest looked ghostly, and uninviting in the utter stillness of the night.

At the edge of the clearing a man's figure appeared, stumbling slowly, and painfully up the gradual incline toward the little homestead. In the shadow of the trees, he stood a moment, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the distant light—then with a cry of thankfulness, staggered forward.

"I'll do it yet," he muttered, "if only I can reach the shack, the minister'll see that the parcel gets to the Head, and

Miss Joy can fix up frozen fingers better than the doctor himself."

He put forth all his strength; nearer and nearer grew the light—only a few steps more; a last desperate effort and he reached the door, falling forward on the steps with a despairing cry, and sinking into blissful oblivion.

The sudden crash brought the inmate of the shack to her feet with a start of surprise. Instantly she divined its cause. It was not the first time that winter that a solitary wayfarer, travelling the lonely trail to Deer's Head, had fallen exhausted at their very door. A moment later, she had the door open, and was bending pitifully over the prostrate figure.

"Poor chap," she murmured, raising the drooping head, "I wonder if he's badly frozen; I must get him in, some way." And straining every muscle, she dragged him over the threshold into the light and warmth of her haven of refuge.

As she unwound the woollen muffler, she gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why it's Long Bob, from the Lumber Camp, and what is this that he is clutching so tightly in his poor, stiff fingers?" Deftly she unclasped the clinging hands, and drew the box out into the light. It bore the simple inscription—"Dr. Jack." Joy understood at once. "The poor soul has snow-shoed all the way to Helton for the medicine," she commented, "It's no wonder he fell exhausted; but I believe he's coming to, now."

The heavy eyelids raised, and the man looked at her vaguely. "That you, Miss Joy?" he whispered, "Is the box all right?" "Yes, Bob, but never mind the box. Your hands are badly frost-bitten; just drink this, and don't think of anything but going to sleep, for the rest of the night."

Bob fixed his eyes anxiously on her

face, "Where's the Minister," he said. "I got ter get that box to the Doctor, this very night; it's anty-something fer the dyptherie, and there's five of the boys dead already up at the Head."

"My brother went over this afternoon, to help the Doctor, but don't worry about the box; I'll take it over myself, as soon as I have made you comfortable. There must be a terrible outbreak at the Head."

"It's fearful, Miss, but Dr. Jack's a white un. He's give his life a dozer times over, fer the lads up at the Mines. But you can't go that long trip alone; 'tisin't safe. It's more'n five miles, and the w—. Well, it just isn't safe at nights, Miss."

"I'm the only one to go, Bob, and I'm not in the least afraid. Why, I simply must go. Those poor fellows can't be left to die, with help so near."

"Well, I've been all the way to Halton and back, fer this stuff, since yesterday, and it's fifty mile, easy. I'm just bushed; can't go another step."

"I should think not, poor fellow, and I am very thankful that you reached our door, alive. Now you lie still, and rest. Your hands are better already, so I can leave your supper ready, and you can enjoy yourself while I'm gone. As for me—I have my rifle and plenty of warm furs, and can do the trip in no time. What are five miles on a moon-lit night, with a good pair of snow-shoes?"

Bob looked doubtful; but it was the only way, and if she was willing to face the dangerous trail for the sake of the score of sufferers at the mining camp—it was not for him to stop her.

"Well, Miss Joy, you're a hero, and us boys always said so; and if you do this, why they'll call you a saint, fer sure. Never you mind me; I'll be all right, and if you git away while the moon's up, you can make the Head before midnight."

He watched the girl anxiously as she buttoned her fur collar tight around her throat, and strapped her snow-shoes securely to her gaily-moccasined feet. "Your rifle loaded, Miss?" he inquired. "Yes, it's all ready for action," replied the girl, slinging it over her shoulder,

and taking the precious box in her hand. "Now don't be afraid to shoot anything that threatens you. Don't be tender-hearted; it doesn't pay, miles away from a human being, out on the lonely trail. And God bless you, Miss; you're a brick."

* * * * *

"What a bitter night," Joy murmured as she strode unhesitatingly into the dark shadows of the wood. The snow was crisp and fine, and her snow-shoes bore her lightly, and swiftly over the heavy crust. A keen north wind blew icily through the pine branches, and her cheeks tingled in the clear, bracing air. "Oh, the joy of living," she thought; "and yet I may never see Deer's Head; for I know, and Bob knew, that the wolves have been out lately, and though they avoid human beings at most times, they are ravenous this year,—and one never knows."

The long shadows grew denser, and the gloom, deeper, as she tramped further, and further into the forest. Then the trail lay over an open plain, white and empty in its lonely winter sleep. On went Joy, catching her breath at every sound, listening intently for the low, distant wail, which she dreaded each moment to hear.

Never an instant, did she slacken her pace. One mile—two miles, glided by, and yet no sign of life on the desolate plain, or the tangled underbrush. Joy took courage; after all the wolf story had been but an idle tale.

Three miles passed, and her breath came more quickly. The strain of the rapid pace was telling, so she slackened a little, and glanced at her watch; eleven o'clock, and two miles still to go; she was doing splendidly, if only her strength would hold out. She did feel rather tired, she was forced to admit.

Suddenly she stood still. Far away, faint and indistinct, but unmistakable, rose the dreaded sound; a sound which chills the blood, even when the listener is seated by his comfortable fireside, safe behind barred doors.

"Wolves!" she cried. "God help me," and summoning all her strength, she bent

her head and sped along the snowy path, for her life.

Another mile slipped away; still she could hear the hunting-cry of the hungry pack, driven by sheer starvation from their northern home, nearer to the haunts of men. Yet the mournful wail seemed no nearer than before, and the girl's courage began to revive. "They haven't got the scent yet," she told herself, "if only I can reach the village. But my breath is gone; this pace is killing—and still, I dare not rest."

Now the trail, gleaming silvery-white in the brilliant moonshine, led over heavily-wooded hills, down into a long valley, and over a frozen river to the tiny village, nestling on the mountain-side. The gloom of the forest enveloped Joy once more, and with a painfully beating heart, she recognized that the distant wail was growing nearer—the wolves were on her trail in hot pursuit, gaining on her at every step.

She was nearing the end of the forest. In a moment she would be able to look down on the distant lights across the river. But a soft patter, and snuffing breaths warned her that the time had come to turn at bay. With a quick motion, she unslung her rifle, and leaning back against a huge pine, awaited her pursuers.

There were four of them—lean, grey, dog-like creatures, with gleaming eyes, and lolling tongues. They stood hesitating. The scent of the humankind, filled them with vague terrors. They hardly dared risk an attack—and yet famine had made them desperate. The leader sneaked forward. It was his place to investigate this unusual enemy. Then with a vicious snarl, he prepared to spring.

A flash—a sharp report—and the rifle burst into flame; the huge beast sprang into the air, and rolled over—dead. This only maddened his comrades, and with howls of rage, two more drew near, the fourth hanging warily in the background.

Joy fired quickly, shot after shot; another wolf fell heavily to the ground, but the third sprang aside, unhurt, and began to sneak up behind her.

The horror of it all swept over the

girl with a sudden, dreadful reality. This was not a dream; she was not sitting in her cozy home in Old Ontario, reading the adventures of some poor wayfarer on the Steppes of Russia; it was she—Joy McLaren, fighting for her life, alone in the dreary forest of the Northland—dreadfully alone. With a groan, she realized that her last shot had been fired; she was at their mercy now.

She raised her rifle over her head, and brought it down with all her strength, as the third wolf with snapping jaws, sprang towards her. For a moment he was stunned, and in that moment there arose a sound in the forest behind her—a sound which caused her heart to cease beating, then brought the blood to her face in a throb of joy. It was a whistle, clear and sweet, and she knew its note; six long, lonely years had not dimmed its memory.

"Jack," she cried, "Jack! Help," and the world grew black.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying on a somewhat lumpy bunk, the hum of a steaming kettle in her ears, and the light from a green-shaded lamp falling softly on her face. Beside her sat a grave-eyed man, a watch in his hand, and fingers on her wrist.

The girl lay languidly, watching him. Could this be the gay, debonnaire, youth from whom she had parted but a few years before—this bronzed, sad-faced man, with square-set jaw and unsmiling mouth? What a wonderful change those years had wrought! Yes, it was he; they had met again at the ends of the earth.

"Jack," she said softly, "You saved my life."

The man's hand closed over her's, as he laid the watch on the table, and turned toward her, his eyes softening wonderfully.

"A poor reparation, Little Girl," he said bitterly, "after ruining both our lives."

"Not ruined, Jack—never that. I have come through the furnace unscathed, and you—you are a great man now."

"A poor doctor in a rough mining town—truly, a great career for an honor graduate, eh, Joy?"

"You are a great man," she insisted, "more truly great than any of your wealthy, self-satisfied class-mates. Why, you have given your life for these people; they adore you; Dr. Jack's name is always on their lips. You have changed since that miserable night six years ago. What is it, Jack? What's the reason?"

The man's face brightened. "You remember why we parted, Joy," he said, bending over her. "You said that any man who scoffed at God, was not fit to live on God's earth. And I wasn't fit, Little Girl; I know it now. So you told me to go—and I went. I sank down, down to the lowest depths. Then it was 'Deo Profundis,' and I vowed to devote my life to making reparation. That was five years ago, and I have tried to do my best."

"I'm proud of you, Dr. Jack," said the girl. "I always knew you were made of the right material—the stuff that heroes are made of; and heroes, like precious stones, are found in the most unlikely places."

Dr. Jack shook his head. "You rate me too high," he said, dejectedly. "And Joy, I can't ask you to share this wild, rough life with me. You aren't used to it; you couldn't stand the hardships."

Joy took his big, brown hand in both her own. "But *I prefer* 'The Simple life,'" she whispered.

The sequel needeth not my pen
To tell to gods or even men.
But Joy infused Jack's heart anew
With thrills revived and ever true.
And nothing could o'ercloud their life
Ail full of Love—all free from strife.

A Threat.

By Pete

I want you to understand clearly,
That tho' I repine,
And though in this world you are cruel,
In the next you'll be mine,
I know in the years that have vanished,
Hundreds of years before,
You loved me and I was unfeeling,
In the ages of yore,
And now, oh I love you so madly,
The rapture would be,
Live Heaven to Hell's shade returning,
Should you come to me.

Yet I know that you'll come not, and I must
Just love to the end,
Till Death shall take pity and gently,
Her messenger send,
And then when on earth I'm returning
I know for my pain,
Your heart will be mine for the taking,
For aye to remain,
And so though I suffer in torment,
Just loving in vain,
I try to be patient in waiting,
The prize for my pain.

The Stolen Necklace.

L. Harward

THE Post Office clock struck six as, with a sigh of relief, and a rueful glance at a pile of still unanswered correspondence, the occupant of the little office in Pitt Street reached for his hat. As he did so the bell of his desk telephone rang furiously.

"Yes!"

"Is that Harkley Clinton?"

"Yes."

"I am James Sturdy, of Sturdy Brothers, George Street. Can you come around at once?"

Clinton, who had been looking forward to a long evening spent on a cool verandah with a book and pipe, made a forcible remark of one syllable.

"Eh?" said the telephone.

"I'll be with you in ten minutes."

Probably there is no better known firm in Australia than Sturdy Bros., Sydney. Disdaining the modern fashion which leads other jewellers to make glittering shows, this old-established firm contents itself with a shop of very modest dimensions.

Mr. James Sturdy, whose appearance and dignity of bearing would do credit to a bishop, met Clinton at the shop door—hatless, coatless, and with his tie under his left ear.

"A mysterious business, Mr. Clinton!" said the old man, as he led the way to his office. "Sturdy Brothers have been robbed—robbed in broad daylight! A diamond necklace valued at twelve hundred pounds has been stolen from our window-case today, though how, or by whom, it is quite impossible to say."

"Window broken?" asked Clinton.

"No. The glass is of extra thickness, and supposed to be practically unbreakable. It is not our custom to make a display. A few specimens of really artistic workmanship and jewels of especial beauty are taken from the strong-room every morning in the presence of

either my brother or myself and placed in the window-case. It is a rule of the establishment that only one of the partners or Mr. Dyson, our head salesman, who has been with us for thirty years, shall open that case. In the evening, the articles are returned to the strong room, under supervision. This morning I chose for a centrepiece a diamond necklace, which we have just completed for one of our clients. I designed it myself and am a little proud of the work. As my brother is taking a holiday, I remained on the premises the whole day, having luncheon sent in to me. This evening, at closing time, I went to the window, and was horrified to find the necklet had disappeared, though the cassette stood just where I had seen it placed at nine o'clock this morning."

"Was the window-case opened during the day?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Who attended the shop?"

"The junior salesman took some order for repairs, and Mr. Dyson made a few sales. I spent the greater part of the day in my office which, as you see, commands a full view of the shop. Mr. Dyson and Mr. Neil, his junior, are still here if you care to question them."

"Have you sent for the police?"

"Yes, and here comes Sergeant Hannan now," replied Sturdy, as a man, whose profession was unmistakeable in spite of his mufti, strode through the shop.

It was evident from the sergeant's curt greeting that he regarded Clinton as an interloper, and Clinton on his part waited with ill-concealed impatience, whilst the official questioned and cross-questioned Mr. Sturdy and made voluminous notes in a fat pocket-book.

Presently, at the sergeant's request, Sturdy produced the velvet case which had contained the necklet, and, as Han-

nan laid it down, Clinton pounced upon it.

"Was this mark here this morning, Mr. Sturdy?" he asked, pointing to a slight but distinct scratch extending right across the purple velvet.

"I don't think so. No, I am sure it was not."

"Made by the thief's nail as he snatched the necklace," said Hannan.

"The thief had pretty long nails, then," retorted Clinton, "for in the centre the velvet is almost torn. I beg your pardon for interrupting, sergeant. You were going to question Dyson and Neil, were you not?"

The examination of the employees disclosed nothing of note. Dyson asserted that the window-case could not have been opened without his knowledge, except during the luncheon hour, when Mr. Sturdy took his place. Both men declared that to the best of their belief the window-case had not been opened, and that it was utterly impossible that the theft could have been committed by any person concealed about the premises.

The cross-examination which followed was so wearisome to Clinton that he took up a newspaper which lay on the office table and began to read it—a proceeding which Hannan noted with a contemptuous smile.

"Any questions you wish to ask, Mr. Clinton?" said the sergeant at last.

"Your catechism has been so exhaustive that you have left me nothing to say, sergeant. By the way, Mr. Sturdy, did you see this lunatic on a lamp-post this morning? Here is a paragraph about him in this paper. Ah! here it is," and Clinton proceeded to read:—

"Strange Freak of a Drunkard."

"Considerable excitement was caused in George Street this morning by the strange conduct of a young man who, after parading the street with a coil of rope over his arm, suddenly swarmed up the iron standard which supports the electric light in front of Messrs. Real's Music Warehouse. Making one end of the rope fast to the branch whence the lamp depends, he tied the other in a running noose round his own neck, and hav-

ing loudly announced his intention of 'putting an end to it'—presumably meaning his life—he seated himself astride the lamp bracket, and proceeded to harangue the assembled crowd. It was not without considerable difficulty that he was induced to forego his suicidal intention and descend, when he was at once taken charge of by the police. From inquiry at the police station we learn that the culprit is a young bushman, who has come from Back's Beyond on a holiday."

"Oh, yes! There was a great to-do," replied Sturdy. "It was fully half an hour before they could get him to come down, and the street was fairly blocked by the crowd."

"Do you think the man really meant harm to himself?" asked Clinton, turning to Dyson.

"I can hardly say. He had obviously been drinking," replied the foreman.

"I fancy I know the man," remarked Clinton thoughtfully. "You are the youngest here, Mr. Neil, and your eyes should be the best. What was he like?"

"A square-built fellow, with a fair moustache," began Neil.

"Really, Mr. Clinton," interrupted Sergeant Hannan, "I don't think these questions have any bearing on the case. A man might see the necklace from the lamp-post—it's just opposite Mr. Sturdy's window—but he couldn't steal it. He couldn't reach across the street, you know."

"I stand reprov'd," said Clinton, with a smile.

The mollified officer proceeded to examine the window-case, which was one of the ordinary box-like erections of wood, lined with mirrors, extending from the wall to the door, but only half way up the window.

"You see," explained Sturdy, "the only access to the case is by this sliding panel behind the counter, and that is in full view of any person, either in the shop or in my office."

Sergeant Hannan poked his head through the panel, withdrew it and shook it sagely.

"One moment," he said, drawing Clin-

ton aside. "Do you know what the Sturdy's financial position is?"

"Worth from twenty to thirty thousand, I should think. You don't suspect him of making away with his own neck-lace?"

"Such things have happened, Mr. Clinton, but it is my belief that one or both of the salesmen are in this affair. I shall make further inquiries about them. I am off now. Are you coming?"

"Not immediately."

"You have a clue?" demanded Hannan suspiciously.

"I haven't commenced to look for one yet!"

"Well, if you come across anything, let me know. Good-night."

"Mr. Sturdy," said Clinton, as the door closed behind the sergeant. "please turn off the electric light and give me a strong lamp. I want to examine this window-case. The necklet certainly *was* there, and that gives us a starting point."

Provided with the lamp, Clinton first narrowly scrutinized the outside of the case, then stood on the counter to inspect the top of it, afterwards lying on the floor to peer at its bottom; then wriggled himself head-first into the receptacle.

"When were the mirrors cleaned last?" he demanded, as he backed out of the case.

"Yesterday morning," replied Sturdy.

"Ah! Who owns this building?"

"This shop and the next on the left belong to the Royal Bank. The next shop is merely a single room, as our workshops extend behind it."

"Who is the occupant?"

"Kelly, the newsagent, had it until lately; but it has been taken by the London Cycle Company. It is being refitted for them, and the noise is almost unbearable at times."

"Please don't allow the window-case to be touched at present, Mr. Sturdy. I have work to do outside, but I'll see you tomorrow."

When the "drunken bushman" was brought up at the Police Court, the day after the robbery, Clinton quietly slipped into a seat at the solicitors' table, next

to that of the inspector of police, who was to conduct the prosecution.

"You are charged with attempting to commit suicide yesterday. How do you plead?" asked the magistrate.

"Your worship," said Inspector Allen rising, "with permission of the Bench the police will withdraw that charge and proceed on the minor count—that of creating a disturbance in a public place."

"I plead guilty to that, your worship," said the man eagerly. "I've come down from the bush for a bit of a spell, and I had had a nip too much. I am very sorry, and if your worship will deal leniently with me, I'll leave the town at once."

"This is a serious matter," objected the inspector. "The traffic was stopped for half an hour or more, by this man's foolish antics. Still, we know that bushmen are like schoolboys let loose when they get into town, and if we had surety that the man would leave town we might not press for the full penalty. Have you anyone who would speak on your behalf?"

A gentlemanly-looking individual, attired in well-made town clothes, and wearing blue glasses and new tan gloves, stepped forward.

"Your worship, my name is Ronald Chirside. The defendant has worked for me for some time at Kamelroi. As I found him a very decent sort of fellow, I shall be pleased to give him a job again. I am leaving for my station tonight, and if you will let the man off with a fine I will take him home with me."

Clinton whispered something to the inspector.

"Your worship, this is evidence as to character and must be taken on oath," said the inspector. "Will you step into the box, Mr. Chirside?"

Though evidently taken by surprise, Chirside complied with the request.

"Remove your gloves, whilst being sworn," said a constable.

Chirside obeyed and Clinton, watching the operation, noted with satisfaction a fresh cut extending half across the palm of the witness's right hand.

At the close of the evidence the bush-

man was fined ten pounds and treated to a homily on the evils of drink, to which he listened with respectful attention. Having thanked the magistrate politely, he withdrew, accompanied by a constable to whom he would pay the fine.

Chirmside, strolling quietly out of the Court, was tapped on the shoulder by a sergeant.

"Ronald Chirmside, *alias* William Apsworth, I arrest you on the charge of stealing a diamond necklet, the property of Sturdy Brothers, in George Street."

"It is an exceedingly neat capture, Mr. Clinton, and I congratulate you," said Inspector Allen. "Do you think we can convict?"

"Sure of it! There's evidence that Apsworth, posing as Manager of the London Cycle Company, employed little Cohen, the agent, to visit the shop next to Sturdy's. I had Cohen in Court this morning, and he signalled to me that the supposed Chirmside was the man. We know that only two workmen—Apsworth and the supposed bushman, no doubt—were engaged in refitting the shop. The

digging out of the bricks in the wall is an old trick, but it was pretty daring to move the mirror, and abstract the necklet in daylight. Of course, Apsworth did that, whilst the bushman distracted attention by playing the fool on the lamp-post.

"Sturdy, Dyson, and Neil were all watching the man's antics for some time, and it was then the theft was committed. The scratch across the velvet Cas-ket showed that the necklet was pulled from its bed by means of a metal instrument, which would not have been necessary if the robber had used the sliding panel. The side of the window-case next the wall is lined by two mirrors joined in the centre by a line of beading. Just at the beading I found a faint trace of blood, and I guessed at once that the side of the case had been tampered with, which could only be done through the wall."

The necklet being recovered, as well as many other missing valuables, a paternal Government decided to accord the pair free board and lodging for a lengthy period.

Sociological Affinities.

Test Dalton

IT was a dismal part of the city, where two-storey houses stretched in long lines with a sameness that grew monotonous—they were plain, ugly and substantial. The music of the street was the song of the old clothesman, of the milkman, and of the baker, with the shrill screech of the grocery boy's whistle. The interiors of the houses were blessed with turkey-red carpets, cheap tinselled chandeliers, and shaky bannisters that led to rooms fitted with loose-jointed locks that persistently defied the uncertain keys of lodgers who were prone to return at uncertain hours. The bath-tub was an ancient relic, and the hat-rack a modern nuisance.

These details had been noticed by Susan when she first came to Mrs. Gimple's, but Susan, though fastidious, was neither the leader of a lost cause nor a reformer. She was somewhat of an iconoclast in regard to breaking dishes, but that was more a matter of carelessness than of conscience. Susan was the maid of all work—the drag horse that Mrs. Gimple stirred to renewed activity when affairs in the boarding-house did not arrange themselves as peacefully as they should, and Susan, mindful of the almighty six shillings and her little room at the top of the house, kept her observations under cover, as all evils should be kept in a well-ruled municipality.

Susan laboured unceasingly, which in many cases is a virtue; from her standpoint, a necessity. She was a fair looking girl of neat appearance and looked quite the part of a modest servant girl, and no one would have suspected that she had ambitions. Her dialogue was couched in fairly good English and had a touch of the romantic; whether it was from the books she read or on account of her board-school education, was of no concern to Mrs. Gimple, so long as Susan did not get flighty and fall in love with the butcher boy or with Mr. Locke, of second floor back. Susan was free to do as she liked after hours—and if "eddicashun" was what she wanted, it was all right, "Pervidin'," of course, she did not try it on her mistress.

In the middle of an afternoon when the last dish from lunch had been washed and placed upon the shelf, Mrs. Gimple deemed it no waste of time to gossip with Susan. Artistes of the Vaudeville stage doubtless spend much of their time in houses presided over by ladies like Mrs. Gimple, for they always bandy a joke between them just as this good lady always repeated the theme of her argument, and Susan, listening carefully, gave approval at the proper time. For several weeks her mistress had been revolving the idea of questioning Susan on the exact state of her feelings towards Mr. Locke, and Susan, not suspecting this, was continually praising that gentleman. Mrs. Gimple being nothing of a diplomat, and Susan merely a servant, the good lady deemed it her duty to speak out her mind.

"Susan!" she said sharply, "are you gone on Mr. Locke?"

Now this being unexpected, and Susan in no way prepared to avoid it, the poor girl could only stammer and mumble something about his being so different.

"He ain't different," retorted Mrs. Gimple.

Susan blushed and tried to defend herself. "He doesn't seem like a common working man," she ventured.

"Susan, why don't you talk the way common-sense folks talk?" said Mrs. Gimple. "You talks like a book and I

tell you it ain't right. No, Susan, it ain't right trying to improve on the natural gifts of God."

Susan refrained from a direct reply, and her silence seemed proof conclusive to Mrs. Gimple that the girl was really in love, so changing her tactics, she decided to show how ordinary and common-place was Mr. Locke, the hero. Not that she disapproved of Mr. Locke, but rather that she might show Susan he was but an ordinary man.

"Why ain't Mr. Locke like a workin' man?" she began.

"Oh," said Susan, "his manners and his polished style."

"Well, if he is perlite and has his shoes shined—there ain't nothing new in that."

"He reads so much."

"Better than drinking," commented Mrs. Gimple.

"And his wonderful command of language."

"There you go again, Susan, I do declare you talks awful. His eddicashun, you mean, may be. Why, Susan, that ain't nothin' but night school, and tendin' lectures at the Lyceum wot's known as the 'ot-bed of anarchy. I 'spect Mr. Locke's a anarchist. He shure will read himself plumb crazy and you won't be far behind when they trundles up the ambulance to carry him off."

"I like an ambulance," mused Susan.

"Well, if you don't beat the Dutch, I don't know."

"It wouldn't take much intelligence to beat some Dutch people, I know."

"My groceryman is Dutch, Susan, and I ain't never been able to beat him."

"That would not be fair, would it?" replied the girl.

"I don't know as whether it's fair or not, but I'd do it if I got the chance, but I suppose your being such a eddicated lady you wouldn't hurt the skin-flint."

"I am not a lady," said Susan, "only a Socialist."

"And what's a socialist, Susan?"

"Oh," said Susan, "that is a secret."

On a morning in the seventh month of his residence in the house of Mrs. Gimple, Henry Locke came down to break-

fast at a late hour. Mrs. Gimple thought at first he was out of work, until she recalled that it was a bank holiday.

Mr. Locke sat down in no easy frame of mind, for he was facing the great crisis which comes at some period to every man. He was tall, strong, and had the firm, square jaw of a man of power. His hair was tinged with grey and the circular spot was spreading in an alarming manner.

"Susan is a working girl," he was thinking to himself, "and I am a labouring man. I think she likes me, and I believe I know her fairly well—but, hang it, I wonder if she loves me." Then he squared his shoulders as though he had decided to take a desperate step. "Yes, I shall ask her," he said aloud.

Susan heard his voice and came into the dining-room. "How will you have your eggs, Mr. Locke?" she asked.

"What is that?" he said, in confusion.

"How do you wish your eggs prepared this morning?"

"Oh, my eggs," he replied. "I think I will have them palatable."

"Sorry," she retorted, "but Mrs. Gimple won't allow me to serve whiskey punch."

"In that case I will try them fried," he responded gravely.

When Susan returned with the breakfast she blushed deeply, so fixedly did Locke gaze at her.

"Susan," he said abruptly, "there is something I have made up my mind to say to you."

"Do you want to take another picture of me?"

"No," he said.

"You must have about eighteen."

"Yes," he stammered. "I know it was an imposition, but you see I am a fiend on this subject."

"You certainly are a nuisance."

"Now Susan, didn't you take one of me for each one of you I snapped?"

"It was a fair exchange," she retorted, "and you proposed the thing."

"That is quite right, Susan, and I suppose we are even. Now I want to speak to you about——"

"Why did you take so many photographs?" she questioned.

"Because, Susan, I—I care so much for you."

"In that case why don't you take ——" She stopped abruptly and turned to leave the room.

"Take you, Susan? Do you really mean it? Could you care for me? Susan, if you only knew how much I loved you."

"Please—please don't," said Susan, holding up her hand as though she would prevent him saying more.

"But I must tell you."

She looked down. "If you love me, please say nothing until the twenty-third?" Then he gave an exclamation.

"Do you know?" she questioned.

He recovered and looked her square in the eyes. "I know it will be the greatest day in my life."

"You may despise me," she ventured.

"And on the twenty-third you may hate me," he answered.

"Is it a secret?"

"Yes, Susan, a secret, perhaps a crime."

"You do not look like a criminal."

"The ink marks may not show."

"Ink marks!" she gasped, then glanced quickly at her own hands.

"Susan," he continued, "ever since I have known you my preconceived ideas of the working girl have undergone radical changes."

She looked at him sharply. "I suppose you miss the bangles and the cologne, but, speaking of the working man, I have never seen you carry a dinner basin."

"No, Susan, I am a master mechanic. The dinner pail is the badge of the labourer—or of the married man. My position is not very exalted, but I imagine I gain more from life than many wealthier people. Susan, tell me, what is your idea of life?"

"Life," responded Susan, "is a comic paper."

"Of course, be funny. Women, as a rule, are feather-brained."

"Do you think so? Life, I think, is rather a limitless subject and too weighty for you and me to discuss."

I believe Henry George says of life: "To me it seems only intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life."

"Henry . George!" he exclaimed.

"What do you know of Henry George?"

"I have read 'Progress and Poverty.'"

"What!" he shouted, jumping from his chair.

Susan retreated towards the door. "And a bit of Carl Marx," she retorted.

"I suppose you have likewise heard of Schopenhauer?"

"Yes, and of Nietzsche," she flung back at him as she closed the door.

At this moment Mrs. Gimple came in from the kitchen. "Who is Mr. Nietzsche?" she said, "a friend of yours, Mr. Locke."

"No," he said tersely, as he took his hat and started for the street. "Nietzsche, my good woman, is a friend of the devil."

"Well, I never in my born days heard the likes," gasped Mrs. Gimple.

* * * * *

On the twenty-third Susan showed undue signs of nervousness, and was so absent-minded that she worked on the nerves of Mrs. Gimple until that good lady overpaid the butcher and did not argue with the gasman.

As soon as the work was finished Susan donned her hat and left the house. Straight to the nearest bookshop she walked, and in a short time found the new book she sought. Dimly she heard the platitudes in praise of the book spoken by the wary clerk. She stood by the counter turning over the pages and did not look up until the insistent salesman had placed another book within her hand.

"This might interest you, miss," he said, and Susan took in the name of the work at a glance.

It certainly would interest her, and she handed the man half a sovereign. Then she opened it and gave an exclamation of astonishment, and the book fell from her trembling hands to the floor.

"Are you ill, miss?" questioned the clerk.

"No, no," she said, faintly.

"Here is your change," he said.

"Keep it," she replied, and fled in dismay from the shop.

The clerk gazed at her in astonishment. "Mad," he muttered, "stark mad."

"And to think he would do this," muttered Susan, as she fled on her way to the house.

Locked safely within her room she tried to look at the affair in a rational manner, but it was a difficult thing to do. His act was certainly not that of a gentleman; then she stopped and reviewed many preceding events. Her final conclusion that it was unjust and unfair was clapped by the stern resolve never to forgive him, though circumstances might be mitigating and though he pleaded ever so bravely.

When the well-known step, somewhat earlier than usual, and a little lower, sounded on the outer steps, Susan was prepared for battle, and Mr. Locke was greatly surprised when she opened the door and requested that she might speak with him alone in the dining-room.

"Mr. Locke," she said, holding up one of the new books, "do you recognise this?"

"Yes," he said, wearily, "my new book."

"So this is why you wished my photographs. How could you do it? Doubtless you thought I would be honoured by these pictures of myself as the modern working girl."

"Susan, I give you my word I am very sorry that this has happened. Only lately did it occur to me that I should have asked your permission and I have tried everything within my power to have the photographs discarded—but it was too late. I do not suppose you will ever forgive me. There is something I should like to show you." He unwrapped the book, the counterpart of Susan's first purchase. "This book on the modern working man was doubtless written by you, as my person is used to illustrate the story."

"Surely you do not care? A man does not feel about these things like a woman, I am sure."

"No, Susan, I don't care except that everyone in my publishing house has showed these pictures to me and said

what a shame it was that the woman had been writing of an amateur."

Susan grew faint. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not a working man?"

"No, Susan, I am merely a writer."

"I suppose my publisher has likewise discovered that your type of the working girl is my miserable self. Henry—we are imposters."

"And the worst of it is that the world will know it."

"Perhaps our respective publishers may compromise by both remaining quite silent."

"But the respective office boys will not."

"Henry, you must bribe those boys."

"I will do my best, dear. Tell me, Susan, you do not hate me."

"No, Henry, I shall have to forgive you, and we must try to think of some plan. Why not sue each other's publishers for using our pictures?"

"What, Susan! Ruin the financial standing of our publishers and cut off our royalties? No, I see where we can make a noble use of those forthcoming funds."

"In what way?"

"Let us ask for an advance payment—and—and——"

"Yes, and——"

"And go on a long honeymoon."

"But, Henry, you haven't asked me to——"

"But I have intimated, and I felt sure that you understood."

"But a proposal from a lover is worth a hundred hints from an admirer."

"Susan, you confuse me so that I forget all the things I would like to say. I am not good at this sort of thing, but give me a chance and I will prove to you how deep and strong is my love for you."

"I will, on condition that you promise never again to use me as the heroine of your stories."

"I promise, Susan, and I think it would be a wise thing for us not to be so secretive about our writings in the future. Let us call Mrs. Gimple and tell her the good news, and Susan, in the meantime, I should like to congratulate you upon your first book. No," he continued, as she held out her hand. "I want to show my approval in a more decided manner."

"Hush!" said Susan, as he clasped her within his arms. "Mrs. Gimple is coming."

"Oh, Susan, I love you very dearly."

"And I love you, Henry," she said, looking at him with shining eyes.

As Locke heard the approaching steps of Mrs. Gimple, he flung open the door.

"Mrs. Gimple," he shouted. "Susan and I are to be married."

"I knowed it," said Mrs. Gimple.

"You knew it!" they exclaimed.

"Yes, I knowed it, and I says God bless you both. Susan is a good girl, Mr. Locke, and I knows you don't drink—at least, I ain't never seen you that way. Yes, I knowed it a long time—that's why I got another girl today. Didn't I hear you two about a month back a-talkin' something about the twenty-third. When I hears that, says I to myself, they are going to splice. And so I engaged for a new girl to come on the twenty-third, and I hope to goodness she ain't no socialist."

"Don't you like socialists?"

"Yes, I s'pose I likes them ail right when there ain't no anarchists in the house."

"Mr. Locke is not an anarchist," said Susan.

"No," interrupted Locke. "I am an author."

"And a photographer," said Susan.

"Well, I guess you are both that spooney like you don't know what you is. But I'm glad you're going to be married, and I sure wish you joy," concluded Mrs. Gimple.



A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

What shall I wish in the glad New Year,
 What shall I wish for you?
 I wish all joy and never a tear,
 Never a cloud and never a fear,
 And the smile of Fortune too!

Yes! I wish all this in the glad New Year,
 I wish all this for you:
 May Love encircle and guard you dear,
 And, one more wish with a heart sincere,
 May all that I wish come true!

THE Editor of "Westward Ho!" like Caesar of old, has issued a decree—it is this—that this corner of his delightful magazine shall be dedicated for ever and a day, to the greatest of all the world's great empires, the Empire of Woman.

As members of the Empire of Woman—although when one considers the question every woman is an empire in herself—we will meet month by month in this our own domain, and discuss the affairs of the feminine body politic. Now, as every woman knows, the ramifications of the feminine body politic are manifold in design and limitless in measure, so that our choice of subjects is practically endless.

I have decided that the very best way to enjoy our monthly chat, is to introduce a little imagination. Jon-berth has said, "Imagination is the eye of the soul," and I want you, my dear fair readers (of course you are equally dear and fair, because no mere man

would think of reading a woman's page) I want you to open that inner eye of yours wide, and see much more than just the printed words on this page. It is your inward vision that will make these little meetings of ours real and joyous, as well as, I hope, mutually helpful and entertaining.

I will tell you what I think—let us all have tea by proxy once a month. I know that tea by proxy is rather tantalizing and not very revivifying, but just imagine the chatter we can indulge in—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—and how nice it will be through this medium to grow in time to know each other better. Not for one single moment must you think that I want to do all the chattering—that would be too monotonous: I want every woman who is interested in other women to write to me, so that we may have the benefit of many opinions, and in this way obtain the broadest possible outlook on the things pertaining to our kingdom—or rather our Queendom!

While I cannot promise to talk of everything at once, any question submitted that is of paramount interest to the Empire of Woman will be dealt with in its own turn; and in this way we shall reap the harvest of each other's thoughts.

This month we will talk of ideals: we will begin at the top—in the heights where the sun is always shining, no matter how much the clouds obscure or the shadows dim. Carlyle has said:—"Ideals must ever lie a great way off,"

but methinks the eye of the soul brings them very near; and although in a mundane world we cannot perhaps always realise our ideality, we can idealise the reality which is the next best thing, and in this way come nearer to the lofty conceptions of which we dream.

MY IDEAL WOMAN.

It is not my intention to write of ideals in the abstract, at least just now. I am going to deal with something more tangible and real, and tell you about my ideal woman, and how she appears to me. Ideal woman! did I hear somebody say—does she really exist after all? She certainly does exist in my imagination, and I am going to write her down in all the beautiful adornment I have prepared for her.

We hear quite a lot about Woman now-a-days, and many are the comparisons drawn between ourselves and our grandmothers: but in spite of the many unkind things that are often said about her, I believe the woman of to-day is just as sweet and womanly at heart, as was the woman of "the good old days," who, like Lady Teazle played Pope Joan with the curate for recreation, and fainted on the slightest pretext because she thought it the right thing to do. The woman of today is made of sterner stuff, but that need not necessarily detract from her womanliness.

Of course, ideals depend entirely on the idealist. As there is no perfect uniformity between any two things in the natural world, so there are no two ideals quite alike—the endless variety of ideals regarding women conclusively proves this. Writers, poets and painters have vied with each other in attempting to portray her; but no one appears to have really *fixed* the ideal. "Quot homines, tot sentiae," but so far as the outward aspect is concerned, the ideal woman is the woman who most nearly realises that ideal of life which the idealist is cherishing. No two artists have as yet agreed on the perfect contour of her face, or the symmetry of her form; nor have poets achieved a much greater success, although Wordsworth gives us an ideal woman in the lines:—

"A creature not too bright or good, for human nature's daily food:

For transient pleasures, simple wiles, praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

* * * * *

"The reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,

A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, or command."

In all nations and ages the ideal remains practically the same, although race or latitude may cause a different standard to be set up.

We hear much about the social equality of the sexes, but the true equality of man and woman will be found only in their relation to one another. Each is supplementary to the other, and has in it the elements of completion to the other. Each is as excellent as the other in its own sphere. They meet on the true equality of worth and not kind, and when this complementary standard is best maintained, then does the relation between the sexes approach nearest the ideal.

"He is the half part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such as she:
And she a fair divided excellence
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

Together they lost their Eden; surely it is together they will find it again. I am convinced of it. It is no use for Adam and Eve to start off by different roads to regain their lost Paradise: the journey must be undertaken together, and hand in hand. The path is the same old path trodden in by-gone ages by millions of pilgrim feet who have passed that way, and yet it is as fair and fresh today as when the first lovers followed its alluring route to the goal of their desires.

But these are generalities, I must get back to my ideal! What is she like? She is like herself, and therein lies her chief charm. She is just her own sweet self and not an imitation of anybody else. With regard to exteriors, she is nice to look at, and although she need

not necessarily be possessed of faultless features, I say with Max O'Rell, "Good figure?—Decidedly!" About her face lingers an indescribable charm and witchery; but it lurks more in the general expression, that intangible something that is so elusive, than in the ordinarily accepted lines of beauty. It ripples around the soft, mobile lines of her mouth, and peeps out roguishly from the clear depths of her eyes. Sweet eyes they are—truthful and brave; the very mirrors of her soul. Now they are dancing with fun—now they are thoughtful and serene—now they are humid with sympathy, the limpid homes of tenderness and love.

So much for those qualities which more directly make their appeal to the senses, but there are more potent charms than these. My ideal woman possesses a beautiful "soul-side," rich in those higher attributes which delight the mind, and wherein lies the intrinsic worth of true womanhood. But this "soul-side" is not public property; it is reverently reserved for the one to whom she gives her life and love. However, she does not make marriage the one aim and object of her life, although, hidden away in the secret recesses of her heart there may linger the sweet hope that some day perhaps, she may find favor in somebody's eyes, and rest secure in somebody's love. She remembers that until the somebody comes, she has her little life to live independent of anybody; and that she has a little barque of her own to navigate across life's treacherous sea. With eyes fixed on the stars, and hands firmly grasping the helm, she shapes her course through stress and storm, through calm and sunshine; and if she never finds an anchorage in the harbor of an earthly love, she still smiles and steers straight on toward the fair haven of her highest hopes.

My ideal is, above all things, essentially a womanly woman, and she never attempts to make of herself a feeble imitation of a man. She realises that she is portion of a great universal womanhood; and rising to the true dignity of her position, she does her best to uphold in all its grandeur and perfection,

the mighty fabric of which she is a part. She also goes in largely for "Woman's Rights," exercising to the full the rights divine that God and Nature have endowed her with. These rights constitute the strongest plank in her platform—the most potential power in her possession. From this platform she issues her manifesto—not on Universal Suffrage, or the Final Extinction of the Masculine Gender—but on the highest and noblest destiny of her sex, that of the Makers of Home, and the Mothers of Men; the real power behind the intricate workings of this often bewildering old world. In spite of the manifold manoeuvres of the so-called "militant sisterhood," she knows in her own heart that "women will indeed find their place, but it will neither be that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old Salic law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected."

Heigho! for my ideal woman with her cheery greeting and happy smile for everybody. She realises that the All-Fatherhood of God means the All-Brotherhood of Man; and she possesses in all its subtle sweetness, the "heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise." In times of sorrow, distress, or suffering, she is indeed a ministering angel. She wins the love of everybody by that charm of manner which has its root in unselfishness and a sincere desire to please and make others happy.

She has plenty of common-sense. She does not, when a man makes a confidante of her, telling of hopes and fears that have connection with the practical side of things, and which are so often uppermost in his mind—chime in with irrelevant questions and inconsequent remarks—she listens with interest, and bringing her commonsense to bear on the subject, counsels and advises to the best of her ability.

She does not condemn the weak nor point scornfully at the fallen—her heart is full of pity and a divine compassion for such as they. She remembers the "veined humanity" running through all, and in a human world she gives human sympathy. Her hand is the saving line

stretched out over the waters of despair, strong to help weary, despondent souls to the shore of Hope.

Dear me! there seems to be quite a lot in my ideal woman. Did I hear somebody say, "Yes, everything but flesh and blood?" You are wrong, Mr. Somebody; (of course you are a man, because no woman would make so disparaging a remark) this ideal woman of mine is not at all a vague, shadowy unreality, and I can assure you that if you pinched her it would hurt! I shouldn't wonder if she had the powers of retaliation and pinched you back again, or perhaps pulled your hair by way of varying the programme! Why, my ideal is real jolly, and can see a joke before the joke can see her. She is a veritable gleam of sunshine, flitting here and there, and brightening up the dull corners—yes, even if she has to use a brush and duster to do it with! She believes in looking for the beauty and goodness in life, not in grovelling among dust-heaps to find the rubbish. She is a philosopher too: she knows that there is nothing like a draught of wholesome philosophy, judiciously administered, with which to swallow the bitter pills of life.

Although I have said much about my ideal woman, I feel she must be known to be really appreciated. Why did I write of my ideal woman, rather than of my ideal man? Well, you see, I know most about women: I am a woman myself, which in itself is an independent education on the subject! However, I have an ideal man also, and next month I will array him, like Solomon in all his glory, so that you may see him, and tell me what you think of him. When my ideal man marries my ideal woman, then indeed will "Love take up the harp of life," and as the tremulous chords are struck, each one grander, sweeter, purer, and clearer than the last, then two people at least in this work-a-day world will catch a strain of the—

Elysian music—that diviner theme

Love wakes within the soul;

Until the Dreamer and the splendid
Dream,

Blend in one perfect whole.

WANTED THE OTHER NURSERY.

An anxious mother determines to ring up the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. Calling for the nursery, she is given Gottfried Gluber, florist and tree-dealer. The following conversation ensues:—

"I called for the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing right, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I vill tell you vat to do. You dake der scissors und cut off about two inches from der limbs und——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I say, dake der scissors und cut off about two inches from der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on it for about four hours in der morning——"

"Wha-a-at?" And the receiver vibrated at her tone.

"Turn der garten hose on for about four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of plack dirt all around und sprinkle mit insect powder all ofer der top——"

"Sir-r-r!"

"Shprinkle mit insect powder all ofer der top. You know it is usually noddings but pugs dot——"

"How dare you, sir? What do you mean by such language to me?"

"Noddings, but pugs usually causes der troubles, und den you vant to vash der rose mit a liquid breparations I haf for sale here——"

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" rather weakly. "Good-bye."

PRETTY GOOD AT SPELLING.

Mr. Jones was writing a letter. Writing is not his strong point, neither is spelling, and he called on Mrs. Jones, who was sewing in the room.

"Maria," he said, suspending his pen in the air and catching a globule of ink on his nose, "is there any 'll' in sofa?"

"Of course there is!" answered Mrs. Jones, taking from her mouth a button that she was going to sew on Willie's best jacket. "S-o-p-h-a, sofa."

"Thanks! That's the way I always spell it, come to think of it," said Jones, airily. Then there was a silence. Suddenly he asked:—

"Are there two 'g's' in sugar, Maria?"

"Mercy, no!" said Mrs. Jones, sharply. "I should think you could spell a little word like that, Jephtha. S-h-u-g-a-r, sugar."

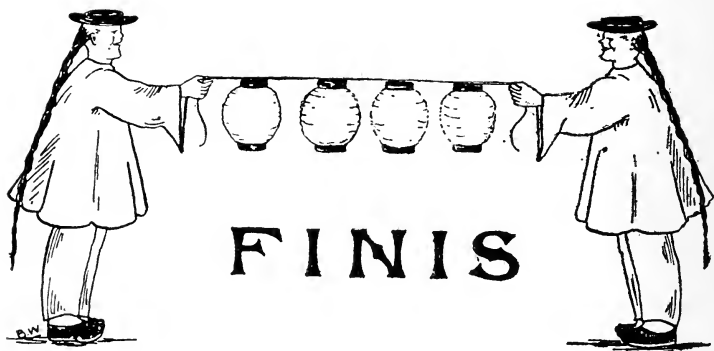
"That's so," assented Jones, "but I forgot the 'h'; thought the word didn't look right," and he scratched in the missing aspirate. Then he folded his letter and set about directing it.

"How many 'i's' in Pimlico?" he asked, balancing a postage-stamp on his tongue.

"About a dozen!" snapped Mrs. Jones, who had just discovered that both heels of Willie's stockings needed repairing. "You ought to keep a dictionary, Jephtha, and not depend upon me for everything."

"I don't need one when you're around, dear," said Jones, with a sly wink at the ceiling.

"I always was a pretty good speller," said Mrs. Jones, complacently. "It comes natural for some folks to spell, and I suppose I'm one of them," and she proceeded to darn Willie's heels, while Jones went out and posted his letter."





VI.

THE authorities who have dealt with the last stage of Simon Fraser's journey to the Pacific Ocean do not all agree as to the starting point of the expedition, but it is not necessary here to enter the controversial lists in support or defence of the arguments set forth by different writers. For all intents and purposes, Fort George, at the confluence of the Nechaco and Fraser Rivers, was the point from which the fur trader started on his bold and hazardous undertaking. In passing we will quote one, and but one, authority in favour of this contention. John Stuart, who by the way was Lord Strathcona's maternal uncle, in the "notes" which were appended to A. C. Anderson's manuscript history of the Northwest Coast remarks that "The establishment on McLeod's Lake was founded in 1805, those on Stuart's and Fraser's Lakes in 1806; that of Fort George in 1807, and it was from *there* that, in

1808, the expedition that traced the Jalkanet (Fraser) River of Sir Alexander MacKenzie down to its mouth, in latitude 49 north, took its departure." As John Stuart accompanied Fraser, it would certainly appear that he would be entitled to speak with authority in the premises.

Moreover, David Thompson, another pioneer whose achievements have almost been forgotten by the present generation, in his great map entitled "Map of the Northwest Territory of the Province of Canada from actual survey during the years 1792 to 1812," embodied Stuart's plan or survey of the newly explored river, upon which plan or survey we find, on the line of the 54th parallel of latitude, where it intersects the Fraser, the legend—"The place of Mr. Simon Fraser's and Party's departure." Peculiarly enough Fort George is not mentioned on the chart,—although its position is indicated by the letters "N. W. Co.," by which abbreviation we infer that Thompson denoted the sites of posts

—and, more strangely still, the Nechaco does not appear at all.

David Thompson's map, an invaluable record, is still preserved in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto. Not the least interesting part of it is the following note appended to the title, "This map made for the North-West Company in 1813 and 1814 and delivered to the Honourable William McGillivray then agent embraces the region lying between 45 and 60 degrees North Latitude and 84 and 124 degrees West Longitude comprising the surveys and discoveries of twenty years, namely, the Discovery and Survey of the Oregon Territory to the Pacific Ocean, the survey of the Athabasca Lake, Slave River and Lake from which flows MacKenzie's River to the Arctic Sea, by Mr. Philip Turner, the route of Sir Alexander MacKenzie in 1792 down part of Fraser's River, together with the survey of this River to the Pacific Ocean by the late John Stuart of the North-West Company by David Thompson, Astronomer and Surveyor." Here it will be observed that the cartographer specifically acknowledges his indebtedness to John Stuart for information respecting the course of the Fraser River. From the wording of the note above recited it would appear that Thompson merely inserted Stuart's plan in his own map, without altering or correcting any part of it. The knowledge of the official surveyor of the Northwest Company concerning the newly discovered waterway, from personal experience, could not have been extensive because the field of his labours in the West lay south of the Fraser River, in the Rocky Mountains, in the Valley of the Columbia, in the plateau of the Kamloops country. Simon Fraser's Journal and notes were apparently considered of little value from a cartographical point of view, at least one would infer as much because David Thompson, a man of high ability and reckoned in those days of some worth in his profession, does not even refer to the information gathered by the fur-trader. It is evidently due to the fact that the first map of the Fraser River was compiled by John Stuart that in

some quarters he has been looked upon, and called, the real leader of the expedition, leaving to Simon Fraser the titular honour only. We are inclined to think that this is a mistaken view. It is true that Stuart's training as an engineer enabled him to use the data he gathered to good advantage, but apart from this we fail to find any convincing evidence that Fraser was not the actual head and real director of the expedition. The evidence before us indeed is distinctly in favour of the view that Fraser, and Fraser alone, was responsible for the conduct of the exploration. Throughout the whole journey John Stuart rendered his superior the most loyal support and he assisted him in every possible manner.

Before giving an account of the expedition we must briefly refer to the fact that Fraser's Journal, as published by Masson, commences with the date May 22nd, 1808, but the next entry is dated Sunday, May 29th. If the first date is correctly given we are at a loss to explain the cause of the delay which consumed the 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, days of the month. Nor does the Journal itself enlighten us upon the point. Certain it is that, between the 22nd and the 29th, not more than a day's journey was accomplished. If the expedition left Fort George on the 22nd, then a considerable delay must have occurred immediately after the start. But it is useless to conjecture. At the present time we can only follow the Journal of Simon Fraser as published by Masson. Until that document is proved to have been incorrectly copied, or edited, we must accept it as authentic.

At the outset it may be well to state that it is impossible to recognize all the places referred to by Fraser. When following him it is often difficult to determine where the points described may be. This is especially the case when he referred to the different portages, or carrying places—he seldom tells us whether the canoes and supplies were carried on the right or the left bank. Now and again, however, there is no mistaking his description. For instance, we have no difficulty in recognising "Cam-

chin" as the present site and Indian name of Lytton, because he noticed and so named the Thompson River, which enters the Fraser just above that little town. But, as a rule, the country he passed through was of such a nature as to render a description of any one spot applicable to another, not far distant it may be, yet distant enough to make confusion possible, and frequently probable. It is true that Stuart's chart helps us more or less, but even with the aid of that sketch the student will often be confused because names and places are marked thereon which are not mentioned by Fraser, and many names bestowed by the latter are not given at all.

In Masson's volume the *Journal of Simon Fraser* covers sixty-five octavo pages, and consequently it is not possible to more than give here the briefest resume of it. The document itself is replete with interest—in it we find a more or less full description of the latter part of the third overland journey to the Pacific. Sir Alexander MacKenzie in 1793, and the expedition under Captain Lewis and Captain Clark in 1805 and 1806, had reached the ocean, and now, in 1808, Simon Fraser is to follow a new route to the sea.

VII.

"Having made every preparation for a long voyage," Fraser marshalled at Fort George his little force of nineteen voyageurs and two Indians, officered by himself, as commandant, John Stuart, second in command, and Jules Maurice Quesnel. The little party embarked at five a.m. on the 22nd of May according to Fraser's *Journal*, but, if we follow Father Morice, on the 28th day of that month. With the swift current in their favour the canoes soon made eighteen miles, but at this point strong rapids were encountered, in which one of the little vessels was nearly wrecked. Below the rapids the river contracted into a narrow channel not more than seventy yards wide, between rock-bound banks. Thus early in the voyage did the men have a foretaste of the difficulties they would be called upon to encounter in the lower reaches of the river.

On the second day the voyageurs

sailed past beautifully varied scenery. "This scenery," Fraser writes in his diary of May 20th, "has a very fine aspect, consisting of extensive plains, and, behind these, hills rising over hills." And again, "This country, interspersed with meadows, hills, dales, and high rocks, has on the whole a romantic and pleasant appearance." But these were only fleeting glimpses—presently the landscape would assume an aspect of wild and forbidding grandeur, and the river would become a foaming torrent.

Apparently the country now being traversed was populous for many Indian dwellings and villages are noticed. On Monday, May 30th, Fraser landed at a large house, probably in the vicinity of Soda Creek, where he met a few natives, one of whom told the fur-trader that it would be dangerous for him to proceed "before his intentions were publicly known throughout the country." Thereupon he decided to remain during the rest of the day. The Indians possessed horses, and mounted couriers were despatched to the tribe below with the news that strangers were about to pass through their territories. In the course of the day, "Tahowtins" and "Atnaughs" rode into the village. "They seemed peaceably inclined and happy to see us," remarks Fraser, "and observed that having heard by their neighbors that white people were to visit their country this season, they had remained near the route to receive us." The natives told the explorer that the river was but "a succession of falls and cascades," and urged him to discontinue his voyage and to remain with them. Firearms were unknown to these people and when the voyageurs discharged their pieces, the reports so astonished them, that they "dropped off their legs with fright." "Upon recovering from their surprise," says Fraser, "we made them examine their effect. They appeared quite uneasy on seeing the marks on the trees and observed that the Indians in that quarter were good and peaceable, and would never make use of their arms to annoy white people; yet they remarked that we ought to be on our guard, and proceed with great care when approach-



Suspension Bridge Near Spuzzum.

ing villages, for, should we surprise the natives, they might take us as enemies, and, through fear, attack us with their arms." The advice of the natives was sedulously followed; Fraser always thereafter induced men of one tribe to introduce him to the next.

On the 31st Fraser met a chief, whose slave roughly sketched on two oilcloths the course of the river to the sea. But he was not particularly impressed with the knowledge or ability of the artist, although it was not difficult to gather that the course below would be intricate and dangerous. The chief was friendly and commended the white men to his people. Fraser, in return for this courtesy and consideration, hinted that a new trading post might be established in the territory in the near future. This intimation so pleased the chief that he immediately volunteered to accompany the expedition all the way to the coast. Thus, by a little delicate attention and diplomacy, the discoverer secured an invaluable ally. The chief accompanied the

expedition for many days, but eventually, repenting of his decision, slipped away one dark night and returned to his people.

At different places along the river, bales of salmon were cached for the return journey. During the greater part of the voyage, the men were dependent for provisions upon the Indian tribes. Salmon, dried and fresh, berries, nuts, wild onions, oil, and other delicacies were as a rule freely bestowed by the natives—nor must we forget that the voyageurs were frequently feasted with dog's flesh, looked upon by them as a rare tit-bit.

Now proceeding calmly upon the breast of the flooding tide, now dashing wildly down tremendous rapids, the canoes proceeded swiftly forward. Not infrequently, however, everything, canoes and all, had to be carried over long and difficult portages, where deep ravines, steep hills and yawning precipices almost completely barred the way. It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the sufferings of these men. Sometimes

their path would be so rough with jagged stones that their moccasins would be completely worn out, and then, footsore and weary, they would carry their heavy packs from the head of a canyon to a safe point below it. Day by day, by water or by land, the expedition worked its way towards its goal, until at last valour and determination were rewarded and the blue waters of the Gulf of Georgia were reached.

The expedition encountered its first serious difficulty on Wednesday, June 1st. At this point commenced that series of canyons and rapids of which the Indians had so often warned them in the last two or three days. For two miles the river foamed and boiled between "high banks which contracted the channel in many places to forty or fifty yards." The Journal continues—"This immense body of water passing through this narrow space in a turbulent manner, forming numerous gulfs and cascades and making a tremendous noise, had an awful and forbidding appearance. Nevertheless, since it was considered as next to impossible to carry the canoes across the land on account of the height and steepness of the hills, it was resolved to venture them down this dangerous pass.

"Leaving Mr. Stuart and two men at the lower end of the rapid in order to watch the motions of the Natives, I returned with the other four men to the camp. Immediately on my arrival, I ordered the five best men out of the crews into a canoe lightly loaded, and the canoe was in a moment under way. After passing the first cascade, she lost her course and was drawn into the eddy where she was swirled about for a considerable time, seemingly in suspense whether to sink or swim, the men having no power over her. However, she took a favourable turn and by degrees was led from this dangerous vortex again into the stream. In this manner she continued flying from one danger to another until the last cascade but one, where, in spite of every effort, the whirlpools forced her against a low projecting rock. Upon this, the men debarked, saved their own lives and contrived to save the property, but the greatest diffi-

culty was still ahead, and to continue by water would be the way to certain destruction.

"During this distressing scene, we were on shore looking on and anxiously concerned; seeing our poor fellows once more safe afforded us as much satisfaction as to themselves, and we hastened to their assistance, but their situation rendered our approach perilous and difficult. The bank was extremely high and steep, and we had to plunge our daggers at intervals into the ground to check our speed, as otherwise we were exposed to slide into the river. We cut steps into the declivity, fastened a line to the front of the canoe, with which some of the men ascended in order to haul it up, while the others supported it upon their arms. In this manner our situation was most precarious; our lives hung, as it were upon a thread, as the failure of the line or a false step of one of the men might have hurled the whole of us into Eternity. However, we fortunately cleared the bank before dark."

In such a manner was the journey conducted.

So far the Indians had behaved remarkably well. The nation which Fraser mistakenly called "Atnah" (this word, merely meaning "foreigner" or "stranger," has no ethnological significance), particularly impressed him. From an entry in his Journal (June 3rd) we learn that the men were "tall and slender, of a serious disposition and inclined to industry; they say they never sing or dance, but we observed them playing at hazard, a game well known among the Indians of Athabasca. They besmear their bodies with oil and red earth and paint their faces in different colours; their dress is leather. They are great travellers and have been at war beyond the Rocky Mountains, where they saw buffaloes, seeing our powder horns they knew them to be of that animal. They informed us that white people had lately passed down the first large river (the Thompson) to the left; these were supposed to be some of our friends from the department of Fort des Frères." On the day following one of the Atnah people returned to Mr. Quesnel a

pistol he had lost, so Fraser concludes that the Atnahs are "more honest than any other tribe on this side of the Rocky Mountains."

Continuing the voyage, the party passed down many dangerous rapids, until they arrived at a great canyon, identified by Judge Howay, of New Westminster, as the one near Kelly Creek, for a description of which we will turn once again to the Journal. Under the date of Friday, June 9th, the following entry appears: "This morning, our men put on their best clothes; our two Indians having only a beaver robe and an original skin, I gave each a blanket and a braillet, so that we might appear to more advantage to the eyes of the new Indians we were to meet at the rapids covert. At 7 a.m. our arms and everything being in due order, we embarked, and in a few hours after we were at our destination.

"Here the channel contracts to about forty yards, and is enclosed by two precipices of immense height which, bending towards each other, make it narrower above than below. The water which rolls down this extraordinary passage in tumultuous waves and with great velocity had a frightful appearance. However, it being absolutely impossible to carry the canoes by land, all hands without hesitation embarked as it were a *corps perdu* upon the mercy of this awful tide. Once engaged, the die was cast, our great difficulty consisted in keeping the canoes within the medium or *fil d'eau*, that is, clear of the precipice on the one side and from the gulfs formed by the waves on the other. Thus skimming along as fast as lightning, the crews, cool and determined, followed each other in awful silence, and when we arrived at the end, we stood gazing at each other in silent congratulation at our narrow escape from total destruction. After breathing a little we continued our course to the point where the Indians were encamped. Here we were happy to find our old friend the Chief and the interpreter who immediately joined our party."

The Indians here made a rough chart of the river below, "which represented

it to us as a dreadful chain of apparently insurmountable difficulties," and they asserted that it would be impossible to navigate the turbulent waters of the stream and again urged the explorer to proceed by land, as advised on a former occasion. They explained that in many places it would not be possible for strangers to proceed either by land or water, owing to the rapids of the river and the mountainous nature of the country through which it passed. The explorers were also told that certain precipitous places could only be passed by means of rope ladders. But the undaunted leader of the expedition, having prevailed upon an Indian to accompany him as pilot, proceeded on his way. Writing of the country through which he passed on the afternoon of this eventful day, Fraser remarks: "I scarcely saw anything so dreary and dangerous in any country, and at present, while writing this, whatever way I turn my eyes, mountains upon mountain whose summits are covered with eternal snows close the gloomy scene."

At last (Saturday, June 10th) it was forced upon Simon Fraser that it would be absolutely impossible to proceed by water and accordingly it was decided to continue the journey by land. In the neighbourhood of Pavilion Creek, if we judge aright, a scaffold was erected and upon it the canoes were placed, covered by branches of trees to shade the gum-sealed seams from the sun. Such articles as could not be carried were buried in the ground. All this openly, before the Indians. But on the following day another and a secret cache was made unknown to the natives, as it was not deemed advisable to place implicit trust in their expressions of good will.

The canoes used up to this point, it should be remembered, were the ordinary birch-bark ones of the voyageurs. These little vessels, which so often figure in Canadian literature, were admirably adapted to the exigencies of the fur-trade. They were light, strong, and well-made by the expert Canadian boatman who was an adept at the art. A light



Hell's Gate Canyon.

framework held the bark in position; the seams were sewn and then well "gummed" to render them watertight. **In spite of their fragile appearance, the canoes so made were wonderfully durable and very seaworthy when properly handled.** In the fur-trading days this style of craft was in general use from end of what is now Canada to the other. There was no stream, or lake, of importance in the whole of the vast North-west Territories that had not carried on its bosom the graceful craft of the voyageurs. What the camel was to the Arab and the desert tribes of Asia and Africa, the birch-bark canoe was to the Canadian fur-trader and early explorers—practically their sole means of transportation. The canoes being so lightly constructed could be easily carried when a "portage" was necessary to avoid rapids or dangerous places in the rivers so frequently traversed by the brigades with their precious cargoes of supplies or peltries. Malcolm McLeod, in his notes on Archibald MacDonald's account of Sir George Simpson's canoe voyage

from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, gives some interesting particulars concerning the canoes of the fur-traders.

The canoes of the Indians of the Fraser River were of a totally different type from those which the fur-traders brought with them. But it is not necessary to describe them here as the reader will be familiar with the beautifully formed vessels of the Coast Indians, which, in design and workmanship, resemble those used on the Lower Fraser a hundred years ago.

At 5 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, June 11th, each man shouldered his pack of eighty pounds of "indispensible necessities" and once more the expedition moved forward over the rough pathway which irregularly followed the course of the river. Now and then Fraser or Stuart would anxiously scan the stream in the hope that it might be possible to launch their frail craft on the troubled waters. But "the channel was deep, cut through rocks of immense height and forming eddies and gulfs which canoes could not even approach with safety."

Once the party was surprised by seven Askettih (Lillooets) who prepared to attack the strangers with bows and arrows, believing them to be enemies, but, fortunately, the new arrivals discerned their mistake in time and, laying aside their weapons, joined the adventurers, and, to show their friendliness, shook hands with them. In the evening the Indians re-visited Fraser and his men and regaled them with native delicacies—roots, wild onion, syrup, dried salmon of an excellent quality, and berries. Fraser's new friends informed him that the sea was distant "about ten nights from their village." A garrulous old man of the tribe claimed that he had been to the sea where he had seen "great canoes." He then gave a pantomimic exhibition of the behaviour of the white men, who, he said, were well-dressed and haughty. Clapping his two hands upon his hips he strode about the place with an air of importance, saying: "This is the way they go."

The territory now being traversed belonged to the "Askettih nation" (Lillooets), and Fraser describes it as "the most savage one can imagine, yet we were in a beaten path and always in sight of the river, which we could not, however, approach, as its iron-bound banks had a very forbidding appearance."

On the 14th of June Fraser reached a place which he called "the Forks," in all probability the junction of the Bridge River with the Fraser. Here Indians "dressed in their coats of mail," advanced to meet him as ambassadors of the "Askettih" tribe. A palaver is held and the ambassadors, who "looked manly and had really the appearance of warriors," spoke with a certain rude grace and fluency which apparently had a great effect on the natives present. The old chief of the "Atnals," who had so far accompanied the expedition, replied to the addresses of the new arrivals, referring in high terms to the good qualities of the white strangers. Fraser shook hands with many natives and endeavoured to impress upon them the great advantages that would accrue to the neighboring tribes if friendly relations should be established between them and the white

men. At this place it was learned that the river below was navigable—a piece of information which was welcome indeed.

The fifteenth of the month dawned cloudy and rainy and in consequence of the change in the weather, which heretofore had been uncomfortably hot, the men indulged themselves with a longer rest than usual. On rising, Fraser, to his mortification, found that the old chief, the pilot, and the interpreter, had stolen a march upon him and disappeared in the night. The abrupt departure of his allies was doubly a matter of regret to him; they had behaved uncommonly well since they joined the expedition on May 31st, and Fraser had wished to suitably acknowledge their services.

This untoward incident caused the explorer anxious thought as we may well infer from an entry in his journal: "Here we are," he states just after recording the disappearance of his native friends, "in a strange country, surrounded with dangers, and difficulties, among numberless tribes of savages who never saw the face of a white man; however, we shall endeavour to make the best of it."

Before leaving his encampment, Fraser once again tested the chart making abilities of his friends in need, the Indians. From the information afforded by the map so hastily and roughly compiled, he came to the conclusion that navigation would still be a difficult matter; he also learned that to the eastward there was another large river, running parallel to the stream he was then exploring.

Having obtained this information, Fraser crossed the river and visited a small fort one hundred feet by twenty-four feet, which was "surrounded by pallisades eighteen feet high, slanting inward and lined with a shorter row which supports a shade, covered with bark, constituting the dwellings." This, we are informed, is "the Metropolis" of the "Askettih" nation. It is altogether likely that the fort was situated near the Lillooet of the present day.

After much difficulty a canoe was obtained at the village, for which, after much haggling and bargaining, the In-

dians agreed to accept a fyle and a kettle; as for provisions, only thirty dried salmon could be obtained. The canoe was soon laden with the supplies and John Stuart, with a crew of Indians proceeded down the river, while the rest of the party followed by trail. Fraser did not relish the idea of his friend being left to the tender mercies of the natives and hastened after the canoe. Nor were his fears diminished when, on reaching the appointed meeting-place, he found neither the Indians nor his lieutenant there. Continuing in haste for ten miles, he at last found the canoe and all well. It transpired that as Stuart could not make himself understood, he was forced to proceed at the pleasure of his crew.

In speaking of the Lillooets, Fraser observed that they dressed the same as the Atnahs, or, as they are now called, the Shuswaps. They were civil enough but would not readily part with their provisions. He noticed that they used a variety of roots, some of which tasted like potatoes. The bows and arrows of the Atnahs were neatly made, and the mats with which they covered their temporary dwellings were made of grass and "watap or pine roots." Here were observed several articles of European manufacture, including a new copper tea kettle and a large gun, which the explorer deemed of Russian make.

The day following his departure from Lillooet, Fraser met men of the tribe he called "HaKamaugh," and also two of the "Suihonie" clan; the former were undoubtedly the Thompson River Indians, but the latter are not so easily identified. It is very unlikely, thinks Mr. James Teit, of Spence's Bridge, an authority on the Thompson Indians, that the men Fraser called "Suihonie" were of the tribe now known as the "Shoshone." The HaKamaugh were exceedingly well dressed in leather, and possessed horses, with which they very obligingly assisted Fraser at a carrying place nearby.

The next few days were spent by the travellers much as the days before had been spent. Sometimes the canoes carried the men, and sometimes the men carried the canoes, for the navigation

did not improve as the expedition worked its way southward. The news of the coming of the white men had spread from man to man, from tribe to tribe, and curious crowds of savages gathered at various points to gaze in wonder at the pale faces as they passed down the river. Here they were regaled with salmon and dogs and roots and baked moss cakes; there they had difficulty in obtaining any provision at all; yesterday they lived on the fat of that poor land; on the morrow they lacked even dried salmon.

Now and again European articles were noticed in the possession of the natives—a tea kettle, a camp kettle, and "a sword of tremendous size made of sheet iron," especially attracted Fraser's attention. Birthplaces and tombs, peaceful Indian villages, wild gorges, tremendous mountains, foaming torrents, all pass before us in quick panoramic succession. But the glimpses vouchsafed us are all too fleeting. Our interest is aroused and then—we are hurried on to behold new scenes, to witness new acts in that strange drama played in the valley of the Fraser a hundred years ago. Yes, it is a thousand pities that honest Simon Fraser did not give us a book, instead of a few humble pages. But we may well be thankful that we have a record at all. We have done our best to lose the little we have, and now, all these years after the death of the chief actor in the scene, we grumble because we have not a longer and a better account of that wonderful third overland expedition to the Pacific ocean. But we must proceed with our story.

A village of four hundred souls was reached on the 19th of this same month of June, 1808. This place may have been the old village near Stryne Creek, some little distance above Lytton, but the remarks of the explorer might lead one to conclude that the site of the hamlet may have been nearer the village he called "Camchin," now the Lytton aforementioned. Some of the people are old, very old, for they have spent their days among the mountains, in pure air, living on wholesome food, not forgetting to observe primitive sanitary rules.

We are told that they were clean and healthy.. The principal Chief of this wholesome clan, welcomed the strangers, invited them to cross the river, received them there at the water side. Simon Fraser was treated with quiet dignity; he was led by the arm up a hill to the camp there situated. Here were seated twelve hundred savages, all in rows, a fine sight, an impressive sight, surely—twelve hundred red men clad in their native dress all marshalled there, row upon row, line upon line, to welcome the passing strangers. Simon Fraser was gracious; he shook hands with each man there. In such a manner and with such simple dignity these primitive folk of Camchin, met for the first time the fur-trader. Then the Great Chief of the tribe spoke to his warriors, waxing eloquent as he proceeded; he pointed significantly to the sun, to the four quarters of the earth, and then to the strangers within their gates. The very old father of the Great Chief was carried to the guests of honour—he stretched forth his hands tremulously, nervously to feel those of the strangers, for the light had forever departed from his eyes and he could not see them, but with that wonderfully sensitive, pathetic touch of the blind he learns all that he can ever know of the pale-faced men who came too late to be beheld by him.

The Hakamaugh, or Hacamaugh (Fraser takes advantage of poetic license and spelis it both ways) differ much from their neighbors the Askettihs. They have many chiefs and great men, health and wealth they have also. Oratory is not unknown amongst them, indeed is practised by them—"their manner of delivery is exceedingly handsome." In the evening there is much feasting—more salmon, berries, oil and roots, and, for the voyageurs, six of those little fat dogs so beloved by them. All night high revelry and singing and dancing, whereat the men are mightily amused and well entertained.

The village of "about four hundred souls" may, or may not, have been the old village near Stryne Creek, but we

have no difficulty in recognising the large village near the confluence of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers as the predecessor of the town of Lytton.

Before leaving the locality, Fraser named the Thompson River in honour of the great David Thompson, astronomer, surveyor, explorer, fort-builder, and fur-trader, also of the Northwest Company.

VIII.

On the morning following the memorable reception at Camchin, two wooden canoes were obtained, not without difficulty; the Indians did not haggle over prices, however, but merely accepted what was offered, from which we gather that they were a proud race.

At 10 a.m. the expedition once more embarked, accompanied by the Great Chief of the Hacamaughs, and a little fellow, of whom we shall hear much hereafter. Aided by the current, the canoes swept forward, until rough water and rapids again intervened and a halt was called. "Here," reads the Journal, "the canoes and baggage were carried up a very steep hill; the ascent was dangerous, stones and fragments of rocks were continually giving away from our feet and rolling off in succession. One of the men was hurt by stumbling on one of these stones, and the kettle he carried bounced into the river and was lost." The Indians tell the explorers, that, several years before, at this very spot, several men of their tribe lost their balance, fell headlong into the river and perished. The steep hillsides was strewn with graves, heaped over with small stones. In this description we may recognise Jackass Mountain, where, fifty years later, gold seekers also encountered difficulties of a similar nature.

In the rapids at this point a serious disaster was narrowly averted. It seems that the men, growing tired of carrying their heavy burdens over a road well-nigh impassible, on their own authority launched the canoes, and attempted to proceed by water. Their disobedience and temerity were wrought with direful consequences. One of the canoes was swamped and upset. All but one of the crew

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managed to make the bank. The unfortunate voyageur, who had been unable to extricate himself, was carried three miles down the turbulent stream in a semi-conscious condition. At last, more dead than alive, he was washed ashore at the foot of a precipice, which, after more or less recovering from the effects of his long immersion, he managed to scale. It is difficult to conceive how he escaped from such an awful predicament. He was discovered by Simon Fraser in an exhausted condition. Later in the day the rest of the men were found and the baggage recovered. The Indians on this trying occasion rendered every assistance, which Fraser gratefully acknowledges. After this mishap, the party encamped, happy at being safely together again with all their supplies. The most serious result of the day's proceedings was the loss of a canoe which could ill be spared.

In a journey which was nothing less than a series of remarkable and strange happenings, it is impossible to say that any day of it was not an eventful one, but we have by this time become so accustomed to the recital of adventures of an appalling nature that we may be excused if now and again we slip hurriedly by whole days and nights. The 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th days of June were remarkable indeed, but not more so than many which had preceded them. New tribes were met; dogs, salmon, berries, nuts, and oil were obtained from friendly natives; the severe hardships and privations of the march began to tell upon the men; Mr. Stuart's canoe filled in a rapid and narrowly escaped destruction; the men were entertained by the natives, singing and dancing being always the most popular numbers on the programme of these impromptu soirees; curious Indian graves are noticed; two canoes are traded for two calico nightgowns (exhibiting a becoming modesty on the part of the native men and matrons); more rapids are encountered and two of the canoes collide, one of them losing its stern piece and the steersman his paddle; natives flock from all quarters to see the strangers; an Indian encampment of five hundred

souls is visited; some of the natives "drop down" at the report of the guns; and so the days depart.

The Chief of the "Camchin" bade farewell to Fraser on the 25th and returned to his home, much to the explorer's regret. "This man," we read in the diary, "is the greatest chief we have seen, he behaved uncommonly well towards us, and in return I made him a present of a large silver brooch which he immediately fixed on his head, and seemed exceedingly well pleased with our attention." The Little Fellow, who had proved himself so useful and assiduous, promised to stay with the expedition until the end.

On this Sunday morning the men were up betimes and the little brigade started at the early hour of 5 o'clock. After making a considerable distance the inevitable rapids proved a bar to further progress and a long and difficult portage had to be made. For an account of the perils experienced at this time we may turn once more to the Journal so frequently quoted: "Here," it reads, "we were obliged to carry among loose stones in the face of a steep hill between two precipices. Near the top, where the ascent was perfectly perpendicular, one of the Indians climbed to the summit and by means of a long pole drew us up one after the other. This work took three hours and then we continued our course up and down hills and along the steep declivities of mountains where hanging rocks and projecting cliffs, at the edge of the bank of the river, made the passage so small as to render it, at times, difficult even for one person to pass sideways. Many of the natives who accompanied us were of the greatest service on this intricate occasion. They went boldly on with loads in places where we were obliged to hand our guns from one to another, and where the greatest precaution was required in order to pass even singly and free from embarrassment."

We can scarcely be wrong in assuming that the expedition had now reached that grandly beautiful stretch of the river long since named the Big or Great Canyon, which culminates in, or commences

with, Heil's Gate, some little distance above Yale. Anyone familiar with the country in that neighbourhood will marvel at the temerity of the white men who first passed through it.

After a labourious and exciting day, the party encamped at 6 o'clock in the evening. John Stuart, ever ready to assist his Chief, and in whom the latter placed implicit confidence, was at once despatched to examine the river. He did not return, but remained all night on the top of a neighbouring hill. On the shore opposite the camp a native was fishing with the dip net of the neighbourhood; one of the friendly Indians who had followed Fraser, borrowed one of these implements and succeeded in taking five fish, which, "divided among forty persons, was little indeed, but better than nothing."

Monday, the 26th, dawned, and the laborious task was continued. Shortly after the start, John Stuart appeared and reported that "navigation was absolutely impracticable," and, therefore, the expedition had to follow Indian guides along the treacherous pathway on the bank. The stupendous nature of the country is well portrayed by Fraser. "As for the road by land," he writes, "we could scarcely make our way with even only our guns. I have been a long period in the Rocky Mountains, but I have never seen anything like this country. It is so wild that I cannot find words to describe our situation at times. We had to pass where no human being should venture; yet in those places there is a regular footpath impressed, or rather indented, upon the very rocks by frequent travelling. Besides this, steps which are formed like a ladder or the shrouds of a ship, by poles hanging one to another and crossed at certain distances with twigs, the whole suspended from the top to the foot of immense precipices and fastened at both extremities to stones and trees, furnish a safe and convenient passage to the native, but we, who had not had the advantage of their education and experience, were often in imminent danger when obliged to follow their example."

The country here described we judge



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to be that which borders the rugged banks of the Fraser between a point near Boston Bar and Alexandra Bar. The ladders of which such an interesting description is given were in use long after the explorer's day and generation. Indeed some of them still existed in a state of good repair at the time of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, although the Cariboo Wagon Road, it is likely enough, had by that time practically superceded them. An engineer, for many years employed on the railway, informed the writer recently that he well remembers seeing a camp outfit, consisting of a cooking stove and other heavy material, carried by an agile Indian up a ladder of native make to a place of safety above it. The ingenuity of the natives is well exemplified not only in the construction of these ladders but also in the construction of bridges over small streams. One of these bridges at or near Spuzzum was built upon the cantilever principle, exhibiting a quite remarkable intelligence on the part of the native engineer responsible for it. Peculiarly enough

Fraser refers to a bridge which he noticed in this neighbourhood.

Towards the end of the day's journey, an Indian encampment was noticed on the opposite side of the river. The natives ferried the strangers over the water and kindly entertained them. Here Fraser obtained canoes, but as the little vessels were above the canyon they were cut loose and allowed to run with the stream through the rapids, for they could not possibly be carried over the trail which in the last two days had caused such infinite anxiety and distress. The canoes were found the following morning far down the river, both of them so badly damaged in their wild career that much time was lost making the necessary repairs.

It has been intimated before how difficult it is to mark with precision the various places referred to by Fraser. Only here and there can we say with certainty that on such a day the explorer was at that or the other spot. And therefore it is always interesting when we can put our finger on the map and assert with authority that the man reached this

point on a certain day. The story of the stirring adventures of the brave fur-trader loses much through the fact that it is so hard to follow him step by step, from place to place. How interesting and instructive it would be if we could now recognise the various points mentioned by him. Then indeed would that splendid achievement assume for us, even at this late day, a more definite form and shape. But this is a digression. We were about to remark that on the 27th day of June, the expedition reached a point which may more or less easily be identified as the place where now stands the little hamlet of Spuzzum, Fraser called it Spazum. Here more hospitality, including fresh salmon, boiled, green and dried berries and the inevitable oil and wild onions. Fraser visited the village burying ground and he was impressed with the monuments to the departed worthies there erected. "These tombs," we are informed, "are superior to anything of the kind I saw among the savages; they are almost fifteen feet long

and of the form of a chest of drawers. Upon the boards and posts, are beasts and birds carved in a curious but rude manner, yet pretty well proportioned. These monuments must have caused the workmen much time and labour, as they must have been destitute of proper tools for their execution; around the tombs was deposited all the property of the deceased." From this and from many other remarks touching Indian customs and articles of manufacture by the natives, we may conclude that the discoverer was a close observer. On these grounds, the Journal, brief as it is, is of value to ethnologists.

Again we must hurry on or we shall never get to the end of our narrative. The 28th and 29th days of the month, we may infer, were consumed in traversing, that stretch of the river lying between Spuzzum and Yale. The country was evidently populous, for many Indian villages and encampments were passed. At that season of the year the natives would all be near the river from which

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they obtained their winter supply of salmon. Fraser mentions that at intervals rude stages had been built from which the native fishermen wielded their hand nets with much dexterity and success. He also noticed a net of large size by means of which deer and larger animals were captured. A little later he refers to "rugs made from the wool of Aspai or wild goat and from dog's hair, which are as good as the wool rugs found in Canada." The dogs of the village, it was observed, had been lately shorn.

Then at another place, we catch a glimpse of "an excellent house, 46x32, and constructed like American frame houses; the planks are three or four inches thick, each plank overlapping the adjoining one a couple of feet; the posts which are very strong and rudely carved, receive the cross beams. The walls are eleven feet high and covered with a slanting roof." We may marvel that in the midst of difficulties and dangers Fraser found time to note such things. As to the natives themselves they were "stoutly built and some of the men handsome," but the women outwardly were not attractive. The Indians volunteered

the information that white men had ascended the river as far as the Bad Rock. On John Stuart's map, previously referred to, at a point which we should judge to be a little above Yale, we read the following legend: "To this place the white men have come from the sea." Who these adventurers were, we cannot say, nor shall we ever know now. It is scarcely likely, however, that white men had previously visited this region.

Proceeding, Fraser met Indians who were extremely civil and obliging, so much so in fact that their sincerity was doubted. Here again were observed some of those dog hair blankets, which are today so rare. The art of making them has been lost and even the peculiar dogs, whose hair was used in their manufacture, have apparently disappeared from off the face of the earth. Perhaps the disappearance of the dogs may be accounted for by the fact that their hair lost its value as soon as the blankets of the fur-traders made their appearance in the country. The breed, no longer maintained in its purity, no doubt lost its identity amongst the hosts of curs that abounded in every village.

(To be Continued)


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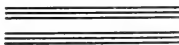


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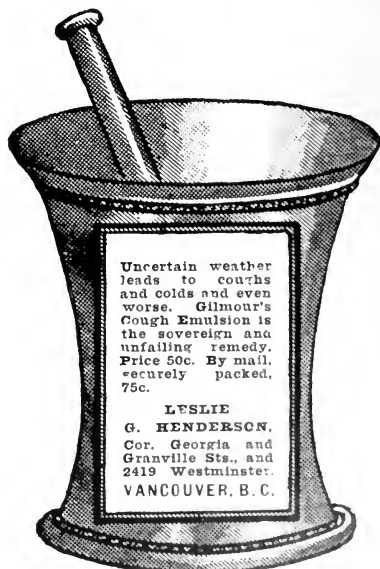
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For over 40 years the Haines Bros. Pianos have been sold to the best families in Canada continuously by one of Canada's oldest piano builders and dealers. Lately, however, the customs duty has been so high as to render their importation almost prohibitive. To meet this condition the Haines Bros. Co. have now a factory of their own in Canada where the Pianos are made from original scales, patterns, etc.

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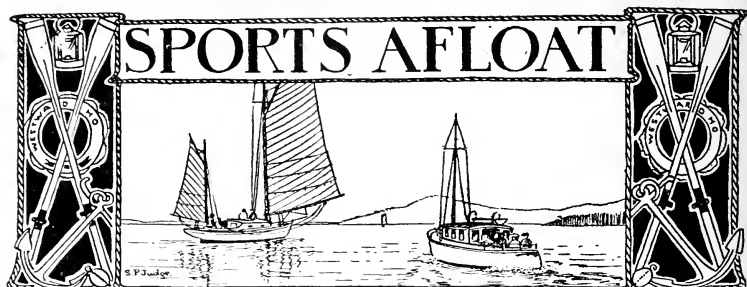
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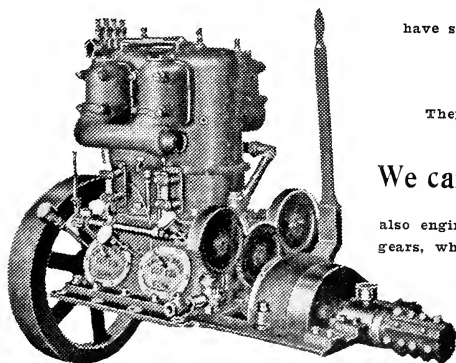


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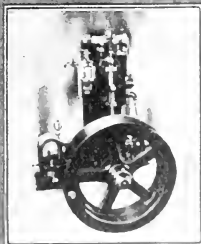
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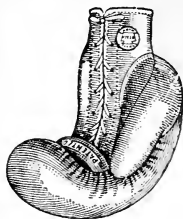
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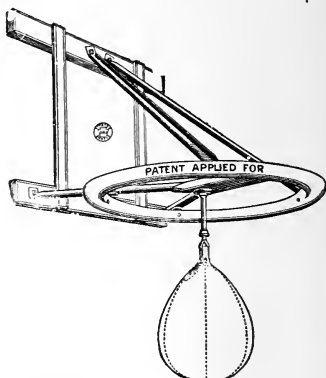
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NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

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FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

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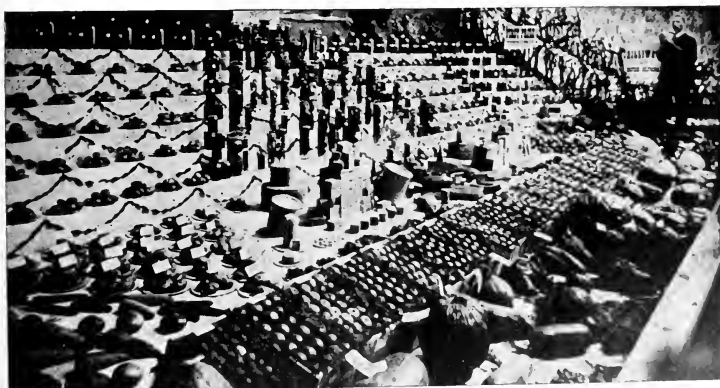
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PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY

Neglected Opportunities

Of the hundreds of thousands of acres of great virgin forests of softwoods in the West almost all were either subject to entry or for sale at very low figures ten years ago. Few realized that choice timber claims—then so easy to acquire—were so soon to be worth thousands of dollars. A few realizing how rapidly the American forests were disappearing took advantage of conditions in Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia to acquire all the timber land possible while it was to be had at such low figures. As a result they have made immense fortunes—fortunes that will continue to grow more rapidly in the future than in the past.

Gifford Pinchot, chief forester of the United States, declares that at the present rate of consumption the timber supply of the United States will be exhausted in twenty years and that the hardwood supply will be exhausted in from twelve to fifteen years.

Did you take advantage of the opportunity to secure some of this timber when it was to be had for only a fraction of its present value, or did you neglect it until it was too late?

At the same time this timber was being secured so cheaply much of the best farming and irrigated land of the state of Washington was also being homesteaded, or bought at prices so low as to be almost unbelievable now.

These wonderful opportunities were not taken advantage of in a large way until within the past ten years. The West was sparsely settled and not much developed up to that time. The first to take advantage of such conditions naturally realized the greatest profits.

Until recently Americans invested little or nothing in other countries. They have neglected opportunities in Mexico which surpass anything heretofore existing in the United States or Canada.

This Company has taken advantage of the opportunity to secure one of the finest and best located hardwood timber tracts in the world. It is in Mexico just across the Gulf from Louisiana and Texas and is within two miles of ocean transportation.

The varieties of timber comprise mahogany, rosewood, Spanish cedar, lignum vitae, and other kinds of the most valuable woods known to man.

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A limited amount of the capital stock of the Company is offered for sale. All shares are fully paid, non-assessable, and equally participating.

The timber will bring investors returns many times more than the present cost of shares.

After the timber is removed the land is unsurpassed for tropical plantation purposes. Good tropical plantation land brings returns equal to the best irrigated land of this country.

Banana, rubber and sugar-cane plantations yield enormous profits.

This Company's land is admirably suited for the cultivation of these products and a great many more such as oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, cocoanuts, indian corn, cocoa, etc.

It is your opportunity now to participate in this proposition. Are you going to neglect it? \$2000,000,000 of foreign money, two-thirds of which is American capital, is now being invested in Mexico annually. It has been prophesied that in the next ten years Mexico will produce more millionaires than any other country in the world.

Do you want to participate in these profits? It is safe to say you will never have another opportunity offered you that is the equal of this one.

Drop us a postal for prospectus and let us tell you more of this proposition.

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References:—National Bank of Commerce, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.



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BONDS EVER
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\$1,000

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Other mattresses are made of cotton, but only the Ostermoor is made in the Ostermoor way under the exclusive Ostermoor patents.

Other mattresses may look like the Ostermoor when new, but only the Ostermoor can show testimonials from users that say: "Your mattress is as good after twenty-five years' use as the day it was bought."

It is just as easy for you to get the *genuine Ostermoor* as an inferior imitation—and you will pay little, if any, more—for the lower cost of making the imitation is counteracted by the larger profit necessary to induce the dealer to handle it.

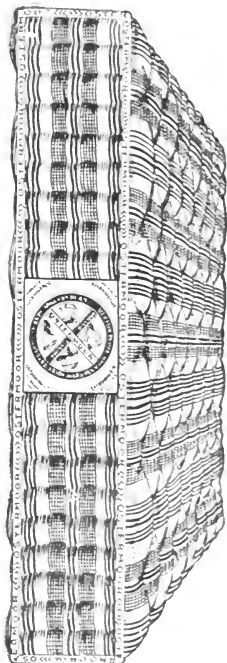
Ostermoor Mattress \$15

But you must remember and insist on seeing the Ostermoor trade mark, sewn into the end band, if you want the one mattress that is built up, sheet upon sheet, that will not mat, pack or lump. Thus, an Ostermoor will remain luxuriously elastic, supremely comfortable and restful for a lifetime.

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Sleep on an Ostermoor mattress for a month—then, if *for any reason* you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money.

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MONTREAL



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SUBSCRIBED
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Deposit your savings with us, add what you can from week to week or month to month. We will add the interest earned on the 31st December and the 30th June of each year. Should you wish to withdraw all or any of your savings at any time, you can always do so. Until further notice interest will be allowed at the following rates, if arrangements are made at the time of depositing.

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Savings Bank open from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., daily, except Saturday. Saturday from 9 to 12 a.m., and from 7 to 8 o'clock in the evening.



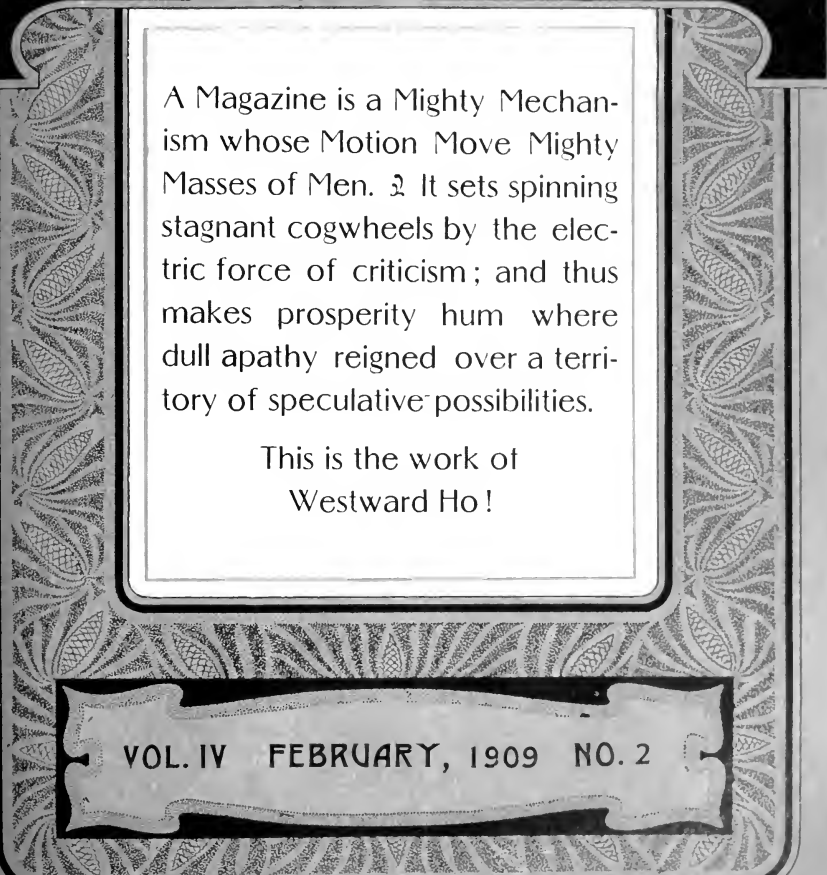
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A
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WESTWARD HO!



A Magazine is a Mighty Mechanism whose Motion Move Mighty Masses of Men. It sets spinning stagnant cogwheels by the electric force of criticism; and thus makes prosperity hum where dull apathy reigned over a territory of speculative possibilities.

This is the work of
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VOL. IV FEBRUARY, 1909 NO. 2



Beautiful Pieces of Cut Glass



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Our catalogue lines were carefully chosen and we believe a finer selection and variety could not be gathered together.

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Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.

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GEO. E. TRORY, Man. Dir.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Gordon Drysdale, Ltd.

Correct Corset Styles for 1909

Every woman who aspires to be well gownned realizes to the fullest extent the importance of properly fitting corsets, for every well fitting gown demands a well fitting Corset as prerequisite. Realizing how entirely our patrons depend on us for correct styles and all detail corset information, we never relax our close association with the authoritative salons of the leading corsetiers. Among other well known makes we carry the "Redfern," "C.B. a la Spirite," "Sapho" and "Nemo" Corsets, and with these celebrated lines stand ready at all times to serve you, as only a specialty store can.



At \$4.50

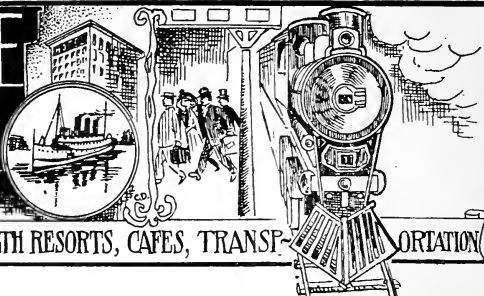
At \$4.50—The accompanying illustration depicts the Nemo self-reducing corset with flattening back which does wonders for stout women. The double garter attachment holds down the corset firmly, and the self-reducing strap keeps the front steels close to the body; the model comes in high or low bust in sizes 19 to 36.

It might be well for us to state that in addition to this high grade model we carry an excellent stock of moderately priced corsets. Our styles at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, are the best obtainable at these prices

When ordering by mail kindly mention this magazine.


575 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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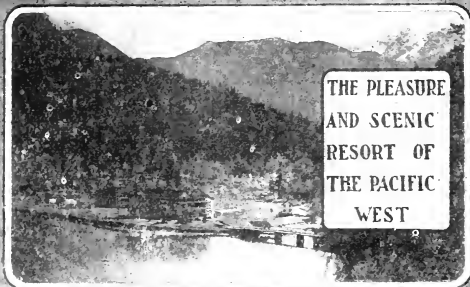
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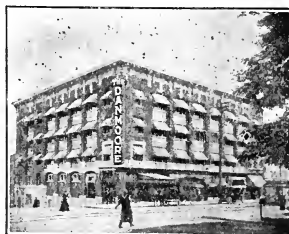
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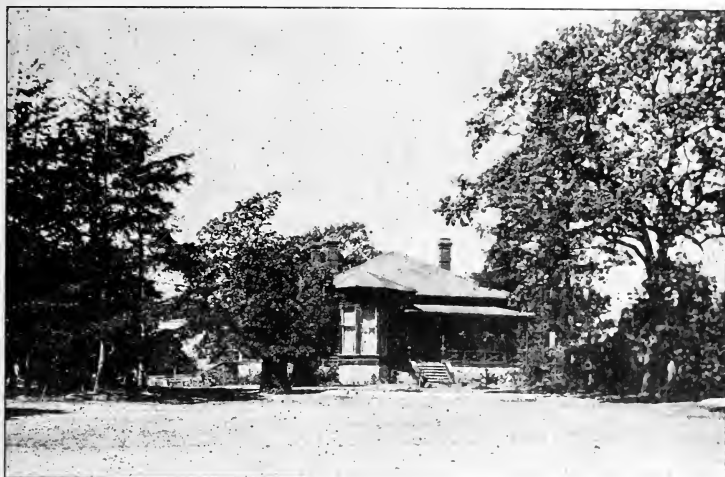
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I feel confident that there are many readers of the Westward Ho Magazine who are more or less dissatisfied with their position, and who may wish to make a change. They would appreciate a proposition which will guarantee them an independent income for life at the same t carry with it the maximum amount of comfort.

A Five-Acre Fruit Farm in Peachvale Addition offers you such possibilities.

Peachvale Addition is that large area of rich fruit land situated a few minutes ride by boat up the river from New Westminster. Peachvale Addition immediately adjoins Peachvale, that beautiful tract of fruit land which was closed off the market on January 25th at \$100 per acre.

You will never be able to buy fruit farms in Peachvale Addition any cheaper than the present price of \$100 per acre. The terms are very easy, \$100 cash is all that is required to buy five acres and the remainder of the purchase price spread over a period of three years.

Think of it—five-acre fruit farm with the railway and tram station within easy walking distance and the steamboat wharf within a stone's throw, for \$100 per acre, and all the cash you require is \$100.

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If you add to the vegetables, strawberries, raspberries and currants you can increase your net profits from \$1,000 to \$2,000. These crops may be grown between the rows of the young orchard

which you can set out this spring. In five years time the young orchard will have matured and will yield profits of from \$450 to \$1,000 per acre.

I make each statement herein without fear of contradiction, because I can take you to many farms adjoining Peachvale Addition on which there is living evidence of the truthfulness of my statements regarding the wonderful prolificness of the soil and the enormous crops.

Bear in mind that Peachvale Addition, being in the Fraser Valley country, needs no irrigation. The soil being a rich, deep, vegetable mould, varying in depth from three to seven feet with a stiff clay sub-soil, will grow enormous crops for many years without fertilization. The property is many feet above high water mark consequently never floods.

I will be pleased to take every reader of this magazine with me on the boat any morning, which leaves New Westminster for Peachvale Addition wharf at 9.30, so that every one of you could see for yourself the beautiful location of the property, the picturesque view from the verandah of many of the homes in Peachvale and Peachvale Addition, and incidentally note the wonderful productiveness of the soil.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

There is no better land in all British Columbia than Peachvale or Peachvale Addition. Several farms have been sold in Peachvale at \$150 and \$175 per acre although the property was only placed on the market a few months ago. This goes to prove that when a property has been taken off the market its value increases.

This will be true of Peachvale Addition. I am positive, therefore, that 60 days from the date of this issue that Peachvale Addition farms will be selling for from \$125 to \$150 and that three years from now this property will be selling at an advance of 100 per cent.

Remember the five-acre farms in Peachvale Addition all front on main roads, and all main roads lead to the town, only 700 yards distant. There are stores, churches and schools quite close to all farms. Those living in Peachvale intend to improve their farms and build large houses. Mr. Rumohr's house commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country and will cost \$3,000.

The new tram line between New Westminster and Chilliwack, when finished, passes the front of the farms of Peachvale and Peachvale Addition, therefore there will be a street car service at the door of every farmstead.



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in the purchase of a five-acre farm as an investment or as a future home WIRE ME; don't wait to write because every day necessitates settlers going farther out, as I am receiving wires hourly for reservations.

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You will see, therefore, that you take no chances or run no risk by wiring a reservation today for one or more five-acre farms and sending a deposit of \$25 for each five-acre piece reserved.

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BRAM THOMPSON, M.A.,

Editor-in-Chief.

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THE WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

536 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Editorial Epitome for March.

The Editor has to announce that he received such a rhetorical flagellation of criticism over his article on "**CANADA AND NATIONHOOD**", that he almost shrunk from the dangerous ordeal of formulating another one on the alluring subject of "**VITAL PROBLEMS OF CANADA.**" But feeling that the wounds were as quickly soothed and healed by the balm of bountiful approval as they had been inflicted by hasty animadversion he essays in the present issue an article on "**INTRA-EMPIRE TARIFFS**" which contains some original views and vigorous expositions of this prosaic but politic proposition; and in the March number the subject of

"**OUR MARITIME RESOURCES AND RESPONSIBILITIES**"

will be dealt with in a manner that will arouse our National pride and appeal to the Commercial instincts of the mercantile classes. Pure facts; no fantasies.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN

Her Royal Highness Valerie Vectis, the Empress of this the most entrancing of all the beneficent and beautiful domains of this Earthly Paradise having depicted "The Ideal Woman and the Ideal Man," neither of whom—but tell it not in Gath!—the Editor falteringly insinuates exists, will proceed to make her Empire more and more attractive. This is her own assertion; but how she can do so the Editor fails to comprehend as the charm imparted to it in the past two numbers seems unsurpassable. Nevertheless a woman's word, and especially the word of an Empress, is not to be impugned. Watch the changing scene.

FICTION

"**THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM,**" by Annie S. Swan, the celebrated novelist, will be continued. After this, the 5th chapter, the previous chapters will be epitomised month by month for the benefit of readers as the demands on us for back numbers in order to procure the earlier chapters cannot readily be supplied.

"**THE TEST OF TRUE MANHOOD.**" Frank H. Sweet who is now known to all Canadian readers, gives us another of his delightful rural stories.

"**THE WORTH OF REMEMBRANCE,**" by Isabel Macdonald, is full of pathos and romance; long dissevered love finally united by fatuous fate.

"A MOTHER'S COUNSEL" is a touching story of domestic life wherein true love triumphs over every temptation to sully its sanctuary.

"THE MARK OF CAIN" is a short story of almost weird interest by Henry Morey.

"A TERM OF EXILE," by J. H. Grant, is a short tale of the fluctuations of filial and paternal regard.

"THE NINE TIDES OF SRON-NA-BOGHAR," by N. Tourneur, is a tale of a legend attached to the Mull of Galloway, and of its repeated verification. Weird and disastrous in all its points, it is well worth perusal.

ARTICLES

The strong feature of March will be articles.

STEVENSON'S PHILOSOPHY is introduced to us by R. A. Hood. The charm, the beauty and the ennobling attributes of Robert Louis Stevenson's writings are such that all lovers of the true and pure in Life and Literature ought to be familiar with them; and we trust this may be the beginning of many more articles on the same subject resulting in our Readers familiarizing themselves with Stevenson's noble life and example to men.

THE KOOTENAY LAKES are described by H. R. MacMillan, Department of the Interior at Ottawa, and there are some beautiful illustrations.

PORT SIMPSON receives fresh glosses by O. B. Anderson, aided by six illustrations.

LITTLE LIVING PICTURES is a sweet and pathetic pen picture by Mrs. Blanche E. Holt Murison.

THE SUPFRAGETTES have for the first time a look in upon Westward Ho! headed by Miss Isabel Macdonald, who, however, has divested them of many of their menacing manoeuvrings.

POETRY

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THE EDITOR.

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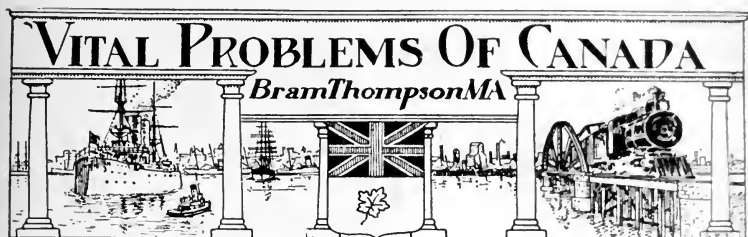
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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Vol. IV.

February, 1909

Number 2



Intra-Empire Preferences

THE PROBLEMS OF CANADA are so ramified and various that there are illimitable possibilities of disputation as to which should receive pre-eminence in a series of articles or dissertations on the subject. For this reason not a few have been the remonstrances, and protests received by the Editor because of the premier place assigned to the question discussed in our January number. Many there are who have declared that "Our Maritime Importance and our Shipping" or "Our Commercial Development" or "The Expansion of our Treaty making powers for the advancement of external trade relations" or some other subjects which at present there is neither time nor desire to enumerate,—should rank first in this serial discourse.

To one and all I rejoin that while these mooted questions will be dealt with in due order, they are involved in and covered by the larger issue of this country's National status.

How lightly must we value "Our Maritime Importance and Shipping" or "Our Commercial Development" or "Our external trade relations" if we will not assume the obligations of defending and protecting them? Canada, rightly, will not assume such obligations until her national status is obtained and her National existence is recognized; and then they will

be incumbent upon her, and cannot be evaded or postponed without treason to herself and perfidy to the people who dwell within her borders.

This is the reason why they were subordinated in the exegesis on our eventual evolution.

There is another question that must take precedence over the three which have been mooted; and that is the one we deal with in this number.

INTRA-EMPIRE TARIFFS, if we can obtain their establishment, will indeed be the most effective means of augmenting our Maritime Importance, and of accelerating our Commercial Development. This enunciation is not a dogma but an axiomatic fact. Commercial development, however, will precede the augmentation of our Marine and Shipping. The two are inter-dependent; without Commerce our Maritime importance would be a misnomer; and without shipping facilities all efforts to develop our Commerce would be neutralized. Therefore it is that to intra-Empire Tariffs we assign the second place in this serial discussion; for preferential trade within the Empire whose centre and source is the greatest Commercial Nation that the world has ever seen, must give to Canadian industries an impulse and propulsion which would carry them almost *per sal-*

tum to an elevation that otherwise it would take twenty years to attain.

BRITISH COLUMBIA would benefit by this preferential trade more, I think, than even the Wheat Growing Lands of the Prairie and other parts of Canada. This is a dangerous assertion because it is new, and in contravention of accepted doctrines.

Outside of Canada the intrinsic potentialities of British Columbia, and the peculiar character of her produce are comparatively unknown, while years upon years of steady extension have made the Wheat region now quite famous. But the needs of Great Britain are as varied as the resources of Canada to meet them are great; and British Columbia is as well adapted to supply the fruit as the rest of Canada is to supply the grain to the food-necessitous "Mother of Nations." And the products of British Columbia will do more to move the admiration and attract the attention than will the products of the "Middle West." What man with capital wandering for an investment, after he has seen his table replenished with the apples and other fruit of British Columbia would not, if the proposal were placed before him and its multiform potentialities propounded, instantly grasp the opportunity for a magnificent investment which is destined to grow in magnitude as the years roll on? Thus might British Columbia secure an interest whose intensity, and a flow of capital whose volume, would quickly cover her with people and transform her vales and valleys into an Orchard—the Orchard of the Earth.

This is from the capital-attracting aspect of the question alone; and above all things British Columbia wants Capital.

AS TO THE OTHER PROVINCES their peculiarity is that they want above all things men; and before I have done I shall show how men can be attracted to them.

Great Britain is Canada's best customer. Canada sends to Great Britain nearly all of her Wheat exports and fifty-six per cent. of her total exports. What an impetus, then would a preferential tariff on wheat in Great Britain give to this country! Think of it, ponder over it, and in imagination lift your eyes five

years after its accomplishment and behold the Prairie Lands of Canada, instead of seeking for settlers, infested with contending multitudes for their possession.

The consequential effects to Canada of a Preferential Tariff in Great Britain are undoubted; but what are we doing to attain it? Absolutely nothing. We are acting rather like whimsical, petulant school-boys than sane business men.

A few days ago I saw an article in the "Standard of Empire" by a "Canadian Merchant" stating, *inter alia*, that "If Great Britain has not within a year a Government prepared to reciprocate the Preferential Tariff my firm belief is that Canada will decide to play her own business game. Once that is started, alas! for poor sentiment, and the prospect of a really solid and United Empire." This gentleman, evidently controlled by sentiment, talks like the amorous nincompoop who instead of winning what he loves by the acts, the addresses and the persuasions of intellect and reason threatens self-destruction if his love is not reciprocated and his proposal instantly accepted.

Canada is not the only wheat-producing country in the world, nor the only source of Great Britain's supply. There are India, Russia, Argentina and other countries.

There is no element of sentiment in the Canadian Preference. It did not spring from love of the old land or gratitude for the protection that Canada received during her maturing years. Sir Wilfrid Laurier should know, and here is what he says: "We gave the British Preference because we wanted British Trade; that is the vindication of our Preference Policy." It has effected that which it was designed to effect, and to demand reciprocation of it with a menace is, to say the least, neither politic nor rational.

Preference we want continued and extended, but there is a statesmanlike way of accomplishing the idea.

Canada herself has something higher and more rational to perform, at the present juncture, than either to threaten or to sit passive.

Intra-Empire Preference is only subsidiary to, and may be a consequence of, Tariff Reform in Great Britain. With-

out the latter the former could never be effected.

British Tariff Reform is not, however, what Canada generally assumes it to be. She regards it as a British national issue in which she has no *locus standi*. This however is only a scintilla of the truth, and far from the philosophic statesman's view—far, indeed, from the view of anyone who is not politically purblind.

British Tariff Reform is an Imperial issue in the consequences that its success or failure entails to Canada and the other portions of the Empire. If it succeed Great Britain's manufactures and commerce will be rescued from the German and American inundation which has been undermining them with subtle and malign forces, and Intra-Empire Tariffs will follow. Thus far Canada has no interposing right.

If Tariff Reform fail, Great Britain must abandon her sublime altruistic policy of providing a Navy from the resources of her own people for the Protection of a World Wide Empire whose scattered entities in turn pursue their own fiscal systems, protect their own industries, provide no navy for themselves, and contribute nothing to their great protector.

Commerce is Revenue; and *Le Revenu c'est l'état*. With the continued decline of Britain's Commerce her revenue must diminish: and she cannot much longer continue to supply an Imperial Navy unless the Tariff Reform is effected. Canada would then *noctens colens* be forced to face the problem of her own Naval Protection.

THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST PROBLEMS CANADA EVER CONFRONTED, if it were suddenly forced upon her. If gradually, as I hope, she emerges into the assumption of her own National Obligations, there is nothing startling, nothing to apprehend. But the failure of Tariff Reform in Great Britain at the next election means the triumph of the party that still breathes the spirit of Cobden—the spirit of Little Englanddom. It means the failure of Intra-Empire Tariffs, and the continuance of a policy of parsimony in the name of economy. It means most of all

the decline of the British Navy, and the maintaining of it only at a standard fit to cope with the exigencies of that part of the Empire that pays for its upkeep, that is Great Britain alone.

Canada is concerned and concerned deeply in this aspect of British Tariff Reform; and here she has a *locus standi* that cannot be disputed. She has a right to know whither she is going. Her Nationality is at stake, and that immensely transcends all preferential tariff questions, though both are integers of the same equation.

Some will say that this is a morbid view of the failure of Tariff Reform. We do not feel inclined to discuss the question of morbidity further than from one view-point which recent declarations by Canadians of importance bring into conspicuous prominence.

Supposing that the threat to withdraw the Canadian preference on British imports, unless that preference is promptly reciprocated, were put into effect; and suppose non-Tariff Party were in power in Great Britain who responded to that threat not only with the *non possumus* argument, but with a retaliatory threat of diverting British custom from Canadian exports—what would be the consequence of this mutually defiant attitude?

Canada would drift from her anchorage within the Empire. The idea of Empire so far as she is concerned would be dispelled, and she would be forced to face the problem of her Nationality and Independence. She could then no doubt freely assert her Treaty-making power; but how would she enforce it? She could resent Japanese immigration, but how would she prevent it? If she threatened force she would be met with an invitation to put her threat into execution. Could she do it? Would this then be a brown, a yellow, or a white man's country?

Let Canada answer; for all this is involved in the issue of Tariff Reform now before the British people.

Canada clearly has a right to interpose in an issue which may involve such vital consequences to her. The financial menace is even less than the National; and

it is incumbent upon her at once to go to the aid of the Tariff Reformers who, if they succeed at the next election, will not only insure to us the existing National *status quo* until Canada of her own volition seeks to alter it, but give to us that intra-Empire. Preferential Tariff that Canada desires and requires.

Surely she cannot sit tranquil in the midst of a maelstrom. Great Britain now fights a fight of Life or Death for the Empire, and her own existence as the centripetal point of it.

The right to interfere having been demonstrated, the urgency of it having been established, we can only suggest that the least that Canada can do is to send a few men, eloquent ready of argument, and able to adjust themselves to the various aspects of the problem as a Canadian contingent to the Tariff Reformers of Great Britain; to co-operate with them; to traverse Great Britain from border to border, and formulate and propound the views and wishes of the Canadian people on this, the most momentous problem that has ever confronted them.

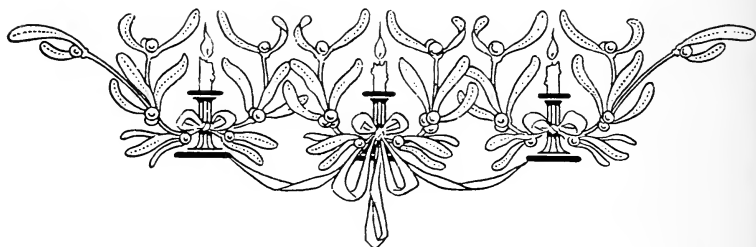
This is one way in which Canada may

interpose with decorum and act with dignity, without hurting the sensibility of the British people or entrenching upon their undoubted prerogative in the last resort to decide the issue of Tariff or no Tariff, Preference or no Preference.

Besides, this would be one of the most effectual ways of diffusing a knowledge of the vastness and the unrivalled potentialities of Canada and of attracting to her that which she requires—in British Columbia—capital to develop her multitudinous resources. It would bring the people of both countries into close touch and sympathy; responsiveness of sentiment would be established between them; many acerbities and misunderstandings would be effaced and obliterated, and the aspirations of Canada for a National existence could be shown to be, not only consistent with, but a condition precedent to a consolidated Empire.

Heart would respond to heart; and both a CONSOLIDATED EMPIRE AND CANADA A NATION would be things mutually desired and mutually accomplished.

Gigantic is the tree that intra-Empire Tariffs may generate!



Canada

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Canada! Canada! land of the free;
Land where our fathers have laboured and died:
Ever our thoughts shall turn homeward to thee,
Land where the hearts of thy children abide.
The waves of great oceans roll in to caress thee,
The crags of thy mountains stretch forward to bless thee,
The hearts of thy people acclaim and confess thee,
Dear land of their love, of their hope, and their pride.
Canada! Canada! here at thy side,
Ever the hearts of thy children abide.
 Fair land with thee—fair land with thee;
 Ever the hearts of thy children shall be.

Canada! Canada! garland we now,
Leaves of the maple to twine round thy name;
This is the chaplet we wreath for thy brow,
Bright with thy promise, and fair with thy fame.
For now from the days where the shadows hang hoary,
Ascendeth thy star to its zenith of glory,
Outpouring its beams o'er thy wonderful story,
And tracing in gold all the way that thou came.
Canada! Canada! words cannot frame
All the great love that our hearts would proclaim.
 Dear land with thee—dear land with thee;
 All the best love we can offer shall be.

Canada! Canada! Homeland, of thee,
Wake we the patriot song as we go;
Treading thy ways with the step of the free,
Proud of the record thy pages can show.
Then let them beware who would hurt or offend thee,
For strong are the arms that we give to defend thee.
May God and his angels watch o'er and attend thee,
Intrenching thee safe from the face of the foe.
Canada! Canada! Homeland, of thee,
Ever the prayers of thy children shall be.
 Homeland, of thee—Homeland, of thee;
 Ever the prayers of thy children shall be.

The Patchwork Quilt

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

A POOR thin little creature, in a faded calico wrapper, with hair drawn tightly back from her pinched and wrinkled face, she knelt on the bare floor, beside a wretched bed, in a gloomy attic, of her wealthy sister's home.

"Old Beggar, in everybody's way." All about her, the words echoed. The wind shrieked them through the broken windowpane—the candle, spluttering in its socket, hissed them at her—and even her reflection caught in the cracked mirror, hurled the words in her face. The taunt had come from her own sister's daughter. "In everybody's way—" She sobbed, and her angular shoulders protruding through the worn old wrapper, shook convulsively. The best years of her life had been spent caring for an invalid mother, who at her death willed to the younger daughter, one thousand dollars and to the elder, who patiently and uncomplainingly, had cared for her, bequeathed only a patchwork quilt, which she had made during her illness. In a spirit of magnanimity, the younger sister who was married, offered the spinster, a home. The home soon ceased to extend any comforts to the poor dependent, who became a household drudge, of less consequence than the lowest menial, under her sister's roof. The furnishings of her room were like her wardrobe—meagre and delapidated.

"O, Lord, take me out of my misery," wailed the shrunken figure, crouching beside the bed. "In everybody's way," a piece of broken plaster falling at her feet, seemed to whisper; then through the mind of the lonely woman flashed the thought—"suicide, will end it all." She raised her head, as though hearkening a voice, and tremblingly asked, "By what means?" Money I have naught of, to purchase anything towards taking my life—the luxury of gas in my room, I

have not known in my sister's house—though I might; yes, indeed, I might hang myself, but with what?" Suddenly her eyes became riveted on the patchwork quilt, on her bed. "Ah, the very thing, but would it hold! it was so very old, and already threadbare; feverishly, her hands tested the quilt, but alas! even this means was denied her. The threadbare places gave way to great gaps, with the slightest strain; but wait. Under the patchwork cover, appeared a layer of oilskin; surely a strange fancy, to interline a quilt with such material. But the lean fingers have torn a hole through the oilskin—and then—has the woman suddenly gone mad? She is laughing, sobbing, praying and weeping, as with trembling hands, she draws forth bank note after bank note, from the depths of the old patchwork quilt. Two thousand dollars for "the old beggar, who was in everybody's way."

"Where can Priscilla be?" Mrs. Bertrand questioned of her daughter at breakfast, the following morning. For the first time in a score of years, the family drudge, failed to materialize, and upon investigation it had been found that her bed had been slept in, but there was no trace of its occupant, nor the old patchwork quilt, that had been her only covering, summer or winter, for many years.

"For my part, I'm glad she's gone," spoke up the daughter. "Her usefulness didn't amount to much, and she was certainly not ornamental."

"Yes, but it would be a pretty morsel of gossip for people hereabouts should she disgrace us, by committing suicide," answered her mother.

Just then a messenger boy brought a note which read: "Dear Margaret. Do not worry about my absence, nor permit dear Ethel to weep over my departure. A business call hurried me to New York

so that I trust you will pardon my not saying 'good-bye.' Will write more fully later. Kisses to Ethel. Affectionately, your sister, Priscilla."

"Business?" Why, whoever dreamed that poor stupid Priscilla could have business. And where did she get her fare? She had not a copper, nor even its equivalent," exclaimed Mrs. Bertrand, after reading aloud the contents of the note.

"Perhaps someone left her a fortune," said Ethel.

"A fortune; why she has no other relatives but us, and as for friends, she is completely destitute of any," Mrs. Bertrand answered.

"The nasty old cat; *her* kisses to Ethel indeed. But I always told you, mother, that you should have insisted upon her calling me 'Miss Ethel.' Well, I'm glad to be rid of her; poor relations are a nuisance."

After her find, the little old maid, lay for several hours, coiled up on her bed, thinking, planning and praying. At day-break, she arose, and with the patchwork quilt held closely to her throbbing heart, she crept silently out of her sister's house, and mingled with the sombre shadows that presaged the approach of dawn.

"Oh, Spirit of Morn," Priscilla murmured, as she hurried toward the South Union station. "I, like you, am creeping away from night's shadows, that so long have encompassed me—into the light of day that is already flushing my poor old heart, with its rosy warmth."

With the patchwork quilt still hugged closely to her, Priscilla had dozed on the deck of the Fall River boat, when someone in passing, jostled her chair and the quilt fell from her grasp. She started up quickly, but was reassured by a sweet-faced girl, who picked up the quilt, and restored it to her shaking hands.

"Poor soul, eccentric, no doubt," Priscilla heard a pitying voice say, as she shrank back into her corner.

"Eccentric." It was the very keynote of her future, that until now had been vague. Yes, she would become eccentric, but prosperously so, for to wear the appellation successfully, she must live,

and be gowned expensively, or at least, seemingly so. But they were entering New York harbor, where the Statue of Liberty seemed to smile upon the faded little figure, as Priscilla murmured—"Liberty for me, for poor me."

Two weeks since Priscilla left her sister's house, and now Mrs. Bertrand could scarcely control her excitement, as breaking the seal of a fashionably-addressed envelope, she read the enclosure:

"Dear Margaret,—My time since leaving you, has been so occupied with social obligations, that this is my first opportunity of communicating with you, as promised in my note.

"My friend, Mrs. Armitage, insisted on my remaining over for her week-end party; then I joined friends at Bar Harbor, and here I am, enjoying every moment to the utmost.

"I expect to return to Boston shortly, so, will see you very soon. To dear Ethel and yourself, my most cordial love.

"Affectionately, your sister,

"PRISCILLA.

"Well, of all the mysteries, this is the greatest," Mrs. Bertrand exclaimed, handing the perfumed note to her daughter.

"It certainly is a swell note, mother, and to think of poor old 'Cilley' having the courage to pen such words, and in white ink too, on scarlet paper. She evidently has friends in the smart set, and see, her envelope is sealed with a crest, in white. Really, mother, it might be worth while to exercise a little diplomacy towards aunt Priscilla, and procure an introduction, to those aristocratic friends of hers."

"Yes, but she has given no permanent nor definite address, so we must wait until she writes again. She is the sl, minx, to keep silent for so long about her friends. I only hope it won't make her too independent when she returns home, for, of course, she will return, I presume."

The idea of "Old Cilley" being independent, amused Ethel greatly, and laughing at the matter, as though it were quite a joke, she passed out of the room, leaving her mother scanning the seal emblazoned on the scarlet envelope.

Two days Priscilla spent in bed, after arriving in New York, to rest the poor aching bones. Then she frequented the theatres, producing comedy, to learn what she had almost forgotten—how to smile.

She had a masseur wait upon her at her lodgings, to smoothe away the inroads that care had made upon her face. For several days she haunted the parks listening to the merry prattle of children, and the seductive voices of nature. Then began her shopping expeditions, and gradually was accomplished the transformation of the "beggard who was in everybody's way," into the eccentric, but sweet old lady, whom all were anxious to serve.

The Bertrands had not quite recovered from the surprise occasioned by Priscilla's last message, when another, and a greater one greeted them, in the form of a dozen long stemmed American Beauty roses, for "Dear Ethel," from aunt Priscilla, and an invitation for Mrs. Bertrand to lunch with her sister, the following day, at the Somerset Hotel.

"Back in Boston, and at the Somerset," gasped Mrs. Bertrand. "American Beauty roses, and from Galvin's!" exclaimed Ethel. Oh, mother, she must have found some rich friends—do lunch with her, and perhaps you may meet the fairy godmother."

She had sent up her card, and was waiting in a reception room of the Somerset, and now the haughty Mrs. Bertrand was beginning to regret her acceptance of Priscilla's invitation. Suppose that some of her friends should see her lunching with the little shabby old woman, she would never forgive herself.

Then there was the frou-frou of silken skirts, an odor of sweet lavender, and Margaret's eyes were riveted on the form that passed through the door held by a lackey, who bowed very low before her. "An aristocrat evidently," Margaret mentally ejaculated, as the stately figure rustled along the corridor, a dainty creation in a gown of mauve silk, brocaded over with silver lillies. She carried a gold-headed cane that clicked musically against the marble floor. A pair of smiling blue eyes, beamed from a peachy

face, that was framed by gray silky ringlets, and, "oh," thought Margaret, as the vision drew nearer, "What an exquisite collar and revers of real Duchesse lace, and such a beautiful cameo brooch, while her bonnet—delightfully antique—but—Priscilla——" she fairly screamed as her sister stood before her, smiling through the jewelled lorgnette, suspended in a hand daintily enveloped in a black silk mit.

"Priscilla dear, what does it all mean?" questioned Mrs. Bertrand when she had recovered her breath. "Why did you masquerade so long in old clothes when you were all the while expecting a fortune? For, of course, you have come into possession of wealth?"

"Ah, sister mine, I have certainly come into a good little fortune, or a little good fortune, which, it matters not, as it overtook me quite unexpectedly. And, after all, what is life but a masquerade? We are too often judged by the domino we wear; smiles greet the scarlet, frowns the sombre black. It was my peculiar fancy to don the black for a while, but growing weary of the shadows it conjured up around me, I tossed it aside, and behold the world laughs with me, where it was wont to laugh at me!"

"But you must be very rich; your gown is exquisite, your style, superb; and to be domiciled in such expensively fashionable quarters, certainly bespeaks wealth. Why, it seems just like a beautiful dream."

"True, Margaret, but the mind that is content, is always rich, and my dream belongs to the scarlet domino. It is such as follows the nightmare that I discarded with my black domino. But come, sister, let us repair to luncheon, and afterwards, if you will, drive with me in the park."

"It seems incredible," said Mrs. Bertrand, in relating to Ethel, the events of the afternoon; "that it can be Priscilla; she, who was always meekness personified, and now—well, you must see for yourself—she assumes the airs and grace of a duchess, wearing them as though to the manner born, while the lackeys at the hotel, bow to her slightest bidding, as though indeed she were royalty itself."

"But where did she get it? That's the puzzle. Wouldn't she tell?"

"No, she laughingly turned my query aside, and spoke as though she were born to the purple, insinuating that it was now her whim to be gay, while her appearing poor in the past, was her fancy. She is ravishly eccentric, her clothes exquisitely rich, and her cameos priceless. She maintains a carriage too, fashioned after an old-time coach, but elegant in its appointments. I have invited her to share our box at the Hollis to-night, so you can then judge for yourself, of the wonderful change wrought in aunt Priscilla by her accession to wealth."

Weeks passed and it became quite the fashion to be seen riding in the park with the "Duchess," as she was familiarly termed. She always contrived to have a young and charming face beside her, accentuating her own beauty. Ethel now felt honored when "Dear Aunt Priscilla" invited her to ride in her coach.

Invitations crowded in on Priscilla, until she rarely knew what it was to eat a meal at the hotel; but she foresaw that fads like fortunes, are evanescent, and her purse was already losing much of its bulk.

"Yes," Mrs. Bertrand was wont to say, "my sister is slightly eccentric you know, but so very charming and sweet; wealthy too. Well, a trifle peculiar, but my daughter and I adore her!"

"Old beggar who once had been in everybody's way!"

Twelve months had already faded from the calendar, since Priscilla asserted her independence, and she calculated mentally how much longer her finances would cover her expenses. Her small room on the top floor of the Somerset, while not expensive, must be paid for; invitations were not as plentiful as formerly, so the cost of her daily supply of fruit and milk, which she kept outside the window of her room, became an item of expenditure; one meal a day, for appearance sake must be taken in the hotel dining-room, and this was her one extravagance.

"Mother," exclaimed Ethel, one afternoon on returning from a reception at the Vendome, where Priscilla had been

the guest of honor. "We must coax aunt Priscilla to visit us for a while. Strangers think it odd that she should stop at the Somerset, instead of with her sister, and there is certainly no disguising the fact that she is the fad of the hour. Everybody at the reception to-day was hobnobbing, and handshaking with her, until I felt quite proud of our relationship."

"Yes, I too, think she should make her home with us, if she can be induced to do so. With all her wealth, she is a stingy old cat. The idea of her sending you only a bunch of violets for a Christmas gift. But of course we are her only relatives, and naturally she will make you her heir, so the more she saves, the more she will have to bequeath to you. It behooves us to cater to her, for our own gain, socially, as well as financially; so tomorrow I shall urge her to make our home her's."

"So sweet and kind of you, Margaret, but really, you know it suits me admirably here. I am so comfortable and independent. Lonely, well a trifle, but I've grown used to it, so don't worry. My carriage too, I simply could not dispense with. My afternoon rides are so essential, as tending towards cheerfulness. No, dear sister, after all, I think I had better remain here."

"Of course, of course, Priscilla dear, I understand fully your feelings in the matter, but Ethel and I are so anxious to have you with us that we are ready to overrule every objection raised. The spare room shall be painted, papered and fitted up to suit your exquisite taste. Your carriage shall be maintained; and as for independence, you shall be as free as air. Now, do come to us. It will make Ethel and me so happy, that I am sure you will not deny us the pleasure of your company under our roof."

"As you will then, Margaret. If my presence in your home can further the happiness of my sister and niece, far be it from me to deny it to you. My only means of repaying you, will be the putting forth of every effort to scatter sunshine about your home."

"Dear Priscilla, your charming presence will be its own sweet reward, and we desire no other payment."

So, the beggar who once was in everybody's way, re-entered her sister's home, as its favored inmate to partake of the best at the table; to sleep in the remodelled guest chamber, and to have at her command, a carriage, maintained at her sister's expense.

Mrs. Bertrand's Commonwealth Ave. home, gained in prestige as the residence of "The Duchess," as the old lady became known, who was seen riding through the parks in a fashionable turnout, and who always wore such a sweetly charming smile.

An air of luxurious comfort pervaded the room in which Priscilla was now domiciled, in her sister's mansion. Her favorite shade of mauve was in evidence everywhere, from the lilac-figured paper on the wall to the velvet carpet, like a silvery mist with soft purple shadows. A Polar bearskin gleamed before the crackling logs in the open grate. Priscilla smiled grimly as she knelt before the blazing fire. Then she crept softly to the attic under the eaves, where rats had been the only companions of her solitude, and the cracked mirror had unpitifully reflected the sorrowful countenance of the poor old drudge. Now, as she stood before it, a sweet face from a frame of silver curls, smiled back at her, and she turned hastily away, lest it should witness the tears conjured up by memories

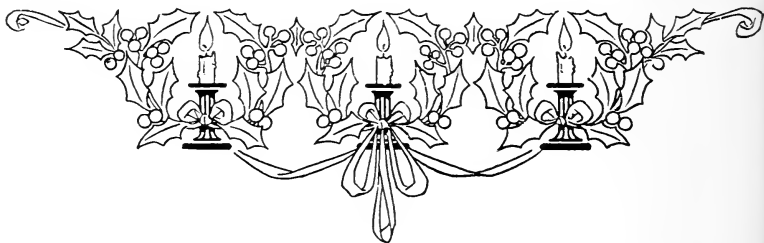
of the old beggar who had been in everybody's way.

It was taken for granted in the household, that Priscilla had in some way, come into possession of a fortune, but as she evaded the subject, it was seldom touched upon. The matter too, of her Bar Harbor friends, she eschewed, so that, also ceased to be openly spoken of; and they never guessed that Mrs. Armitage was a myth, Priscilla having mailed the letter to her sister while on a one day's excursion to Bar Harbor.

"Rich, yes, immensely so." Ethel was wont to intimate to her friends, "and with ample means to gratify her many eccentricities."

For two years Priscilla graced her sister's home, radiating cheerfulness about her, in return for the favors received. Then, one night, death crept softly to her bedside, and extinguished the last spark of life in the frail body.

Expectation was rife in the breasts of the Bertrand family, but their disappointment was keen, when in lieu of a will, a letter from Priscilla was found containing the statement that she had privately endowed her favorite charity, and bequeathing to her sister her cameo brooch, while dear Ethel was to inherit, what had been her aunt's best friend—"The Patchwork Quilt."





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THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY
ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER V.

LIDGATE got out at Clapton Station in the dusk of an autumn evening, and turned his steps in the direction of an obscure, quiet street, where he had to pay a call.

More than a year has elapsed since the disappearance of John Reedham from the ken of those who had known him. The few who had not forgotten him believed him dead.

In Burnham-road, Clapton, remote from the scene of her former happiness, Bessie Reedham lived the life of the solitary and struggling woman in London. She had not even the cloak of widowhood to protect her. She was still attractive, and looked astonishingly young; the year, therefore, had not been without its trials.

Of these trials she did not speak to any human being, least of all to Lidgate, though she knew him to be truly her friend.

But they did not meet often; they could not meet often because of that chance revelation made in the drawing-room at Norwood, when the blow had first fallen across Bessie Reedham's life.

Lidgate bitterly regretted that he had not been able to keep a better guard upon himself. There was now a barrier between them it would be difficult, if not impossible, to clear away.

He was going to her now, against his better judgment, impelled to it by a haunting intuition that she was in trouble of some sort.

He had no ground for that intuition, except his own certainty of it. She had not written to him, or indicated that she would like him to call. Yet there was no hesitation in his step as it approached the familiar house. It was one of a neat, small, uniform row of small dwellings, much sought after by the newlywed of moderate means because of the pleasant gardens sloping at the back to the River Lea. It was this very garden that had attracted Bessie Reedham in her dreary search for a home suitable to her slender means. They had allowed her to keep the whole of her furniture; the more expensive articles she had sold, and furnished the small house with the simpler items, and had made it a home, albeit it was plain and simple and unpretentious. She had hoped to make it a home likewise to other people who would come to her as paying guests, and be glad, perhaps, to find something a little higher than the usual London boarding-house.

Guests had come certainly, but most of them had proved unsatisfactory, exacting, some of them even dishonest. She had been disillusioned, and was now thankful to receive two city clerks who desired a respectable shelter more than a home, preferring to find their social environment outside. Her boy was now at home with her. In spite of her protestations, the Luttrells had kept him another year at Reigate and after the summer term he had taken a situation in a shop at Clapton. This was a bitter pill for

Bessie Reedham to swallow; but the lad had acted on his own initiative, and she had deemed it wiser to let him have his way. But her eye, quickened by love and anxiety, had discovered that he was not happy there, that his spirit was being crushed, and she was almost in despair.

In these dark days her thoughts had turned naturally to Lidgate, who had just returned from a three months' American tour.

It is possible that some spirit message went from her to him, and assured him that he would not be unwelcome at Clapton.

As he turned in at Burnham-road, he saw a lad at the opposite corner, and, though he was greatly grown, he recognised Leslie.

"Hulloa, Leslie, old chap!" The boy stood still, peering through the dusk, uncertain of the voice. When he recognised Lidgate he seemed pleased, and returned the grasp of his hand quite warmly.

The year had reassured Leslie, and his jealousy of Lidgate slept.

"I thought you were in America?" he said bluntly.

"I have only returned a few days. How are you, my boy?"

"I—oh, I'm quite well," he replied, but the falter in his voice seemed to belie his words. Lidgate detained him a moment, as he would have passed on to the house, ashamed, perhaps, of his brief emotion.

"Tell me what it is, lad. I am truly your friend, if you would only believe it," he said, sincerely.

"I didn't want to show the white feather," said the lad bravely. "But I'm down on my luck, too. I've been paid off."

"But it was a poor job, Leslie, and never good enough; probably it will come a blessing in disguise," said Lidgate cheerily.

The lad's face brightened.

"I didn't think of it like that. It was only the money I thought of: eight shillings a week isn't much, is it, but it helps a good bit, mother says, more than you'd think."

Lidgate almost gasped.

Eight shilling a week! What did it

represent to him—a few boxes of matches, a copper or a sixpence bestowed here and there for service rendered, and not to be taken into account at all.

"How is your mother?" he asked, abruptly changing the theme.

"I'm afraid she isn't very well. It's been very hot in London this summer, and she has only two boarders at present. They pay very little; I know she is worried about the rent."

"Let's go in and see her, lad," said Lidgate, unable to bear any more.

"In a moment. I'd like to tell you how I came to get the sack today. I haven't done anything very bad, you know, and the master said he'd never had a sharper lad. But I was cheeky, I suppose. They said something about my father when we were at dinner upstairs, and I got mad, and hit out; with my tongue, I mean. I don't remember what I said exactly, but I know I could have killed them."

Lidgate's heart was full. The bright, eager face from which the rounded fullness of boyhood was so rapidly passing, the troubled eyes, the sensitive mouth, all appealed.

"Dear lad, you did right, quite right. Always cherish his memory, he was a good father to you."

"His memory, why do you say his memory?" he asked sharply. "He's still living, we shall see him again one day. Whatever you or anybody else may say I am sure of that, and so is mother."

Lidgate shook his head; Leslie put his hand on the gate and pushed it open. The brief warming of his heart towards Lidgate passed, and the old distrust returned.

They entered the house, and hearing two voices, Mrs. Reedham came out. That she was quite glad to see Lidgate was evidenced by the pleasure on her face. She had few, almost no friends now; those who thought of her with a passing pity did not come to tell her they remembered her, the world at large is only too anxious to forget those who have dropped into its byways.

"Mother, I've had my tea, I only want to change and go out for an hour; you won't mind now Mr. Lidgate has come,"

said Leslie, and he saw with an added bitterness that she did not mind in the least, nay, that she would be glad to have some talk with the intruder alone.

He left the house without coming to the small sitting-room at the back they had reserved for their own use; his mother started when she heard the closing of the outer door.

"Leslie is not very happy where he is, Mr. Lidgate. I wish I could find another place for him."

"I will find him something tomorrow," replied Lidgate readily. "Personally, what I should like to do is to take him to London Wall, but James Currie would certainly object. There would not be any trouble with Sir Philip."

"He has left his situation," he added, and in a word explained what had happened. Her eyes filled with tears.

"He is so loyal to his father's memory, it is a perfect passion with him. And so jealous he is, too, about it. I believe he would cease to care for me if he thought I could forget."

"It is a fine trait, later he will get more sense of proportion," observed Lidgate quietly. "I'll do what I can for him tomorrow, I promise you. And wherever he may go he will not find the time he has been in the Clapton shop lost. It will have taught him to appreciate better things. And now, let us talk about yourself. You are sadly changed. You have had a terrible year."

"Not quite terrible; there have been gleams of peace," she said, but her eyes did not meet his. "How did you like America?"

"Oh, it is not new to me, I went as far as the Argentine," he added carelessly. Her lips parted in breathless interest.

"That is where you thought John would go. You did not hear anything, I suppose?"

"No, I made very full inquiries. Of course, it is difficult to find a man there, and he might easily evade recognition, but I am nearly certain that he never left this country."

"And equally certain that he is dead, perhaps," she said in a dispirited voice.

Lidgate made no reply.

He could not tell her of the visits he had paid to mortuaries, where unclaimed and unidentified bodies could be seen, neither could he say that certain news of John Reedham's death would simplify life for a good many people.

"I must go on hoping with Leslie that something will happen, that things will be cleared up; though the sort of life I have been living lately does not conduce to cheerfulness," she went on, after a brief space.

"You have had a terrible year, and Leslie tells me you have sordid anxiety now."

She neither denied nor admitted. Lidgate sat forward in his chair and began to speak rapidly.

"I cannot bear to see you like this, and there is no reason why I should bear it. I am, comparatively speaking, a rich man. I cannot, even if I would, spend my money on myself. I have few ties, none of them binding or obligatory. You must let me help you for old acquaintance sake, if for no other reason. Try to think of me as a brother, and let me order you to leave Clapton."

He tried to speak with a sort of bantering gaiety and an assumption of naturalness which did not in the least deceive her.

"You have already done too much in becoming guarantee for my rent. I am afraid you will have to make that guarantee good this time. I have not been able to get the money together."

"For Heaven's name don't speak of it. I can't bear it. I tell you it is a mere bagatelle. Don't let it ever be mentioned between us. But honestly, now, do you think it is any good keeping on this house, or in pursuing the life which you admit can't bring you in a living wage?"

"Can you suggest a substitute for it, one which would come within the region of possibility?" she asked with a faint smile.

"I will think of it. Meanwhile the first thing is to get something better for Leslie. Have you ever met Archibald Currie, Mrs. Reedham?"

"Once or twice at Fair Lawn. A delightful man, I thought him, and I often

said to John it seemed incredible that he and James could be brothers."

"Many have had such a thought. It would be a fine thing for Leslie to get into his office in New Broad-street. I shall call there tomorrow morning and see if he can suggest anything. It is the sort of thing he would delight to do. The record of his good deeds in the city would fill a book."

"Thank you very much. I shall indeed be grateful if you will do that. It would be the making of Leslie. He does not lack brains, Mr. Lidgate."

They used to be George and Bessie to one another in the old days of their friendship, but in the last year had adopted by common consent the more formal address. In Lirgate's case at least it was a safeguard.

"I am sure that Leslie has plenty of brains. He is a bit fiery and impulsive, and takes strong likes and dislikes. He does not care much about me for instance."

"Oh, I am sure you are mistaken," she said, but her colour faintly rose.

"No, I don't think we make mistakes of that kind, but I understand his feelings, partly at least, and can respect him for it."

She did not ask him to explain, and when she spoke again it was of a different theme.

"Miss Wrede came to see me twice after it all happened, once just before I left Norwood and once here. But I am afraid I was not very cordial to her when she came last."

"Don't you like her? Everybody reports her charming, and Stephen Currie is madly in love with her."

"She is very clever and bright I think and—dangerously sympathetic. I did not want to become intimate with her, Mr. Lidgate, and if she had gone on coming it must have ended in that."

"You were quite frank with her, then?"

"Yes, I told her I would prefer that she did not come, that I should always be grateful to her for her sympathy and would send for her if I were in any special trouble."

"And she understood?"

"She quite understood. That is what I say, she is dangerously sympathetic; one would talk too much to her. It is better not to see her."

"But for you it would have been good."

"No, bad, thoroughly bad, and besides I wanted to be detached from all those who knew me in happier times. But I cannot conceive of her and Stephen Currie!"

"I don't think she encourages him, but everyone knows of Stephen's infatuation. In fact it won't hide."

Bessie Reedham sat still a moment, and then looked him more straightly in the face than she had yet done.

"Tell me truly. Is the loss so great as was said at the time John disappeared?"

"Yes, it was in no way exaggerated."

"And how was it met?"

"The firm met it," he replied evading her straight look.

"Then it is Sir Philip Lowther and James Currie and you who are actually out of pocket."

"Yes, I suppose so, if you put it like that."

"And how much? Tell me the exact sum."

"Why open up all this painful business again?" he asked almost impatiently. "It can make no difference now."

"Oh, yes it can. It will be Leslie's debt. He has set it before him as a goal. Poor boy, it is a dreadful millstone about his neck, even now, but I believe that it is a debt he will live to discharge."

"I hope he will not allow it to trouble him unduly; to be a millstone as you describe it," observed Lidgate, as he rose to his feet. "Well, I must go, and I will write to you tomorrow after I have seen Archibald Currie."

"You are very, very good to me," she murmured. Lidgate merely shook his head.

"I have done very little. Good-bye. You will hear from me tomorrow."

He left the house rather abruptly, and retraced his steps to the station in doubt whether the visit had been a success. At least it had stayed the longing he had had to see her once more, and convinced

him, if he needed any convincing, that he had not forgotten her in the smallest degree. She was ten thousand times more attractive to him now in her poverty and loneliness than she had ever been in the days of her happiest fortune.

He reached his chambers in the Albany half an hour late for dinner, a most unusual occurrence in his methodical, well-ordered life. His valet, Grimston, regarded him with a furtive anxiety as he waited on him, fully conscious that something ailed his master. He ate sparingly that evening, and had very few remarks to make. Grimston saw that he was preoccupied, and full of serious thought, and began to fear that further business troubles might be looming ahead. Grimston had proved, even in his uneventful life, that misfortunes come not as single spies, but in battalions.

The real trend of his master's thoughts would have surprised and dismayed him had they suddenly been revealed. Grimston's fears regarding the amenity of that comfortable bachelor establishment had not received any shocks for a long time, and he had arrived at the definite conclusion that Lidgate was not a marrying man.

He went out immediately after he had drunk his coffee, lighting a favourite cigar as he left the house. In the street he hailed the first hansom, and gave the address of Hyde Park-square, where he arrived soon after nine o'clock. He was not on terms of sufficient intimacy with Archibald Currie to warrant dropping in of an evening for a friendly visit, but he knew enough of the man to feel assured at least that it would not be resented, and that the nature of his errand would be sufficient to justify a departure from the usual routine. In the day time they were both busy men with their time fully occupied, and a quiet half hour at night would be infinitely better for arranging something concerning the future of Reedham's son.

Mr. Currie was at home, the butler informed him, but engaged for a few moments. Would he step in? As Lidgate put his hat down in the inner hall the door of a room at the further side suddenly opened, and Katherine Wrede

appeared. She started a little at the sight of Lidgate, and, then recognising him, came forward with a ready smile.

"Mr. Lidgate, isn't it? You wish to see my uncle? He is engaged for a few moments. Will you come in here?"

Lidgate thanked her with his pleasant smile, and followed her into the room she had just left; once the morning-room, but which Katherine had converted into a small drawing-room, where she sat a great deal. The big double drawing-room on the first floor was now seldom used, except on the occasion of the large and rather stately dinner parties which Archibald Currie gave once or twice in the course of a year.

"We have not met for a very long time, Mr. Lidgate," she said. "Did I hear from someone that you had been to America, or have I dreamed it?"

"You heard aright; I have only just returned—last Saturday, in fact."

"You had a pleasant voyage, I hope. My uncle won't be long. He is engaged with a gentleman from the office. He dined with us this evening, and they have had a little private matter to discuss. They may be back here again. Has the man taken your name to uncle, I wonder?"

"It doesn't matter," said Lidgate quickly. "I shall be very glad of an opportunity to talk to you. You might even be interested in the matter about which I have come tonight."

He could not help admiring her as she sat under the soft shade of the lamp, the delicate light falling on her beautiful face and giving wonderful sheen and richness to the folds of her brown velvet gown. It was a very simply-made gown, all straight lines and folds, but it had true artistic effect.

"I am sure I shall, if it interests you. Tell me about it."

"I have been this evening to see Mrs. Reedham—you know who I mean?"

Her face instantly assumed an expression of the deepest interest.

"Mrs. Reedham—why, yes, of course. Tell me about her, all about her, at once. I would like to go to see her sometimes, but—but she told me quite frankly it would be better not; and when she said

it, from her point of view, it really seemed better. But I often think about her. How is she getting on?"

"Not well," he answered without hesitation. "It is a frightfully sad case, and a case which it is difficult, if not impossible, to help."

"Is—she in need of any kind?" she inquired, with a wistful, eager note in her voice. "It is dreadful to associate her with such a question; but you know how I, and a great many other people, feel about her, and how terrible it is to stand by and do nothing."

"I quite understand. She has had a very bad year. She has had boarders at her house in Clapton, but she is not the sort of woman to make such a business pay. She gives them too much for their money. I am afraid she is very poor. I wished to talk over her affairs with Mr. Currie, if he would give me a few minutes of his time. If he would take the boy and give him a helping hand, that would mean everything to them. I would take him myself at London Wall, but, as you know, I am only a junior partner, and I would not dare to suggest it."

"Don't I know it?" she said, with a little grimace. "It is a very sad case, hedged about with every conceivable kind of difficulty and hardship. She is so innocent and so sweet. It is hard how the innocent have to suffer in this world. The injustice of it all often stings me."

Her voice quickened, and her eyes were full of eloquent feeling.

"I am so glad you have come to Uncle Archie. He will think of some way. He always does. At Christmas he sent her twenty pounds anonymously, and he has sometimes spoken about her. But when I saw her she was doing well with her boarders, and she told me quite frankly she was not in need of anything, except to be left alone to live her own life."

Lidgate nodded.

"She told me that tonight—I mean what had passed between you—but I think she may have regretted it. She is very lonely now, it is easy to see."

"Then I will go again. I should like

to go tomorrow, perhaps," said Katherine eagerly.

"I would wait a little," he counselled. "At least till we have settled something between us. You understand how more than willing I am to help her, only in my case it is even more difficult than in yours."

"I can see that. You were very intimate with John Reedham, were you not not?"

"We were like brothers once. We lodged together in our young manhood for seven years, and—and we both loved the same woman."

The words were out before he could keep them back, and though his face flushed a little, he was conscious of a sudden and sweet relief.

Of one thing, at least, he could be sure that Katherine Wrede would not misunderstand. She possessed in a very rare degree the gift of sympathetic intuition, which so often dispenses with the need for words.

"Oh, how you interest me!" she said, leaning forward with a soft beautiful light in her eyes. "And yet how terribly sad it all is! I have never understood how a man like Reedham could go wrong. He had everything to keep him right. Has the mystery ever been cleared up?"

He shook his head.

"It will never be now, I fear."

The significance of his words were not lost upon her.

"You believe that he committed suicide," she said with parted lips.

He nodded.

"In my own mind I have not the slightest doubt of it. How else could he have eluded the vigilance of the police?"

"It has been done," she suggested. "One night Major Pollock, from Scotland Yard was dining here, and it made me quite creepy to hear him talking about the number of mysterious disappearances there are in London. Men, and women too, simply fall out, and are heard of no more. They go out from their homes in the morning apparently in good health and spirits, and without any pressing cares, and they never come back."

"They have ulterior motives, I should say, in every case. They leave London and hide themselves in other countries."

"The Major says not. He says more than half create new personalities, new careers, new environments for themselves, in fact, become different people."

Lidgate did not seem credulous.

"Such a course would not have been possible to poor Reedham. I am forced to the conclusion that there were wheels within wheels, a portion of his life that we never suspected. And I am certain as certain as one can be of anything for which there is no ocular proof, that he is dead."

"It would be better so, perhaps, and one day in the future you may perhaps comfort his poor wife."

"I would marry her now, Miss Wrede, but I dare not ask her. She is still absolutely devoted to his memory."

"Ah, but one cannot live forever on memory," she reminded him. "I do hope it may come to pass. You have been so truly a friend to her, you deserve happiness. And I shall always be glad that I have known this."

"I had no intention of telling you. I betrayed myself because you are so sym-

pathetic. I have not yet ceased wondering at myself."

She smiled, and at the moment held up a warning finger.

"Hark, I hear them coming out of the library."

At the moment the drawing-room door opened and Archibald Currie, a fine and picturesque figure in his velvet coat appeared. He nodded pleasantly to Lidgate.

"I shall be with you in a moment, Mr. Lidgate. Charlton is going. Katherine, come and bid him good-night."

They left the door ajar, and Lidgate could see out into the spacious hall. The man they called Charlton stood under the hall lamp, a figure of ease and grace. His clean-shaven face showed clear cut as a cameo against the bright light. It was not familiar to Lidgate, yet somehow it interested him deeply. As Charlton turned to bid Miss Wrede good-night, he glanced back and saw Lidgate where he stood before the fireplace in the inner room. He turned away with such sharpness that Katherine Wrede was surprised. Almost before the door closed upon him he took out his handkerchief to wipe the cold sweat drops from his brow.

(To be continued.)

The Last Fight of the Tennessee

Patrick Vaux

IN MOBILE BAY, ten minutes to nine on the sunny morning of August 5, 1864, a most amazing spectacle was to be witnessed. A single Confederate man-of-war, the Tennessee, was moving out from under the shelter of the guns of Fort Morgan to attack the Federal fleet of three heavily-armed monitors and fourteen wooden ships of war, their crews already flushed with victory. The clatter of projectiles against the armor of the Tennessee was to mark a contest as homeric and desperate, if

not as deadly in effect as the Revenge's great and glorious fight against the Spanish fleet off Flores in the Azores, 1591. It was to be that the Confederate surrendered only when nothing was left to her either for defence or flight.

Between 7 and 8:30 o'clock that morning, Admiral Farragut, that master of war on the waters, had at last taken his fleet up the Main Ship Channel into Mobile Bay, over fields of torpedoes and submarine mines and past the terrible bat-

teries of Fort Morgan with its thick pall of multi-colored smoke.

"D—n the torpedoes!" he had cried, amid the terrific crashing. "D—n the torpedoes! Go ahead. Four bells. (The engineroom signal for full speed ahead.) He was to see a few seconds later, when his retreat was impracticable, one of his monitors, the *Tecumseh*, sent bow first to the bottom by an exploding mine.

"Everything has a weak spot, and the first thing I try to do is to find out where it is, and pitch into it with the biggest shot or shell that I have, and repeat the dose till it operates;" This is the confession of faith stated by the great Admiral just prior to the attack. Yet, not only could he state a principle, but he could enforce a way of doing things. His finest feat was at Mobile Bay on *Sta. Cruz de Tenerifo*, 1867.

It was against him, then, one of the three great admirals of the modern navy and backed with the concentrated strength of the Northern fleet, that Admiral Buchanan was throwing himself, so heroically, so regardless of consequences.

Buchanan, wounded when commanding the *Merrimac* in her first engagement—March 8th, 1862,—when she slaughtered the frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*—was an officer full of pluck and audacity; was much of the very man to lead a forlorn hope. What he decided to do, he did with all his will. There was no half measures with him. Yet he was only too apt to put down his head, and blind with *Kriegslust* smash recklessly into the enemy. Had he kept in shallow waters, and attacked the Federals' wooden ships at long range he would have effected much and inevitable destruction, the monitors with their heavier draught and short range smoothbores, then being unable to get at him. But like to a berserker of old he had taken his fate into his hands.

The build of his ramshackle ironclad was on the lines of the *Merrimac*. Like her, she steered badly, was propelled by cranky, paralytic engines doing barely 6 knots; and was manned with 138 of a complement; raw, untrained in naval efficiency. Yet steadily, valiantly, was she

now steaming across the smooth waters of Mobile Bay to fight a force twenty-five times her strength.

Behind her gun-port shutters of 5-inch iron, alert gun-captains stood ready to click the defective primers of six rifled cannon, two 7.12-inch 100-pounders, mounted forward and aft, and two 6.4-inch 95-pounders on each broadside. Gun squads held themselves braced and taut in body for instant duty. Behind her 5 to 8-inch armoured sides was as brave a crew as ever got scourged by resentful nerves.

In the plated pilot-house of her, Buchanan had noted the enemy hurriedly getting under way again. Attack the ram, not only with your guns but bows, at full speed, had been Farragut's signal to his ships. His surgeon he had sent over to monitors moored some distance away, with instructions for them to move in to the attack.

About 9:30 a. m. the U. S. *Monongahela* opened the last naval fight of the Southern Confederation. At full speed she rammed the clumsy ironclad, fair amidships on her starboard side. On board the *Tennessee* lurching port-shutters slid open and rifled guns bellowed forth their deadly missiles. The broadside of the *Federal*, discharged at right angles, pattered like to hail against the thick plating of the undamaged Confederate. Suddenly the thundering *Monongahela* swung away.

To port, the *Lackawanna* was charging down. She smashed against the port quarter of the *Tennessee*, but failed to hurt her; slowly came round and for a few minutes lay alongside, keeping up a hot musketry fire on the enemy's gun-ports, and hammering out with the only 9-inch gun available. One of the *Tennessee's* port shutters was beaten in by the continuous rain of shot. Its iron splinters harrowed the adjoining gun crews, flaying the flesh, and lodging deep in wincing bodies. The ironclad's shell burst inside the *Lackawanna* with disastrous effect, the red-hot fragments firing the shattered wood. Yet the Northerners served their guns coolly. One of them giving ear to scurrilous speech, flung at them, picked up a holystone—the first

thing handy—and slinging it through the Confederate's open gun-port, smote him into silence.

But a sterner foe, Farragut, in the wooden-walled Hartford, was now bearing down, and Admiral sought Admiral. Bow-on, the two antagonists tramped toward each other, both intending to ram. Nearer the bellicose vessels swept. Suddenly the Tennessee swerved, fearing to be dragged down by the rammed battleship; gusty mouthed men breathed easier and plied their mighty guns. The Union's flagship ground along her side, 9-inch missiles hopping off her plating. Well it was for the Tennessee her sides were thick, for the primers of all her guns save one, had missed fire. The crew of the flagship heard the harmless clinkings.

It was now the infuriate Lackawanna, having circled round, bungled her steering and collided against the Hartford's starboard side. Indignantly the flagship talked to her: "For God's sake, get out of our way, and anchor," and plunging ahead at full speed again made to ram the enemy.

Intrepidly the Confederates awaited her onset for the stability and strength of the ironclad had calmed feverish men. Soon the prickling blood of fury and desperate action was to enflame their louring faces, for the monitors at last were closing in, slowly, deliberately as if sure of their prey. It was now to be armoured vessel against armoured—a contest for which the South was ineffectively furnished compared with the North and her trained naval personnel.

On board the Tennessee there was esped a hideous looking monster creeping up on our port side, where a slowly revolving turret revealed the cavernous depths of a mammoth gun. Throughout the Confederate's casemate rang the order, "Stand clear of the port side." One moment later, a deafening detonation thundered out, a burst of thick sulphurous smoke seethed against the port gun shutters of the Tennessee, and the 16-inch shot of the Manhattan's pierced iron plate and wooden packing. But the huge projectile stuck in the side of the enemy, her inside nettings caught the splinters, and no casualties resulted.

Then the Confederate's great guns be-

gan to splutter madly, chaotically, and the besmudged faces of her swaying gunners assumed rigid lines, for now the guns of the other monitors, Winnebago and Chickasaw, were thwacking out at them. A far-spreading drift of smoke settled down, splashed crimson and orange by fire from the great guns. Amid their stunning, interminable roaring the Tennessee was reeling and shaking and staggering, for the Winnebago and Chickasaw were pounding with square-headed, steel bolts at the after part of her casement, starting the armour, and shooting away her steering tackle. Her funnel was carried away, short within the casemate amidships, and smoke poured into the confined battery, coil upon coil, dense, stifling, intolerably hot. One gun became disabled, and three port-shutters got jammed in their sides. Still black-bodied men cursing, grunting, gasping in that unbearable atmosphere, strove to work their guns. If obduracy and effort ever won a fight, the Confederates had been victorious that morning.

An effort was made to clear away the porthole shutters. One of the engine-room staff, with intrepidity hardly ever equalled, leant himself against the side of the casemate, and began hammering the pins out of the jammed lids. It was just outside where he was working, that a projectile hit the plating and caused such a tremendous concussion that he was scattered piecemeal, over the grimy deck.

The Confederate flagship was helpless. She was an inert hulk of old iron now. Her Admiral was lying below, severely wounded. She could neither fire a gun, nor manoeuvre, ram or do any further damage whatever; yet for twenty minutes more she faced the fire from the monitors, that were most energetically battering her frames apart. Then, with Buchanan's consent, the white flag was shoved up into the air through the casemate grating, but not being observed by the enemy, had to be waved by Captain Johnson from her upper deck, a very hurricane of missiles whistling about him.

Close on 10 o'clock it was when the Federal flag was hoisted on board the Tennessee. The last note of the South's marine had been sounded. April 7th, 1865, dates the collapse on land of the resistance of the Southern Confederation.

The Shadow of a Great Mistake

Isabel Macdonald

EFFIE'S heart misgave her as she looked at the remainder of that half bag of flour. She could have made two more pies, but the dripping was done and there was only enough butter in the cellar to last till the next churning. She had hoped that the thrashers would have finished that last stack of wheat in time to get over to Cummin's for their supper, but it was five o'clock now and they stopped at six.

She knew the men would grumble, but old Burrows was angry and objected to their being too well fed. They were a "damned lazy lot," he said, and Effie was to blame for their "loafin' around so long." His thrashing had not been done in the stipulated time. There had been a slight fall of snow one day and the stacks got damp, then something had gone wrong with the engine and there was another half-day of idleness. Joe Wilkins was running the engine and the old man had given him a blowing up about it.

At half-past five Effie peeped out of the kitchen window to see if the men were finished at the stacks. She saw Joe Wilkins break off from a group standing by the engine and come toward the house. She wondered what brought him—perhaps he had something to say to Burrows—but no, that could not be, for yonder was the old man himself, walking back and forth by the granary. She put on a clean apron and fluffed out her hair a bit—it was a red gold that shone in the sunlight, setting off her pale, clear skin to advantage.

"Ah, Miss Miller, I guess you thought you'd got rid of me and jolly glad of it, I reckon, but here I am back again in spite of fate."

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins, what have you done to your finger?"

"Just chopped it off, but not quite. I'd just like to wash my hand and wrap it up a bit."

She had disappeared ere the words were out of his mouth to fly back with a basin of warm water, a piece of white cotton, scissors and thread.

"I wouldn't mind having you always when accidents happen," the young man said softly, as he felt the soothing touch of her deft fingers binding up his maimed hand. Her face was bent a little lower over her task as she replied, "I reckon you weren't coming up to the house again if this hadn't happened."

"Eh? What's that you say? Well I guess if I hadn't been coming back to-day or to-morrow, I'd have been the day after."

"Ha, ha, Mr. Wilkins, do you think I believe you?"

"Honest, I mean what I say. I am coming around with the cutter some of these days when the first fall of snow comes. You'll come with me for a drive, won't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins, but you are not coming just for me, are you?"

"Sure. Won't the old lady let you go?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but—it's very kind of you, but, there must be someone else you'd like to take, is there not?"

"Well, not that I know of, and if there is, they'll just have to be kind of self-sacrificing for a while," Joe replied, with a merry light in his eyes.

The drive came off all right. It was the first time Effie had ever been in a cutter and to her intoxicated senses, the sweet tingling air, the rhythm of sound and sight and motion over the beautiful snowy ground seemed like a dream of heaven. Joe drove past his own place, "just to let her see the shack." It was a snug, cosy log house of three apartments, well plastered and neatly finished inside.

Having inspected the premises, including the sod roofed stable and the straw stacks, where Joe's ten head of cattle were feeding, they drove back across his east quarter-section, "a fine bit of land,"

as he said, which would yield good crops when he got it broken.

Effie was not surprised when they drove up the banks of the ravine, where the horses had to walk and the bells softened from a merry jingle to an intermittent melody, that Joe should slip her hand into his beneath the buffalo robes and, as he searched her fair little childlike face, make the old request that is fraught with all the tremulous hope and desire of which the human heart is capable.

And Effie! Was it mistrust of her own heart or some memory of the past that made her face grow strangely pale and the little hand tremble so within his. No, she did not say "yes," but Joe was to understand that they might still be friends. She knew his pride was wounded, though, and that vague misgivings would stir within his heart; he would think he had been too hasty or that one of the other fellows had got within the sanctuary of her affections before him. For Dan Skimming had made bold to show Effie that he was smitten since the first day of the thrashing. He had boasted to her that his team were the best in the neighborhood, and that he was going to put up a frame house in the spring.

"You 'er coming in?" she said as they drew up in front of the Burrow's house.

"No, thank you; I have to go home and fan some wheat now. I am taking a load into town to-morrow."

The blue grey yes looked up into his with a wistful, yearning expression, but her lips refused to plead their cause. She knew that Joe was angry with himself and with her as he turned the team and drove home. She watched him drive down the road, then she went into the house and up to her own room to sit there a long time dry-eyed and tearless, with her little pale face buried in her hands—only a deep drawn sigh now and then as if striving to lift the dead weight of her own heart.

It was old Mrs. Burrows who managed it—how, it would be difficult to tell. But the old lady had a shrewd knowledge of the world together with a certain spontaneous kindness of heart, though not over-burdened with sentiment, and she had taken to Effie from

the first day she came to the farm as a hired girl.

"They're just the very fit for each other and there that girl is wastin' her life mopin' and sighin' all the day when she might make a decent match and have a bit home of her own. Say Father, can't ye get Joe over here on some pretext or other?"

The old man wasn't paying any attention to her just then, but suddenly he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked round at his wife, "What's that ye were saying Mother?"

The old couple had once had a little daughter who had died from want of proper medical skill in the hard early days. It was away in those dim and misty years that are never to be recalled, but "Father" and "Mother" they had always been to each other since then.

"Bring Joe over here? Ay ther's the new well to crib—he might gi'me a helpin' hand wi' it."

Joe had been reluctant to come. Effie knew why and she secretly feared for them both, knowing that Joe's embarrassment would be as great as her own should Mrs. Burrows "walk into him" as she threatened to do. Her fears were realized as she listened behind the kitchen door the first day he came to assist with the well. It was after dinner and Joe had sat down by the fire to have a quiet smoke, unsuspecting of the old lady's confidential mood.

"See here Joe Wilkins, I was jes sayin' to Father the other day, what's the use o' folk spoilin' life a' for a bit nonsense. The old man turned on me and says, "Mind yer own business, woman, and let them be," but I says to him, says I, "No, that's not my way. Ye mind how I asked you a straight question and you had to say as what ye meant by comin' over home an' sittin' aside the stove every night. Bill Slocum had done it for a year an' it was that awkward; I never could git the kettle off the stove or open the oven door when I was in a hurry. An' then first thing as I knew he's taken up with Kate McGee and married her in three months. So I just says to myself, kin' o' knowin' like, I'll have no foolin' from Jim Burrows—and that was how

we came together. But Effie hasn't the grit—she's only a lassie, ye know, an' ye musn't mind her being a bit shy, Joe. Ye're the very fit for each other, as I said to the Old Man, Effie can milk and bake and churn good's the whole bunch o' them Morton girls. She's a ketch for any lad, an' Dan Skimming's runnin' it pretty close with you Joe. He'd be for drivin' round here every night if the Old Man didn't let him know as he grudged the hay for his team."

Effie felt that Mrs. Burrows' well-meant advice would be enough to frighten Joe away forever, and from a casual remark he let slip that night she suspected that he intended to skip clear of the well cribbing before it was finished. On the second morning, however, when they started work he had the misfortune to lose his footing on the slippery, ice-sheeted edge of the well and fall in, resulting in a broken ankle and very nearly costing him his life.

Joe was carefully tended in the days that followed—a doctor was brought from town and with Effie's skill at nursing the ankle soon healed. He was low spirited, however, and protested that he must go home for this was a time when he could not afford to be idle; he had only sold one load of wheat and the rest was not cleaned yet, and there would soon be a slump in the elevators. But Effie laughed and chatted like a light-hearted child, though sometimes there was a pensive sadness in her eyes when absorbed in thought.

Six weeks elapsed after Joe went home before the Burrows household saw any more of him. Effie used to watch for the light in his shanty at night. It could be seen by standing at the west end of the stable, and she knew just when he had finished the chores in the evening and went into the house to light up. She wondered if he felt lonely and what he had for his supper.

Dan Skimming still persisted in making his presence familiar at the farm. But two nights before the ball at Walker's, Joe put in an appearance again. Effie was preparing supper and Dan was sitting with his feet up on the front of the stove. When Effie opened the door

for him, Joe walked in with an unconcerned expression, which was evidently assumed, for Effie knew of the antipathy between them, and she could see that the presence of the other man would be like a wet blanket on Joe's spirits, whenever he entered the house. Yet it was not her fault that Dan was loafing about, for he was pretty thick-skinned, and it took more than a gentle innuendo to let that gentleman know that his company was unwelcome.

"Do you suppose I could borrow half-a-dozen bags off the old man?" Joe asked in an abstract, indolent tone as he warmed his hands before the fire.

"Sure—I just patched some old ones yesterday for the men, and they said this morning they would not need them now, as they've got the grain all busheled," Effie answered, assuming that the question was addressed to her. "Yes going to put up the horse, Mr. Wilkins," she added, glancing out of the window.

"Well, I don't know," Joe replied with a diplomatic attempt to veil his motives, "Perhaps I might, though," and with assumed indifference, as if acting on second thoughts, he swung out of the house.

"Mr. Wilkins—Joe!" she said softly, as she came out after him with a shawl thrown over her shoulders; "there isn't room in the stable for your pony. Skimming has his team in, but couldn't you—" She thought for a moment as if devising a means to detain him.

"Well, I guess, you see, Effie, I thought as you might come with me to the dance over to Walker's to-night—we could start right off, ye know."

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins!"

"Will you come, or not?" There was firmness, even a rough note in Joe's voice.

"Yes, I think I might," the words came forth in a tremulous whisper, but his alert ear caught the answer.

Then Effie ran in and Joe led the horse round to the sheltered side of the house, and threw one of the fur rugs over it, for protection.

There were plenty of gossiping tongues in the neighborhood to spread the news far and wide that Joe Wilkins had taken Effie Miller to the dance; the truthful

facts soon dwindled into dreamy fiction, and ere a week had elapsed since the night of festivities at Walker's, the news was scattered broadcast over the country side that Joe and Effie were engaged. Perhaps Mrs. Burrows had a hand in it, seeing that her mind was set on the match, but be that as it may, the young people did not appear to resent it, further than a casual contradiction on Joe's part, when questioned directly upon the subject by Bill Morris. But he muttered to himself immediately after that "folk needn't ask such personal things as a fellow has a right to keep to himself."

The upshot of it was that one crisp bright day, the week before Christmas, Joe and Effie drove over to River Bank, and got the Rev. McVane to marry them. They were settled down in their own snug little home for at least five days before the startled neighborhood knew what had happened.

But it was not always a safe thing to disappoint the local gossips of what they considered their legal prey, and Effie, by doing so, merited their displeasure to such an extent that all that winter vindictive little tales were circulated about her housekeeping, her husband and even her own family connections, of which they knew nothing, but had, on this account, all the more room for speculation.

Joe and Effie, however, lived happily indifferent to all such warring winds without, sheltered and content within their own snug little log house, with its white plastered walls, its polished stove, uncurtained windows and ornate rag carpets on the floor, the art of making which Effie had learned from motherly old Mrs. Burrows.

Of a winter's night, when the wind howled outside and the snow drifted in eddying wreaths up against the shack, Joe would come in from doing the chores and sitting down in front of the stove with his chair tilted back and his feet stuck up before the blazing fire, would light his pipe and sit there with a smile of meditative contentment on his face.

It gave Effie a loving satisfaction to see him thus, and yet deep down in her heart it strengthened the pain of that dreadful doubt and uncertainty, which against all

the temptations of a happy home, had held her back so long from marrying Joe. She sometimes stopped, conscience stricken, to wonder if some horrible punishment would not be meted out to her in payment of her injustice to him, for that portion of her life which she had held back from him.

One day in early spring, when Joe had just commenced the harrowing, and after a hard morning's work was watering the horses at the well, the dog suddenly flew down the road, barking furiously. Rover had an inveterate hatred of strangers, and could scent them a mile away. Effie looked out of the window and her eyes followed the resentful old collie; she could see a man crossing the field of last year's breaking, that bordered on Bill Morris's homestead. The man was evidently a stranger, else he would not have got off the trail. Joe was watching him, too, and waved to him how to get round the slough, after mounting the fence.

Something in the man's appearance, as he drew nearer awakened an unpleasant apprehension in Effie's mind. She tried to persuade herself that she had not seen him before, but her fears grew into certainty as the man approached. She recognized the battered felt hat, and who else but Sam Petrie could have that slouching gait. He had once been shot in a saloon brawl, and his left leg was stiff. Effie leaned against the window, a chill dread at her heart and her mind stunned into inaction. She had once feared Petrie, but now it was a feeling of bitter hatred that took possession of her. How had he dared to come here with the villainous purpose of ruining her happiness.

Joe was hospitable, and was sure to invite him in. Through the open door she could hear their conversation.

"Fine day," the stranger said, slouching up with his hands in his pockets. "Gettin' a bit like spring now," he added, coming to a standstill and glancing up into the vast azure canopy, where a dark triangular streak moved northward, indicating a flock of wild geese on their return flight.

"Ay," Joe responded. "I reckon ye're a stranger in these parts?"

"Ye've struck it right."

"Spent the winter here?"

"No, just out—and I'm lookin' up a job of some kind. I met a man, as I came along the trail, who said as he thought you might want help for the spring work, so I supposed there'd be no harm in trying you."

"Umph," Joe was doubtful that any of his neighbors would have made such a suggestion, knowing that he never hired help except at thrashing time. "Well, ye see it's like this, a fellow like me wants to do his own work, if he can. It's more saving."

"Wouldn't you want a helpin' hand with the harrowing, just for a week or two? I've done a bit o' harrowing on a farm down eat, for a few days, before I came up here," the other responded.

"Have you walked all the way from town? Come in and have a bite of dinner with us."

Was it possible he did not know of her whereabouts, Effie asked herself. That he had only come here by chance? They had gone down to the stable with the horses and she could think a bit. The table was set and the dinner was cooking on the fire. She could avoid detection by feigning illness, knowing that her white face and shaken nerves would carry out the deception, and Joe could attend to the visitor himself.

Shutting herself into the bedroom she revolved in her mind all possible means of escape from the cruel humiliation which she felt to be inevitably facing her. Like a person in the desperate throes of drowning, the whole panorama of her past life was flashed before her with a painful knowledge that all was about to be lost.

The men entered the house and sat down. There was silence for a few minutes, and then she heard Joe apologizing for her absence.

"I guess the wife was not expecting visitors, or maybe she is out feeding the chickens. But sit in to the fire and warm yourself, while I go and hunt up the Misses." Joe, acting on first thought, was just going out of the house when he heard his wife's voice feebly calling him from the next room.

"Why, what's the matter, Effie? You look as white's a ghost. You've had a faint, eh? What's come over ye, lass?"

"I got a fright when I saw you coming in with that ugly looking man," she replied, her large blue eyes speaking the truth of it like a child.

To this Joe laughed incredulously. "I reckon he aint an old lover o' yours, eh? He's from the other side and seems a sort o' decent chap—he wants some work badly, and I've kind of half promised to give him something to do. What's wrong Effie. Why do you look at me like that?"

For answer Effie only gave a hysterical laugh. She was half reclining on the bed with tear-stained cheeks and a woe-begone expression Joe had never seen before.

"I wonder that you don't know better than to waste yer pity on the scum o' the earth, Joe—ye'll find him like all the others—a lazy good-for-nothing."

"Well, it's this way, Effie, I don't exactly need him, but I like to give a fellow a helping hand now and then." But Effie's face hardened.

"I wouldn't have brought him into the house if I'd a been you—he's such a ruffian like—I saw him through the window."

"Well, I guess I'll have to get him some grub anyhow. Where do you keep things?"

Effie gave him directions about the dinner and soon she heard the men pulling in their chairs to the table.

"Ye're fixed up kin' o' snug here, ain't ye Just late married I expect."

"Ay, that's so," Joe responded phlegmatically.

"Umph! Things go kin' o' smooth for a while," Petrie's voice had an audible sneer in it.

"You speak a bit sarcastic. Ever tried it yourself?" Joe answered with an attempted civility.

"Waal, I reckon so. The gal ran away."

"Oh, you were kind of broken up about it and came out here, eh?"

"That's about it. I'm looking for her."

"Then she came to this country too? I'd have stayed on the other side if I'd

been you. Nothing like having space between you when once you've quarreled."

"Yes, my friend, but ye see I don't mean to allow no such tantrums as that. When a man's married he's married and his wife hez a right to stand by him."

"Well I haven't had to think the matter over, Mr. Petrie, because Effie and I have never had a quarrel yet. But it seems to me if I were a gel as wanted to be left alone I'd get to know how to handle a revolver. That's what they do here."

"Ye mean to say that ye would shelter the lass agin her husband?"

"No, Mr. Petrie, I didn't exactly mean that—I merely suggested as there might be faults on both sides. But never mind, we wont say no more on the subject seeing as I don't know her nor much about yerself either."

So it was evident Petrie did not mean to reveal himself to Joe just at once. There was some comfort in this, though it did not quiet her turbulent feelings. What other devilish scheme would he employ to torment her, she asked herself, for she more than suspected now that he knew she was Joe's wife.

The men finished their meal without having much more to say to each other and to her great relief she heard them rise and go out of the house.

Joe came in again to tell her how he had succeeded in getting rid of the visitor. Effie watched jealously for any indication of suspicion in her husband's face and manner, but it was evident that their conversation outside had not revealed any more to Joe than she had overheard.

Joe drove into town the following Saturday to buy some farm implements. It was unusually late when he came home. Effie had stood long outside the shanty in the chilly moonlight listening for the rattle of the wagon coming down through the ravine.

"What's kept you till this time of night?" she asked him as he unhitched the team. Joe only gave a grunt in response and she knew that something was wrong.

His face had a sullen look as he came into the house. "Tell you what, lass, it's

you that's getting a name round the country-side."

"What's put you out o' sorts tonight, Joe?"

"I'm not out o' sorts, wife, all I want is a straight answer to a straight question. How is it you come to know the man Petrie? I kind of thought as there was some reason for your being so scared of him."

"Joe, who said as I knew him?"

"Don't yer face tell it?"

"Joe! Joe!" Effie trembled and tears choked her voice as she threw herself down on the couch, "it's all lies they've been telling you. Who says I knew him? You don't mean to tell me as you'd believe what Petrie would say. You know as well as I do he's a man as is not fit to live. Joe, it's downright cruel of you to bring this up against me." Her eyes brightened with something like the look of a deer brought to bay when it suddenly feels the strength to defend itself, and she anxiously searched his face for the effect of her words.

Effie knew what his thoughts were, that his mind was not at rest, but that Joe had a manly spirit which forbade him trying to ferret out things. The knowledge of what she felt to be her own unworthiness gave her the most poignant self-accusation, and yet what would a confession mean—she dared not think of her own utter desolation without Joe—rather would she have told a thousand lies than risk losing him, her husband, her all in the world. Did she not value his love more than any other woman possibly could, after all the bitter suffering she had come through?

Day after day she hoped and feared alternately, knowing that while Petrie was in the neighborhood all her dreams of home and happiness might be blasted any moment he chose to raise his hand against her.

It was the day that Sandy McAllister drove up in his wagon to consult about some seed wheat he was buying from Joe, that her fears were realized as to Petrie's mischief-making. She had watched them from the window, their heads bent in earnest conversation. She

saw a strange pailor on Joe's face, his lips moved as if muttering a curse and he strode off toward the granary without further parley with the other man. Sandy looked after him, whistled to himself and then came up and knocked at the door.

He smiled sort of sheepishly as Effie came out to speak to him. "No, I'm not coming in, Missis. I reckon yer husband's a bit upset by something I said to him." "It 'ud be a bad lookout for that fellow Petrie if Joe got unto him just now," he added with a knowing look as he jumped into his wagon.

When he had gone Effie ran into the house and dropping on her knees, with her head falling forward into the big rocking chair that Joe always sat in; she prayed in a spasm of heart-struck repentance and grief for her own wretched fate in being the cause of all this trouble and misunderstanding. Couldn't some super-natural agency intervene to sooth Joe's mind and banish that evil man from the neighborhood. Her poor mother had always said that prayers were answered and she prayed now with her hands clenched together, and offering herself to heaven as a sacrifice if only the happiness of their home should not end in shame and sorrow.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and rushing out of the house ran down the road like some wild terrified creature. Bursting open the door of the granary she looked up to the wall on the right hand side. She saw the empty pegs and his cartridge belt hanging there but the gun was gone! What had he done? What was he going to do? Would he be tempted to commit a crime that would send him to the penitentiary for life. Poor Joe! And it was all her fault. She knew him too well. Joe was hard to anger but there was a primitive spirit of righting one's wrongs by blood that she knew to be latent in him. She leaned against some bags of wheat standing in the corner, her breath coming fast and her thoughts in a wild whirlpool of ineffective madness.

She knew too well where he had gone. Petrie was working Bill Morris' new quarter section, and Petrie was the ob-

ject of Joe's revenge. What could she do? If only she could warn Petrie before Joe found him. With an effort she roused herself into action.

Leading the old grey pony out of the stable she tied a couple of sacks on his back in place of a saddle. Joe had taken the short cut through the woods; she had seen him disappear in the distance as she left the house, but by taking the new trail she figured upon being across the ravine before him. But the ravine was boggy and it took her a long time to find a sure footing for the pony.

When she reached the field of breaking she saw the team standing at the end of the furrow but no sign of their master, till the sound of angry voices, as she rode up, attracted her attention to a clump of bushes some few yards off. Her heart almost misgave her at this moment. It was the penalty of her long effort to keep Joe in the dark as to the terrible secret of her own life.

The two men did not notice her approach till she drew up beside them. Joe gasped and for the first time she saw a look of fear come over his face. "You here, Effie? What's wrong? You don't mean to tell me as there's a word of truth in what this blackguard says, and that you've been deceiving me all along?"

She looked at him with wild, staring eyes. How could she answer him? The cruelty of it seemed too hard to bear, for the moment, though she had lived it over in bitter anticipation all those weeks since Petrie first came to the neighborhood.

"Joe, I knew as this 'ud come some day and it's no use me asking your forgiveness now. I don't deserve it and I know you can't do it. But oh! if you knew how I have been punished. I didn't want to ruin your life and I tried hard to send you away, fearing as I couldn't trust my own heart. But I loved you from the first day as I set eyes on you, when you held the lid of the kettle so as I should not scald my fingers, and it was so hard. Mrs. Burrows said as how it was downright sinful that I should spoil both our lives and I began to see it that way too, though she didn't know that I had mar-

ried Petrie when I was sixteen and that he was still living. I was just a child staying with my step-mother who didn't want me, and I believed him when he told me how good he would be to me and was glad to leave home. But he was drunk the day of our marriage and struck me because I wouldn't give him Grandmother's gold pin I was wearing. I found he hadn't a dollar saved up and there was no food in the house, because he'd been drinking for three days and pawned his clothes, so I slipped out of the house and ran home. My brother, Bob, protected me and said as he wouldn't see me go back to Petrie while he lived. He told me my marriage vow was not binding on account of my youth, and that I could start life anew. But Petrie hunted me like a hare till Bob sent me out here. We thought Petrie had no money and would never find me. But I never meant to take up with anyone else till I met you, Joe, and then it seemed so hard. Oh! Joe, I vowed I would be true as gold to you all my life."

"Ay, ye see now as ye've been callin' me a lier and such rot for nothing," Petrie jeered.

Joe looked at his wife. She could read in his face a grief deeper than her own. Suddenly it came to her with a shock of remorse that he too must have had long days of a pent-up dread. Why had she not trusted him? She fell on her knees, "Joe! Joe, if I'd a thought you'd have stood by me I'd have told you all—but—I was afraid you would hate me." She spoke low, her voice hoarse with a throbbing emotion. Joe's face was white, his eyes looked set like those of a man who ascends the scaffold. He did not answer, he did not even look

at her, but turned and strode across the plowing.

There was a shriek like the death-cry of some wild woodland creature and she had bounded after him and held him tight, "Joe* Joe! you're not going to leave me—not with him. You don't know him; he would kill me."

He turned to her with a face void of passion now and in his voice no note of anger, only a deep, raw grief: "Effie, why did ye come to me lookin' so innocent when yer heart was deceitful? Think what it means to me, an honest man, to bear shame and disgrace in the neighborhood because his wife lied to him."

"Joe, I knew it was wicked, but, oh, I was so frightened—to lose you!" It was all she could say for herself, but what advocate could have pleaded her cause so earnestly as the wealth of meaning hidden between those words, "I was so frightened—to lose you."

"Effie, though I was for blamin' you just now, I tell you what, lass, it's only your love as matters to me. Yon scoundrel is not your husband in God's sight or mine, for you were and are still a child, but I left you to choose between us." Joe looked back at the man they had left. "Give him time Effie and don't fear, lass, so long's I'm here; he'll be gone tomorrow."

Effie never knew why, for he was always mild and gentle to her, but other men feared Joe as well as Petrie, and when word went round that that individual had cleared out it was generally conceded to be a good riddance. In consequence, his capacity for tale-bearing was regarded as natural an offshoot as the fungus that sprouts on a rotten tree, and not even the gossips suspected it bore some foundation.



One Glimpse of High Life

St. John Bradner

THERE is a secluded part of St. Jame's Park, where, screened by trees and shrubbery, a bench has been placed, and any person seated thereon enjoys an immediate view of the artificial lake, with its swans, ducks, and wild fowl. A gravel path passes this bench between it and the water, and now and then someone strolls along the path, but usually there is no such traffic here as that which flows over the bridge, where pedestrians find a short cut from Piccadilly to the Victoria Station district.

A girl of rare beauty and dignity of bearing sat on this bench and gazed dreamily at the view before her. She was dressed with an air of distinction, and a connoisseur in costumes would have read Paris in the exquisitely fitting garments she wore. Her fashionable hat formed an appropriate climax to a toilette that characterized her as a woman of taste, and it set off her abundant wealth of tawny-bronze hair, as the perfection of art always enhances the perfection of nature. Young women, quite plainly in a more humble station of life, passing down the path, cast envious glances at the slightly disdainful figure seated there, but the lady of the bronze locks, her splendid eyes fixed on the distance, was entirely without cognizance of these promenaders' existence. An open book lay face downwards on the bench beside her. She had tired of reading, and now her thoughts engrossed her; perplexing thoughts, even disturbing thoughts, if one might judge by the slight wrinkle on her fair brow, and Edward Totley, passing her for the fifth time, could not but notice this distraction of expression, wondering if it betokened knowledge of his frequent saunterings back and forth, and whether this made the chances of inaugurating an acquaintance with the haughty beauty more or less difficult.

At last his opportunity came, and he seized it with almost overdone avidity. A sudden movement on the part of the sifter disturbed the balance of the book by her side. It rocked for a brief instant on the edge of the bench, then fell to the gravel. Totley sprang forward, stooped, picked up the volume, and, with a bow that subtly suggested the shop-walker trying to be more than ordinarily polite, handed it to her, saying:

"Your book, I think, Miss."

She glanced carelessly at the volume, probably had forgotten all about it; then her fine eyes surveyed the young man before her from head to foot, and he reddened slightly under a scrutiny which seemed to appraise him at slight value, and cast him aside.

"Thanks," she said coldly.

She did not take the book, but there was dismissal in her glance, and dismissal in the one careless word she had drawn. But the young man, abashed as he was, did not take his departure, nor place the book once more on the bench, as perhaps he should have done if he had been as truly courteous as he wished his suave bow to indicate. He looked at the title in gold at the back of the book.

"Ah," he said, with a certain radiance of expression, "I see you are an admirer of the great Cora Parilla."

The young lady slightly raised her eyebrows, and an expression of annoyance, which for a brief instant swept over her face, departed as quickly as it came. A slight glimmer of amusement played for a moment around those delicately chiselled lips. Here before her stood something new and unusual in her experience. She seemed to enjoy his increasing confusion as time passed before she replied.

"I do not aspire to be an admirer of Miss Parilla, although I have been given to understand that her works are extremely popular with the middle classes."

"They are that," said the young man with fervour. "I like them myself."

The young lady inclined her head, more perhaps to conceal the flicker of amusement which illuminated her highly bred face.

"I can quite believe that," she said, "but I am reading this work, endeavoring to obtain some idea of the point of view of those who labor."

"Really?" cried the young man. "Why I read them for exactly the opposite reason. They give such grand pictures of the expensive lives led by our aristocracy and the people of wealth. For instance, where can you find such impressive language as that used in describing the grandeur of the ball at the Duke of Tottenham's town house?"

For the first time during this impromptu conversation, a real smile illuminated the countenance of the lady.

"His Grace the original of the character called the Duke of Tottenham in this book is a very old and dear friend of mine. The charming old man is slightly deaf, but nevertheless I read to him the grandiloquent account to which you have just referred, and the ancient nobleman, with his hand to his ear, listened attentively. Do you know what his criticism was?"

"I do not," replied the young man eagerly, "but I should be much interested to learn."

The eyes of the young lady grew tender as her mind dwelt reminiscently on her elderly but noble friend.

"His Grace dismissed the subject with the one expressive word 'Rot!'"

"You amaze me," said the young man, with a note of sadness in his voice. "Am I to understand that our aristocracy are given to the use of such low—and if I may say so, vulgar—expressions, which I thought passed current only in White-chapel."

"I regret to say that they do," replied the girl, the smile leaving her face. "The deterioration of high society, in the matter of conversation alone seems to me one of the most deplorable signs of the times. I attribute it to the advent of Americans with their slang, and to the welcome extended by even the most select circles to

South African people, whose only recommendation is their wealth. I remember when association with the smart set was not so easily attained."

"Surely, Madam," said the young man with great deference, "you are too young to have seen much change at the distinguished altitude at which you evidently move."

The young woman graciously inclined her head.

"Even in my short life I have noticed the decadence. But tell me about yourself. May I ask your name?"

"I am called Edward Totley, and I belong to the drapery department of *Sherard's Stores*. Indeed, I think, madam, I have had the pleasure of seeing you there."

The young lady slowly shook her head. "I do most of my shopping in Paris," she said. "I am going there to-morrow."

"Ah, you are fortunate. I have often thought of taking a week-end in Paris, but I never seemed to be able to spare the money."

"I don't know that you have missed much," she answered. "I care little for Paris except as a shopping centre, and to attend the balls at our Embassy. I much prefer Vienna, or even Rome, although in the winter Cairo is sometimes worth while."

"Why, you must have travelled a great deal," said the young man with respectful admiration.

"What else is one to do?" asked the girl, with a slight shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Won't you sit down, Mr.—er—er—"

"Totley," prompted the young man.

"— Mr. Totley. Would you mind telling me something of your mode of life and your aspirations?"

Mr. Edward Totley sat down on the bench, thanking her for the permission, and she placed the closed volume between them.

"If I may make so bold," he stammered, "may I venture to ask by what term I am to address you?"

"Call me Lady Gladys," she replied simply.

"I thank your ladyship," he said gratefully. "Well, my mode of life is of the

simplest. I occupy a back room, third flight up, in Stanley Street, not far from the Stores. I make my own breakfast over a spirit lamp, and get to my business by 8 o'clock prompt."

"Surely the Stores do not open at that early hour?"

"No, your ladyship, they do not, but we must arrive early to arrange the fabrics in which we deal."

"How interesting! And lunch?"

"Well, your ladyship, we call it dinner, and during the busy season it proves a hurried meal. It is enjoyed on the premises, and costs from eightpence upwards."

"Dear me, do you mean to tell me that a meal can be purchased in London for eightpence?"

"Oh, yes, madam—I mean, your ladyship, and they'll do you exceedingly well for a shilling. Supper I generally take at a restaurant, or perhaps content myself with a bit of bread and cheese in my room."

"Really, I am very much obliged to you for this account of the day; and now, what are your aspirations, Mr. Topley?"

"Topley, your ladyship."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Topley."

"I hope in time, by strict attention to business, and an intent to please customers, that I may become the manager of the department."

Her ladyship sighed deeply.

"You seem to think that an ignoble ambition, I fear," protested the future manager.

"Indeed, no, you quite mistake my mood. I was contrasting to my own disadvantage the useful, industrious life you lead as compared with that dull, trivial round which circumstances compel me to follow. Dinners, balls, receptions, the Riviera, Egypt, or Algiers in winter, country house party after country house party after the season in London, a bit of summer at Trouville or Ostend, hunting during the month of the fox, and the shooting on the moors or the fishing in the lochs and rivers of Scotland. Oh, the weariness of it all, the weariness of it! The same inane people, the same in-

ane remarks, an unceasing treadmill of frivolity."

"Well, you know, your ladyship, I should like to have a taste of it. I could do with a bit of tiring of that sort, but, my eyes, it must take a pot of money."

"Oh, money," cried her ladyship. "Yes, I suppose it does. I am at least saved any worry about money. That is all attended to by my man of business. Indeed, when the wealthy Baron de Mournville proposed to me the other day, I said to him wearily, 'Why should we join those two huge fortunes, when each of itself is already too large,' and he answered, 'Egad, your ladyship, the whole modern tendency is towards combination.' Alas, how can one look for unbiased love amid such an environment."

"Well, your ladyship, with such beauty as you possess, and such charm of mind as you have already displayed during my short acquaintance with you, if I had the courage——"

"Spare me any compliments, I beg of you. I have heard them all time and again, and in various languages, while you, I take it, are restricted to English only, which does not possess that flexibility that robs flattery of its nauseating fulsomeness. Cannot you see that although we sit here together in the Park, without having undergone the formality of an introduction, the difference in our stations renders any attentions I may receive as disinterested."

"I fear that is too true," murmured Mr. Topley, drawing a very deep breath. "I suppose that any protestations I might make——"

"Quite so," interrupted Lady Gladys, with a tone of finality. "Let us talk of something else. How is it that you, a young man bound down by hours, as I may say, are able to spend an afternoon in the Park?"

"Oh, this is my afternoon off. Each of us in the drapery department has one afternoon a week to himself."

"Ah, I see."

"But it is no less remarkable," continued Mr. Topley, "that your ladyship should be here sitting on a bench unattended."

Her ladyship smiled indulgently.

"My attendant is not far off," she said. "Did you come into the Park by the entrance near the Ritz Hotel."

"Yes, I did."

"Perhaps you failed to notice a large red motor car standing there?"

"I saw it, as a matter of fact. A very fine one I judged it to be, with a dignified, imperturbable chauffeur in brown livery sitting there like a statue."

"Ah," said her ladyship, smiling, "that is Fritz—that is my attendant."

"Am I to take it that the car is yours, my lady?"

"It is one of mine," she said, rising slowly, "although I think I like my black electric brougham better. Now I must bid you good-bye. I am due at the Countess of—"

Mr. Topley rose also.

"May I escort you to your car?" he asked.

"No, no, not for worlds. I could not have the dignified Fritz think I had met you here by appointment, and his station in life is such that he would entirely fail to understand the casual nature of our meeting, and the quite impersonal turn our conversation has taken."

"May I accompany you part of the way?"

"Sir, I trust to your honor neither to accompany me nor to follow me. If society knew I had stationed my motor car there in order to meditate upon human problems alone in the Park it would think me demented. It is my only chance of escaping for a moment from the treadmill. I carry this book, not to read, as you may have surmised, but as an excuse for sitting here, gazing at those who pass me, and meditating on the mystery of their lives. You see, Mr. Tottem—"

"Totley, your ladyship."

"—You see, Mr. Totley, how I have revealed to you my inmost thoughts. Do not spoil the sweet remembrance of our casual meeting by being so banal as to follow me."

"May I not hope, your ladyship, that we shall meet again?"

Lady Gladys shook her head, the young man thought somewhat sadly.

"A second meeting is unlikely. Our paths must sever. To-morrow morning you will be behind your counter, and I shall be on the Dover express. Good-bye and thank you so much for your interesting conversation."

After a momentary hesitation she extended her hand to him. He took it with a courteous deference that seemed to her accustomed eye not entirely composed of a shopman's politeness. He bent and touched the dainty fingers with his lips. Next instant she was gone. When the shrubbery screened her from his vision the young man ran, not after her, as he had been forbidden, but along the path which joined the broader way that led to Piccadilly. His speed to that thoroughfare attracted some attention from the Park police, but he was not interfered with. On the opposite side of the street from the red motor car, where the statuesque chauffeur still held his station, he waited. By-and-bye the tall and elegant form of her ladyship appeared. She cast one brief admiring glance at the great red machine but instead of taking her seat in it, she rapidly crossed the road so directly towards the perturbed Mr. Totley that for a moment he thought she had recognized him, but such was not the case. She walked directly to the servants' entrance of a mansion, and there was met by a flurried man-servant, who spoke so loudly that Mr. Totley overheard.

"Susan, Susan," expostulated the other, "whatever kept you? Her ladyship is in a rage. She says you will never finish her packing in time."

"I became so interested in my book," replied Susan, with a tremor of alarm in her voice.

"I knew that would catch you," said the other, and the door was closed.

The young man with a sigh crossed the road, opened the side door of the red motor car, and seated himself.

"To the Club, Henri," he commanded.

"Very good, my lord," replied the statuesque chauffeur, and next instant the great piece of mechanism was purring like a kitten along Piccadilly, and down St. James's Street, and into Pall Mall.

Love's Cross Purposes

Isabel Bowler

"O H," said the fair-haired girl, reining in her pony at the summit of the rise, "isn't it glorious! Clorinda, look at the changing colors on the mountains, and that blazing gold and crimson sunset, as if the end of the world had come with blood and flames! But," with a little catch of weariness in her voice, and a sudden descent to the mundane, "I am so tired that I would fall off only that I have stiffened into this position, and in any event I shall perish of hunger in ten minutes more."

The other turned her eyes slowly from the many-colored panorama stretching to the West, with a little absent smile at the absurdity of her companion's conclusion. Then she noted the drooping figure and the pallor of fatigue showing through recent tan, and said penitently.

"Poor Allie, I'm a brute to forget how little used you are to riding, why, you must be simply worn out. We've ridden forty miles since noon; I wonder how you stand it so well. But the camp is just over that hill—brace up, honey, we'll be there in a minute." At the prick of the spur the ponies shook off their weariness, scenting home, and dropped into a rocking gallop.

"Don't you ever get tired?" said Alicia, her eyes dwelling unconsciously on the strong lithe curves of the other's figure, that swayed and answered to the swinging gait of the horse.

"Tired!" with an expressive flash of white teeth. "Hardly; but poor old Chico often does," and she leaned forward to pat the sorrel pony's neck. "Before the round-up's over you won't know how to get tired either."

"I wish it could last forever," sighed Alicia. "Wasn't it dear and lovely of Uncle Jim to let us come with them on a

real round-up, when we—I mean, when I am so much in the way all the time. Oh I never dreamed of anything so—so wild, and Western and picturesque; and I think the cow-boys are so romantic. I can never get to see enough of this life."

"Dad is an old darling," Clorinda assented, continuing categorically, "but you know you are not a bit in the way and we all just love to have you; and you must be a wonder if you can find anything romantic about the cow-punchers; I can't, and I ought to know them." Clorinda forgot the transfiguring glamour of novelty. They were topping the next rise by now; at its further foot, snuggled in the curve of a lazy, willow fringed creek, lay the round-up camp.

Three big tents and a little one stood about irregularly; but just at this moment the life of the camp seemed to focus around the chuck-wagon, beside which glowed a big portable sheet iron stove in charge of a fat, cook. Further down the creek, the strings of saddle horses spread themselves for half a mile, grazing under the lazily-watchful eye of a solitary, cigaretteful cowboy. Half-a-dozen cattle of varying ages moved restlessly about within the strongly-built, six-foot pole corrals across the coulee, gazing out through the bars with red, resentful eyes or sniffing suspiciously at the smouldering remains of branding-fires. They were all that were left of the hundreds of snorting, wild-eyed brutes that had been driven in, branded or otherwise dealt with, and turned loose again headed toward their home ranches in the course of the day; and for various reasons they had been reserved for the next day's business.

All this Clorinda's gaze took in as a thing familiar and expected as the atmos-

phere of home; her glance settled on the group about the chuck-wagon.

"Look, Sang has supper ready," she announced. "Four, six, seven—why, there's an extra man tonight. I can count nine besides dad. There, don't you see, sitting beside Mexy, and a tenderfoot, too, by the sign of his yellow gaiters." She dropped her hand from shading her eyes as they rode up, and reined Chico suddenly to his haunches, cowboy fashion, sitting straight and slim, with the last golden glow from the sunset bringing points of living fire from her chestnut hair and topaz eyes.

The men sprawled carelessly about on the grass in the lee of the wagons, half rose and greeted the girls merrily and several of them rose and strolled over to take the horses. The foreman, a careless, handsome giant in worn leather chaps, and a soft shirt, lifted Alicia from her saddle as easily as if she were a child, with a certain grave courtesy that seemed always her due, and an underlying hint of tenderness that had so far passed unnoticed, even by himself, perhaps; but before such help could be offered Clorinda she had swung to the ground as lightly as a cat.

The stranger had risen, too, and stood hat in hand; he was well built, if slight, and wore his correctly made riding togs with an air that spoke of city parks rather than the breezy freedom of the prairie. His smooth hair was brushed from a pale, high forehead; in his grey eyes the look of weariness habitual to one overgiven to introspection was replaced for a moment by a glimmer of curious interest as they rested on Clorinda.

He drew his reluctant glance from her as Alicia came forward, smiling pleased recognition; but Clorinda, unusually observant, fancied there was also a hint of arrogance, an assurance of welcome, that grated on her sensitive pride in a way she could only feel and not define. She had grown very fond of the slender, blue-eyed cousin.

Was it only ingrained shyness, or some more special cause of embarrassment, that brought that sudden tide of color to Ally's face, Clorinda wondered. ! She

bent her head indifferently to the confused introduction:

"Arch—Mr.—Mr.—Staynes, let me present you to my cousin Clo—I mean, Miss Macklin. You've heard me speak of Mr. Staynes, I'm sure, Clo; a great friend of brother Jack's."

"I am always pleased to meet my cousin's friends," said Clorinda. "But you will excuse me a moment; I should like to refresh myself before supper." With a touch of brusquerie she turned away and disappeared into the small tent. Staynes followed her with his glance, totally misapprehending the meaning of her manner. "A shy, *gauche* little country girl," he reflected, "but what eyes—and, gad, what a mouth!"

Alicia's voice, forcedly merry, brought him back. "Does this remind you of camping in the Adirondacks, with three guides apiece and all the modern conveniences? And what stray wind blew you to our little corner of earth? I thought you were in Japan."

"I was—three weeks ago," he answered, "but I had enough of lotus-easing for a time, and a sudden fancy took me to see the West again—besides," and from long habit his voice dropped half a tone; "I knew you would be here; Jack writes me as often as I can persuade him to."

The blood reddened her transparent skin again; she laughed a little nervously.

"That's very nice of you—but you must excuse me too, for a moment only," and she went away hastily after Clorinda. In her averted face a keen observer might have read both embarrassment and relief, as well as a certain confusion that showed she had reached a stage where some re-adjustment of old and new view-points was imminent.

Clorinda was pulling the comb savagely through her thick waves of chestnut hair, scowling into the little cracked mirror; at Alicia's entrance she smiled unconsciously and kissed her. She was striving to bring clearly to memory some hints and vague confessions, but nothing crystallized definitely out of it except the name, "Archie Staynes," and the certainty that some interruption had just prevented a formal engagement. She

sighed; he had roused something antagonistic in her, and the reflection that unless he were serious he would hardly have followed Alicia all this way to resume the affair was not, in her present state of mind, comforting. So, with human fallibility, she read her own meaning, which might or might not have been the true one, into Alicia's pink cheeks and troubled blue eyes.

One mistake at least she made; Staynes had come to the West primarily on business. True, he had meant, "if he had time," to look up Alicia Wayne; but chance had brought him to her sooner than he had expected. Now he was, as usual, trying to define his own emotions at seeing her again, with no very satisfactory results, for some troublesome factor which he could not quite analyze was obscuring his mental vision.

When the girls appeared again the others were busily despatching the evening meal, sitting about on the ground or on anything that would serve, tin plates well laden on their knees, tin cups of steaming coffee in their hands. Staynes was talking to Mr. Macklin and had not commenced; he quietly brought them their portions while they fell upon Clorinda's father with glad ejaculations. Clo accepted her supper from his hands with brief thanks and went away to perch on the wagon tongue. Alicia made place for him by herself on a folded tarp. As he began his meal Clo's voice drifted to him:

"Sit on the ground and let your feet hang over, Mexy; you've got my seat of honor on that wagon-tongue. That's better—thanks! Say, you should have seen Ally and me pursuing a ferocious coyote pup to-day; it must have weighed at least three pounds, mostly ears and feet. We surprised it down by the Cottonwood Coulee and took after it yelling—yes, Ally yelled for the first time in her life. I heard her. We got quite close, and I thought to capture the savage brute alive, so I took down that highly ornamented rope from my saddle horn. I got it uncoiled all right, and swung it with really fine effect. If Remington or Russell could have seen me then, it would have ensured me undying fame.

But something happened; please don't ask me what. Anyway, the rope seemed to get tangled just as I let fly; it went flop to the ground right in front of poor Chico, and he lit in it with both front feet. Well, after I had got tired of standing on my ear on an ant-hill, I rose and unwound about three half hitches and a true-lover's knot from Chico's fore-legs and gently helped him up; then I looked round and there was Alicia sitting stock still on her pony, her face frozen into an expression of horror and her mouth still open and fixed for that yell. She had been too scared to move."

Her story finished in a burst of laughter from the punchers. "What became of the coyote?" inquired Jack Barnes.

Clorinda paused with a forkful of beans poised in mid-air, and transfixed him with a glance of grieved reproach. "And is that all the sympathy I get? Maybe Alicia knows what became of the coyote. I lost interest in it about the time I discovered that ant-hill." Her sweet, throaty voice trailed away plaintively, she sighed, still contemplating the beans, and then ate them meditatively. Presently, under her breath she queried of Mexy, otherwise known as Mexico Bill Farrell: "Who's the maverick?"

"Him," said Mexy, with a lofty disregard of grammar and a lift of his eyebrow to indicate Staynes. "Name's Stein or something like that: staying at Hooper's ranch down Milk River; blew in to-night with the boss. Rides like a jumpin'-jack."

"M-Mm," she murmured enigmatically, and fell silent, while the object of her curiosity was, less directly, trying to obtain some information about her.

"Miss—Miss Macklin, your cousin, is a fine rider, is she not? he said carelessly to Alicia, after a brief discussion of home topics and a sketchy description of his impressions of Japan.

"Oh, Clo is simply splendid on horseback," she answered with enthusiasm; "but then, she's splendid anyway. Her father idolizes her, you know, and around the ranch she does as she pleases. Indeed, she could run the place as well as anyone; she's always been with him when at home. And she can shoot, and

throw a rope, or drive a sixhorse team—oh, she's wonderful." To Alicia these accomplishments were indeed much more wonderful than such of Clorinda's as she forgot to mention, such commonplaces as her ability to sing and play; and although she added that Clo could speak Peigan, she forgot to mention that she could also speak French. Therefore to his former impressions Staynes added that Clo was "a hoydenish tomboy, half Indian, in fact. 100 bad, with that face—" but, of course, nothing of this appeared in his speech. He was an adept with the small change of conversation, so the evening passed pleasantly enough; Alicia made her fatigue an excuse for retiring early.

To the secret dismay of both the girls, and not a little to his own amazement, the next morning found Staynes accepting an invitation from James Macklin to spend the rest of the days of the roundup at the Macklin camp. As the only idle member of the party, he usually made it his duty to escort the girls on their rides; sometimes Joe Devereaux, the foreman, made a fourth, but not often, for his position was no sinecure. Clorinda was generally pleased with the addition; she was always rather silent and reserved with Staynes, and it irked her naturally buoyant spirits to maintain such an attitude day after day. But with Alicia it was otherwise. Sometimes she was her old self, and chatted unconstrainedly with Staynes of old times; but Devereaux' presence never failed to recall the embarrassment and shyness of the first evening of Staynes' arrival.

More than once, to Clorinda's secret fury, Staynes deftly manoeuvred with Devereaux to change partners in the ride; and the fact that she could find no overt cause for complaint in his speech or attitude only annoyed her the more. Presently he found himself taking infinite pains to please her, spending half an hour at a time trying to coax a smile into the depths of her golden eyes. One day he wiled her for full ten minutes into forgetting her secret resolution not to like him—and for the rest of that day she spoke not at all.

Ten days after his arrival, and the last on which he would be with them, she was once more scowling earnestly into the little cracked mirror as she adjusted her stock tie preparatory to mounting. Outside the tent she could hear Staynes' languid, pleasant tones addressing Alicia, and at the sound her brows became one straight black line above her lowered lids, while her mouth drew to a streak of crimson. "Fool," she addressed herself inwardly. "Be honest about it with yourself—bah, I'm sick of this pretense of hating him—I like him, yes, I do—and he would like me if I would let him—and he's Ady's sweetheart. And what under Heaven either of us can see in the supercilious, dandified, useless, bored-looking creature —" She flung out of the tent, caught Chico's reins from the ground where they trailed, and vaulted into the saddle merely by laying her hand on the pommel, without touching the stirrups. Before the other two could mount she had three hundred yards start, riding straight and hard, with head bent and sombrero pulled down over her eyes.

When the others caught up to her she found Joe Devereaux had made an excuse to join them; he declared he was going their direction for a few miles anyway. As Alicia and he were deep in conversation and riding so close their knees touched, she did not try to interrupt them. Staynes ranged his horse alongside her; she looked blankly out over the landscape.

"Don't you think you are rather unfair to me?" he said presently.

"No," she answered briefly, uncompromisingly.

"Then what good reason have you for being so nasty to me?" he persisted.

"I am not nasty to you," she said coldly.

"You are not nice to me," he smiled.

"Why should I be?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps out of the depths of your natural amiability, or because I am your father's guest," he teased.

She flushed. "I am sorry if I have seemed rude," she said gravely, and before he could press his advantage she

spurred Chico to a pace where conversation was impossible, although he kept close to her side as she fled.

Thereby she undid herself. For on looking around again, half an hour later, neither Alicia nor Joe were in sight, although Staynes still rode by her, courteously silent. Again she flushed nervously.

"Have I really been rude to you?" she said, in a low voice.

"Very," he said in a light, bantering tone. "Tell me, do you honestly dislike me?"

"I did at first," she answered.

"But now?"

She fumbled awkwardly with her riding quirt; it slipped to the ground under Chico's feet, and the pony stopped. Clorinda and Staynes sprang to the ground for it almost simultaneously.

They had been riding straight up the coulee away from camp, to the Westward, and had been ascending most of the way. Here the country was growing more broken and rolling, and the little creek ran in a narrow valley between cut-banks which at some places were thirty to sixty feet high. They dismounted almost at the verge of one of these cut-banks; the buffalo-grass grew to the last inch of it, and in some cases the tough sod held in a little shelf beneath which the brown clay soil had crumbled away. Ten feet from where the ponies stopped was a sheer drop of perhaps twenty feet of bare yellow-faced cut-bank, and below that for another twenty feet the slope of crumbled earth was barely sufficient to give foot-hold to an active climber, down to the trickle of water which September had left in the coulee bed.

With a murmured thank you, Clorinda caught up her whip and walked nearer the edge, looking down the valley. He followed and stood at her elbow. His gray eyes held a hint of amusement, more than a hint of determination, and a growing glimmer of something else that might have been more dangerous than either. They were fixed on a little glinting curl just behind her left ear, that stirred softly in a passing breeze. He was conscious of an absurd desire to

kiss it. The suggestion of unyielding rigidity in her straight young figure only brought a maddening, perverse desire to crush her within his arms until she *should* yield. But his voice was languid and even as he repeated:

"Do you dislike me now?"

"N-not so much." He laughed quietly at the grudging tone.

"Then give me a little chance," he said.

"A chance for what?" She turned her head slightly, regarding him through lowered lashes, and something in the pose or look fired the glimmering spark in his eyes to flame. There was nothing cold about them now. But her thoughts were really with Alicia; she never noticed. In fact, she was repeating Alicia's name as if it were an invocation against the powers of evil and her own young blood.

"A chance to——" He never finished the sentence, for she had faced him now, head thrown back a little, golden eyes mysterious under dark lashes, color rising, and the ripest, reddest mouth ever meant for kissing curved to a defiant pout. He stopped with a quick, indrawn breath, then with one sweeping movement, caught her in his arms, lifting her bodily until his lips met hers.

"You little witch," he muttered fiercely. "How dared you look at me like that?"

But the first blinding second had passed, and she was mistress of herself. With a movement as lithe and unexpected as a wildcat's, she twisted from his grasp.

"Dare!" she choked. "Dare! You——" with a sudden descent to the purely primitive, she struck him full on the cheek with one small gauntleted hand.

Instinctively, unconsciously, he moved no more than a few inches sideways, but it was enough; under his feet the thin shelf of sod gave way, and before her uncomprehending eyes he suddenly disappeared over the edge of the cut-bank.

Clorinda never lost her head in an emergency. Now she neither screamed nor fainted, nor did any of the other foolish things usual to women. She flung herself first face down on the grass and

peered over the edge where Staynes had fallen. He was lying limply at the foot of the cut-bank, beside the water; down stream a few feet his hat bobbed and floated; his face was a splotch of white to her tear-blurred eyes. She looked up and down; either way it was a good five hundred yards to a path whereby she could scramble down. It would take too many precious seconds to go that way. Unhesitatingly she ran to her pony, took the long rawhide lariat from the saddle, and slipper the noose of it over the horn. At the familiar pull of it Chico looked at her wisely and braced his feet, a trick that any cowboy knows. She tossed the loose end over the cut-bank, gripped the rawhide firmly in her stoutly gloved palms, and slid lightly over.

The leather slid warm between her fingers, then she had a footing on the steep lower slope. Another second, and she knelt beside the still figure in the grass. Big tears were rolling from her eyes, but she never stopped to brush them away. There seemed little wrong with him except a slowly rising lump on the back of his head, where he must have struck a stone, and some minor scratches. He was breathing reassuringly, though not for several minutes after she had doused him with a hatful of cold water did he open his eyes.

His first words were: "Thank you—and, if you can, try to forgive me."

She stiffened. "You will oblige me by keeping silence about—that. Now be quiet until I can fetch the ponies down; you cannot make the climb yet." She walked away without a backward glance; though he never knew it was for the good reason that she dared not let him see her emotion.

They rode home in almost utter silence. Once he winced as his weight went on his left foot, for the ankle had been severely twisted; and she glanced at him with eyes full of pity, but looked away again without speaking.

Nearing the camp, they rounded a thicket of box-elder suddenly, and Clorinda reined Chico in sharply with a little audible gasp. There was Alica and Joe Devereaux; they had evidently dismounted for a drink. Jot was lifting Alicia to the saddle again—but as he did so he held her in his arms for a moment, and she turned her mouth frankly to his for a kiss. They had not seen the others approaching; and they did not now, for Clorinda caught her companion's bridle and forced both the horses back out of sight again.

"Now tell me," she said, "did you know?" The backward movement of her head indicated her meaning.

"No," he returned.

"Weren't you engaged to Ally?"

"No," he repeated. "But I had meant to ask her, last spring."

"Ah," she said, "then you—are in love with her?"

"Don't you think it is my turn to ask a question?" he said, parrying hers. "Will you answer one?"

"Perhaps."

"Are you afraid to?" teasingly.

Her head went back haughtily. "I am not afraid of anything."

"Then," he said, "why did you kiss me and call me 'dearest' when I was lying at the foot of the cut-bank?"

She looked at him in utter dismay; and then, with total unexpectedness, said, "You cheat!"

"Admitted," he said. "Though it does not answer my question. Now listen," he reined in beside her, caught her deftly about the shoulders and turned her face to him, looking into her eyes, "if I tell you that I love you, better than anything in heaven or earth, will I need then to answer what you asked?"

Her answer was too low to catch, but he seemed satisfied.

"Sweetheart," he said, and kissed her lips again. Then they rode homeward together.

The Conjured Melons

Frank H. Sweet

MOST people who like history are familiar with the national story of Marcus Whitman's "Ride for Oregon"—that daring horseback trip across the continent, from the Columbia to the Missouri, which enabled him to convince the United States Government not only that Oregon could be reached, but that it was worth possessing. Exact history has robbed this story of some of its romance, but it is still one of the noblest wonder-tales of our own, or any nation. Monuments and poetry and art must forever perpetuate it, for it is full of spiritual meaning.

Lovers of missionary lore have read with delight the ideal romance of the two brides who agreed to cross the Rocky Mountains with their husbands, Whitman and Spaulding. How one of them sang, in the little country choir on departure, the whole of the hymn,

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,"

when the voices of others failed from emotion. They have read how the whole party knelt down on the Great Divide, beside the open Bible and under the American flag, and took possession of the great empire of the Northwest in faith and imagination, and how history fulfilled the dream.

Oregon and Washington are full of monumental legends, as grand as those of the pioneer colonies of the East; Vancouver, the original explorer, if we discard the charming romance of Juan de Fuca; Puget, the poetic lieutenant of Vancouver; the old merchants of Astoria; the Boston fur-traders, and, more heroic than all, the missionaries who offered to the cause their lives, and thought no more of themselves.

Theodore Winthrop prophesied that in these April empires of the setting sun re-

ligion itself would one day find a higher and more luminous development. Whether this prove true or not, Oregon and Washington are already rendered immortal by the souls of their pioneers.

At the time of the coming of the missionaries the Cayuse Indians occupied the elbow of the Columbia, and the region of the musical names of the Wallula the Walla Walla and Waiilatpu. They were a superstitious, fierce and revengeful race. They fully believed in witchcraft or conjuring and in the power to work evil through familiar spirits. Everything to them and the neighboring tribes had its good and evil spirit, or both—the mountains, the rivers, the forests, the sighing cedars and the whispering firs.

The great plague of the tribes on the middle Columbia was the measles. The disease was commonly fatal among them, owing largely to the manner of treatment. When an Indian began to show the fever which is characteristic of the disease, he was put into and enclosed in a hot clay oven. As soon as he was covered with a profuse perspiration, he was let out, to leap into the cold waters of the Columbia. Usually the plunge was followed by death.

There was a rule among these Indians, in early times, that if the "medicine man" undertook a case and failed to cure, he forfeited his own life. The killing of the medicine man was one of the dramatic and fearful episodes of the Columbia.

Returning from the East after his famous ride, Whitman built up a noble mission station at Waiilatpu. He was a man of strong character, and of fine tastes and ideals. The mission house was an imposing structure for the place and time. It had fine trees and gardens, and inspiring surroundings.

Mrs. Whitman was a remarkable woman, as intelligent and elegant as she was

heroic. The colony became a prosperous one, and for a time was the happy valley of the West.

One of the vices of the Cayuse Indians and their neighbors was stealing. The mission station may have overawed them for a time into seeming honesty, but they began to rob its gardens at last, and out of this circumstance comes a story, related to me by an old Territorial officer, which may be new to most readers. I do not vouch for it, but only say that the narrator is an old Territorial Judge who lives near the place of the Whitman tragedy, and who knew many of the survivors, and has a large knowledge of the Indian races of the Columbia. To his statements I add some incidents of another pioneer.

"The thieving Cayuses have made 'way with our melons again," said a young farmer one morning, returning from the gardens of the station. "One theft will be followed by another. I know the Cayuses. Is there no way to stop them?"

One of the missionary fraternity was sitting quietly among the trees. It was an August morning. The air was a living splendor, clear and warm, with now and then a breeze that rippled the leaves like the waves of the sea.

He looked up from his book, and considered the question half seriously, half-humorously.

"I know how we used to prevent boys from stealing melons in the East," said he.

"How?"

"Put some tartar emetic in the biggest one. In the morning it would be gone, but the boys would never come after any more."

The young farmer understood the remedy, and laughed.

"And," added he, "the boys didn't have much to say about melons after they had eaten *that* one. The subject no longer interested them. I guess the Indians would not care for more than one melon of that kind."

"I would like to see a wah-wah of Indian thieves over a melon like that?" said the gardener. "I declare, I and the boys will do it!"

He went to his work laughing. That day he obtained some of the emetic from the medical stores of the station, and plugged it into three or four of the finest melons. Next morning he found that these melons were gone.

The following evening a tall Indian came slowly and solemnly to the station. His face had a troubled look, and there was an air of mystery about his gait and attitude. He stopped before one of the assistant missionaries, drew together his blanket, and said:

"Some one here no goot. You keep a conjurer in the camp. Indian kill conjurer. Conjurer ought die; him danger, him no goot."

The laborers gathered around the stately Indian. They all knew about the nauseating melons, and guessed why he had come. All laughed as they heard his solemn words. The ridicule incensed him.

"You one conjurer," he said, "he conjure melons. One moon, two moons, he shall die."

The laborers laughed again.

Half moon, more moons he shall suffer—half moon, more moons," that is, sooner or later.

The missionary's face grew serious. The tall Indian saw the change of expression.

"Braves sick." He spread out his blanket and folded it again like wings. "Braves double up *so*"—he bent over, opening and folding his blanket. "Braves conjured; melon conjured—white man conjure. Indian kill him."

There was a puzzled look on all faces.

"Braves get well again," said the missionary incautiously.

"Then you *know*," said the Indian. "You know—you conjure. Make sick—make well!"

He drew his blanket again around him and strode away with an injured look in his face, and vanished into the forests.

"I am sorry for this joke," said the missionary; "it bodes no good."

November came. The nights were long, and there was a perceptible coolness in the air, even in this climate of April days.

Joe Stanfield, a half-breed Canadian,

and a member of Whitman's family, was observed to spend the lengthening evenings much with the Cayuses in their lodges. He had been given a home by Whitman, to whom he had seemed for a time devoted.

Joe Lewis, an Indian who had come to Whitman sick and half-clad, seems to have been on intimate terms with Stanfield, and the two became bitter enemies to the mission and sought to turn the Cayuses against it, contrary to all traditions of Indian gratitude.

In these bright autumn days of 1847, a great calamity fell upon the Indians of the Columbia. It was the plague. This disease was the terror of the Northwestern tribes. The Cayuses caught the infection. Many sickened and died, and Whitman was appealed to by the leading Indians to stay the disease. He undertook the treatment of a number of cases, but the patients died.

The hunter's moon was now burning low in the sky. The gathering of rich harvests of furs had begun, and British and American fur-traders were seeking these treasures on every hand. But at the beginning of these harvests the Cayuses were sickening and dying, and the mission was powerless to stay the pestilence.

A secret council of Cayuses and half-breeds was held one night under the hunter's moon near Walla Walla or else on the Umatilla. Five Crows, the warrior, was there; Joe Lewis, of Whitman's household, and Joe Stanfield, alike suspicious and treacherous, and old Mungo, the interpreter. Stikas, a leading Indian, may have been present, as the story I am to give came in part from him.

Joe Lewis was the principal speaker. Addressing the Cayuses, he said:

"The moon brightens; your tents fill with furs. But death, the robber is among you. Who sends Death among you? The White Chief (Whitman.) And why does the White Chief send among you Death, the Robber, with his poison? That he may possess your furs."

"Then why do the white people themselves have the disease?" asked a Cayuse.

None could answer. The question had

turned Joe Lewis's word against him, when a tall Indian arose and spread his blanket open like a wing.

It was the same Indian who had appeared at the mission after the trick of the plugged melons.

"Brothers, listen. The missionaries are conjurers. They conjured the melons at Waiilaptu. They made the melons sick. I went to missionary chief. He say, 'I make the melons well.' I leave the braves sick, with their faces turned white, when I go to the chief. I return, and they are well again. The missionaries conjure the melons to save their gardens. They conjure you now to get your furs."

The evidence was conclusive to the Cayuse mind. The missionaries were conjurers. The council resolved that all the medicine men in the country should be put to death, and among the first to perish should be Whitman, the conjurer.

Such in effect was the result of this secret council or councils around Waiilaptu.

Whitman felt the change that had come over the disposition of the tribes, but he did not know what was hidden behind the dark curtains. His great soul was full of patriotic fire, of love to all men, and zeal for the gospel.

He was nothing to himself—the cause was everything. He rode hither and thither on the autumn days and bright nights, engaged in his great work.

He went to Oregon City for supplies.

"Mr. McKinley," he said to a friend, "a Cayuse chief has told me that the Indians are about to kill all the medicine men and myself among them. I think he was jesting."

"Dr. Whitman," said McKinley, a Cayuse chief never jests."

He was right. The fateful days wore on. The splendid nights glimmered over Mt. Hood, and glistened on the serrated mountain tents of eternal snow. The Indians continued to sicken and die, and the universal suspicion of the tribes fell upon Whitman.

Suddenly there was a war-cry. The mission ran with blood. Whitman and his wife were the first to fall. Then

horror succeeded horror, and many of the heroic pioneers of the Columbia River perished.

"The Jesuits have been accused of causing the murder of Whitman," said one historian of Washington to me. "They indignantly deny it. I have studied the whole subject for years with this opinion, that the Indian outbreak and its tragedies had its origin, and largely

gathered its force, from the terrible joke of the conjured melons.

"That was the evidence that must have served greatly to turn the Indian mind against one of the bravest men that America has produced, and whose name will stand immortal among the heroes of Washington and Oregon."

I give this account as a local story, and not as exact history; but the tradition is believed by many in Washington.

The Spirit of the West

Blanche E. Holt Murison

OF what does it consist, this great intangibility—this all-pervading, persistent spell, that grips the senses as soon as one passes the mystic line that divides East and West in this mighty Dominion of Canada? As subtle as the boundless distances of rolling prairie, as elusive as the mist that wraps itself in filmy folds about the snow-crested crags of the Rockies, and yet as perceptible and real as the Sun in his strength. Fancy transfigures every pulsing throb of the pistons of the huge Mogul engine—that like some titanic modern Pegasus bears one on and on to the sunset goal—into gigantic heart-beats, striving to all—express the spacious soul-stirring emotion that filters into one's being with the very air one breathes.

Westward Ho! Westward Ho! The mind becomes obsessed with the one idea—speeding West—speeding West! Through primaæval forests, where in places of desolation blackened stumps uplift twisted fingers in weird uncanny defiance; through tunnels of blasted rock, and monotonous stretches of forlorn loneliness—on—on—while the heart becomes attuned to the same tireless dynamic energy that animates the fiery-tongued snorting steed that is plunging through space, and one welcomes with a wild abandon every strong spurt, every sup-

reme effort that brings into closer consciousness the wonder of the West. The air becomes keener, pregnant with a tang hitherto untasted; a subtle something that thrills through the blood like wine, touching the senses to a strange exhilaration, and filling the whole being with eager anticipation.

Westward Ho! Westward Ho! The rhythmical measure beats through the brain, until it becomes a mild intoxication just to repeat the magic words.

The first peep into the Western wonderland comes at Winnipeg, and here anticipation is hopelessly lost in the glamor of a realization that bewilders. The spirit of the West—it is here; one feels it's potent power irresistibly. Brave, buoyant, indomitable! What a world of wizardry it has created. What a marvelous scaffolding it has builded about itself—that is how it impresses one. Here things are in the course of construction, but the fabric is colossal, and Rome was not built in a day. One of the future cities of the world is here; the thought is borne home at every turn, and the life on all sides reflects the spirit of its people. The spirit of its people is but the visible expression of the Spirit of the West, and as one's own heart, mind, and brain become imbued with the same insidious volatile influence, one ceases to wonder, because many things acquire a

broader significance, and no misgivings find a place in the magnitude of what has been already achieved. In this new world everything is on a large scale, and one is apt to dream great dreams of the future that draws nearer every day to this broad Empire of Vastness and unparalleled Possibilities, where dreams become realities when touched by the magic breath of the Spirit that animates alike the dreamer and his dream, the conception and the consummation. One sees it in the faces of men, one feels it in the strong hearty handclasp, one is conscious of its presence in the very atmosphere; but like a will-o'-the-wisp it eludes, even while it beckons ever on and on. Although one would fain linger, there is no choice but to follow, for the sunset goal is far ahead the challenge of Silence is unanswered, and the mystery of the mountains still unfathomed. As one enters the vast barren spaces in between, the solitude becomes almost oppressive, and one forgets the tantalizing sprite that has hitherto lured one on. All other thoughts are engulfed in the terrific loneliness of the endless empty stretches that drown the senses in immeasurable distance. But the Spirit of the West is triumphant even here, and thousands and thousands of acres are aglow with the flaunting golden tassels of ripening grain. Here the Spirit of the West and the Spirit of Man have met and blended, and the prophetic augury is the promise of a harvest that no man can measure.

Silence becomes attuned to a music that enchants the finer senses with a strange rapture. What the Objective cannot grasp, the Subjective gathers in to its own delight.

There are chords untouched by mortals,
 Intermezzos vast and grand;
 Waiting by the Open Portals
 Of the Silence of the Land.
 All the empty spaces throng
 With the sound of steps untrod,
 While the air grows full of song,
 And the symphonies of God.

One does not need the wisdom of the oracle, or the vision of the seer, to see and feel the Lure of the Land; that irresistible magnetism that draws forgotten

instincts to the surface of the soul to revel in the untrammelled freedom of illimitable spaces. It is this indescribable Spirit of the West that breathes the breath of compensation which tempers the rougher blast of hardship and adverse fortune, that otherwise might daunt or dismay. Face to face with the naked truth of living, life assumes larger proportions and the courage that can dare and win, even against overwhelming odds, is part of the elementary curriculum of the school, where men are taught by the voiceless silent monitors of Nature.

But if the level monotony of the prairie can charm by the very vastness of its sameness and the grandeur of its boundlessness—the majesty of the mountains enthalls and bows the heart in awe. At times the immensity of things seems almost more than one can bear; the senses become satiated with the splendor of scenic effects no pen could ever portray, and no brush, however skilful, could adequately picture. Heaved to heaven, they stand like immutable guardians of the searchless secrets of all ages. One wonders vaguely whether the Spirit of the West can pass this gigantic barrier of forbidding height upon height, crag upon crag. Will it not be lost in the depth of some abysmal canyon, or left inert and frozen in the chilly arms of some great glacier? One becomes speculative in one's conjectures and the curious persistence that has chased this *ignis fatuus* over half a continent perceptibly lessens.

In this higher altitude it is enough to breathe, to fill the whole physical entity with the exuberant joy of just being—and to revel mentally in the consciousness of life. One becomes a creature of elemental forces, of latent possibilities. Thought becomes illuminative, and a sudden flood of inspiration bears one triumphantly to the very marge of the Immortal. But the mood passes—such emotions are ever fleeting, and the mountains stand immovable and silent, wrapt in their inviolable mystery, softly shrouded by a gossamer veil of diaphanous silver, that half obscures and half reveals their shadowy solidity.

Westward Ho! Westward Ho! The scent of the sea is in the air, and the

pageant of the sunset has just begun. It seems fitting that the goal should be reached just as the golden portals open to welcome the tired day after its brief sojourn among mortals. The soul stands almost afraid before the sublimity of the scene disclosed. Mountains, sea, sky and forest, blend in an indescribable beauty, and make a picture that could only emanate from the Master-hand of the Great Artist. A jewelled bridge of tremulous light arches from the horizon to the shore, spanning land and sea, and the distance between the finite and the infinite is lessened for a breathless moment by a sense of soul-communion with the Unseen. With a final spurt and shriek, that sounds almost like a gigantic sigh of relief, Pegasus comes to a halt. The long journey is ended. Then as one looks around, one realizes with a sudden rush of ecstasy that the Spirit of the West

is still present, strong and predominant: that here is the source from which it springs, and that one has all unknowingly been tracing back instead of forward. Here in this beauty spot of earth men have called Vancouver, one feels that this cogent charm is in its own native element. Here in many ways, although not less elusive, it is perhaps better understood; the imaginative scaffolding has been removed in places, and the finishing touch becomes apparent. Although as yet much is in the abstract, much in the dream, the inner sight can catch a far-off glimpse of the concrete structure, that shall stand to future generations as a memorial to that intuitive philosophy, which pervading the Present shall glorify the Future, and guard to grander ends the ultimate destiny of a people, wooed to their splendid inheritance by the Spirit of the West.

Our Empire

Ada Sifton Walker.

God bless our Empire—world renowned,
For striving wrongs to right,
God grant that peace and plenty,
May ever dwell in sight.

God bless our sister colonies,
Their land, their homes so bright;
May peace e'er dwell within their shores
And Right prove ever Might.

May our united voices rise
And ring from height to height
Ring loud for Justice, liberty,
Equality, and Right.

And for our own dear land, we trust
That in all Nations' sight,
Our country's watchword, ever must
Be—Freedom, God, and Right.



Ex-Mayor Carey, with Reminiscences of Lord Dufferin

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

WERE those who deemed their existence indispensable to any community, vouchsafed the privilege of returning for even so brief a season, to scenes of former triumphs, the readiness with which niches left vacant were filled, would certainly be a revelation. The pompous personages, who, bristling with self-importance, imagined that their patronising smile imparted additional lustre to the sun's rays, or, that the wheels of commerce only revolved when they deemed proper to open their front doors, would experience a rude awakening.

In British Columbia, for instance, less than forty years ago, a few scores of malcontents could discover no other panacea for ills complained of, than annexation, consequently, the President of the United States was petitioned to wrap the sufferers within the folds of the Stars and Stripes. Where are those patriots now? It were well to draw the veil over even the names of these misguided experimentalists.

There were others, however, who, responsive to the patriotic appeal of the late Sir Henry Crease (then Attorney-General) chivalrously co-operated in efforts to solidify the chain of provinces now constituting an auxiliary kingdom of

the Motherland. Mr. Crease eloquently portrayed obstacles to be surmounted as well as advantages to be gained, admitting that the issue would tax all their patriotism, all their forbearance, all abnegation of self and selfish aims, dwelling upon the fact that it would be necessary to combine individual power and influence in one effort for the common good. His words were prophetic. True, men like the late honoured Justice Drake, Doctor Helmcken, and a few more, faltered on the threshold, not lacking loyalty nor wavering in allegiance to the Crown; rather, from a sense of loyalty to the Province, misgivings as to commercial results, and a conviction that so important and far-reaching an issue demanded prolonged deliberation. No hesitancy characterized the majority: J. W. Trutch (afterwards Sir Joseph, Lieutenant-Governor), F. J. Barnard (father of the present member for Victoria), Messrs. Humphreys, Alston, Doctor Carrall, Hon. E. Dewdney, (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, Minister of the Interior and Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia) uttered no uncertain opinions and British Columbia merged her isolated fortunes with those of the Federal Union.

In this connection, the name of the

late Amor De Cosmos should be remembered, an earnest worker in the Legislature, a journalist and a distinguished representative in the House of Commons. His arguments in 1878 and 1879 will be found to contain the gist of cogent reasons for "Better Terms." He died—his remains being followed to their resting place by two or three, faithful friends or admirers. He had run the race, and new aspirants flocked to the arena. A prominent citizen (the writer is under the impression it was Doctor Helmcken) at the time animadverted, in a letter to the press, upon the ingratitude, forgetfulness, indifference, or, concisely put, abandoned selfishness, of a community which profited by the dead publicist's services, yet grudged a flower to drop upon his grave. Amor De Cosmos had faults, weaknesses, shortcomings—who has not? Nevertheless, he was one whose undeviating loyalty, ripe intellect and matured judgment, were freely devoted to advancing the material interests of his adopted Province. In return, his name is allowed to pass into oblivion. Little he recks; the dull, cold ear of death hearkens not; neither eulogy nor censure, praise nor reproach disturbs the quietude of his solitary, almost neglected abiding place. Fealty to, appreciation of, the memory and deeds of those who toiled in the national vineyard, and toiling, stamped, their handiwork upon the country's institutions, are pregnant with meaning: not the mere process of recording deeds on shafts of cold marble; but loyalty, appreciation, manifested while the warm flush of life courses through their veins. The advancement of a country, attained by civilizing methods, can at all times be traced according to the progress and development of its institutions. Irrespective then, of scholastic attainments, the first legitimate step towards a higher intelligence, an elevated and elevating patriotism, is, the instilling into the minds of the young, love, respect for and devotion to, the better ideals of life. When we cease to appreciate the work of those whose energies were concentrated upon expediting the progress and adding to the glory of the State, that hour the founda-

tion upon which depends the safety, permanence and solidity of the superstructure, is weakened.

Republics have been censured for ingratitude. Are not new countries, under changing conditions, similarly so? There is noticeable, at times, a brutal indifference, as well as ignorance of what was, and cavalier unconcernedness of what is; always providing, of course that self interest has not been interfered with. Notwithstanding, no reason exists, why a plea should not be made in favour of the recognition of those who suffered all the vicissitudes of pioneer life, opened the treasure house of vast resources and utilised the golden key to the Orient. Why not proclaim, trumpet-tongued, that the sturdy men of earlier days are appreciated? Why not bring together those who have Done Something? Surely there are scores of people with time, money, energy, enough to become sponsors for such a laudable undertaking. This would involve responsibility. What is life for? A great Pioneer Re-union, an assemblage of "all that is left of them" would prove of value to the Provincial Archives, and be timely, appropriate and historic from every point of view.

The above discursive comments, are suggested by the simple incident of an introduction to an old citizen of Victoria whom the writer met travelling between Vancouver and the Capital City of the Province, Mr. Joseph W. Carey, a typical path-finder and a man who has Done Something. Thereafter, the writer visited ex-Mayor Carey at his residence, 2842 Douglas street. Verging upon his eightieth year, straight as a rush, deep chested, clear eyed, a well knit frame, the extended, welcoming hand, muscular, friendly, hospitable—no wonder that heart and respect and confidence went out towards this old war-horse of Progress.

"Now," he said, "don't ask me if I'm the man who built Carey Castle; everyone asks that. To be sure, I have built castles, long ago—but they were in the air! It was my old friend George Hunter Carey who erected that mansion. I lived for thirty-seven years on Kane street,

No. 16, near Doctor Jones' residence. Imagine! when building, I imported California red-wood at \$55.00 per thousand; imported doors, windows-sashes and framework around the Horn, from England. What a change today!"

The writer listened to a story of Pioneer Reminiscences. The man who Did Something was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, in 1830; his father was an officer in the 33rd Foot, in active service during the Napoleonic wars in Egypt. Mr. Carey crossed the Atlantic in 1845, assisted in surveying in Massachusetts and elsewhere until 1852, then went to California; surveyed the boundary lines between California and Arizona, surveyed in the Colorado desert, finally going to Mexico. A hardy annual, he appears to have weathered all climates and blossomed and bloomed in all hemispheres. However, he became homesick, yearned for the British flag and British surroundings. Accompanied by Amor De Cosmos, he travelled up the Fraser, visited the forks of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, explored the surrounding district, and subsisted on 'horse flesh' at "four bits" (50 cents) per cut. "Well, it wasn't bad," said the old gentleman; "it recalled the historic days when a Monarch was offering a whole kingdom for one horse!" The Irish was coming out; Mr. Carey continued: "We went to Hill Bar, and later, discovered Foster Bar. Of course," he continued, with quizzical originality, "those were about the only *bars* one could frequent then! After that, I worked Rocky Bar, cleaning up from \$50 to \$60 per day—sometimes more. Then I got my head crushed and remained in Yale until 1859." He added, with a smile, "I had known quartz to be crushed, but objected to my head being subjected to any such process. I packed my traps and accepted a position under Commissioner Campbell, making roads, maps and topographical observations. Then to the now flourishing Similkameen district, becoming thoroughly conversant with engineering difficulties west of the Rockies. I then, happily for me, determined to permanently reside in Victoria, where I arrived late in 1860. I ac-

cepted some work in the Hudson's Bay Company, but constantly heard the buzzing of the mining bee in my bonnet and the call of the wilds to be up and doing. So, I up and did, went off to Leech's, where was gold with a small settlement—but no profit worth following. During my travels I discovered a fair acreage of promising agricultural land and thought it would pan out well—which it did. The farm was in the Colquitz Valley, and I soon had fruit trees planted, and cattle and live stock purchased. After a while hill, dale and valley re-echoed the grunting of innumerable hogs. My son, William, now cultivates those broad acres and the people honoured me by calling the traversed highway Carey's Road."

There were worlds yet to conquer, for in 1874, Mr. Carey was surveying townships in Langley and Ladner, and Islands in the Gulf of Georgia. Profits were invested in real estate and buildings in Victoria, where he had long before identified himself with municipal affairs, beginning in 1865 and remaining in the Council many terms. In 1884 Mr. Carey was elected Mayor of the City of Victoria. "Of course," he remarked, "I hadn't it all my own way; municipal life is not a bed of roses; sometimes I thought it was all thorns." He handed the writer a copy of a newspaper called the *Post*, published at the time. After reading an article certainly not overflowing with encomiums, the writer said: "Never mind, the future vindicated your foresight."

"It's gone now, I don't mind," said Mr. Carey; "Victoria of those days was not the Victoria of the present. Why, the civic revenue twenty-four years ago only amounted to \$99,324.26, the expenditure being the same amount, less \$690. And yet they charged me with extravagance! I remember urging my old friend Boscovitz to take up the water-works; the enterprise could have been got for a song as compared with values now. He didn't see it; \$100,000 was a lot in those days."

While speaking, Mr. Carey gazed pensively at a portrait on the wall, as though it assisted his memory. "That is the girl I married, a Miss Slater, daughter

of a clergyman. We were very happy. I lost her less than ten years ago. The other drawings are by my sons. Major Herbert Clement, my younger son, with his wife, visited me quite recently. He is commandant at Dublin Castle and holds the rank of Major. Thank Providence, I have been able to make them comfortable for life. That other picture is of myself; the kiddie on my knee is a grandchild."

The old gentleman paused again, looking towards the portrait of the wife who had crossed the Great Di-

ferin, then Governor-General of Canada, gave me the hand of good-fellowship and Lady Dufferin was very kind to my dear wife."



Ex-Mayor Carey and Grandchild.

vide. He thought, perhaps, of the early days, of hopes and fears, struggles, failures, successes, triumphs; recalled the wifely word of encouragement, when clouds towered and fortune frowned. That look of love, nay, reverence, the moisture in the eyes, were indeed intensely human.

Mr. Carey then continued: "I observe you have the photographs of Lord and Lady Dufferin in your hands. I value those pictures very much—so please take care of them. I value them, not alone because the noble people were Irish and I am Irish; but when things were not as bright as one would wish, Lord Duf-



Lord Dufferin.

"Do you refer to the time that His Excellency visited British Columbia, in



Lady Dufferin.

than Lord Dufferin, I never saw before. Railway and Terms of Union?"

"Yes, in 1876, and a man more anxious

to know the truth, to do the right thing than Lord Dufferin I never saw before. Someone must have informed him of my explorations along the Fraser. However, he sent for me. He was wonderful at mastering details; would take the map and remember everything I pointed out. His inferences were marvellously correct. He asked me about the people; what they expected, what sacrifices they would likely be willing to make, who were the leaders of different interests, promoters of agitation and so forth. On several occasions he sent for me to discuss points he afterwards made in his brilliant speech. Then he wanted to know all about the Cariboo road, the state it was in and whether it was patronised. He said he intended remaining a month, so would often see me. Naturally, the neighbours were puzzled to solve the problem of such a great man and great lady cultivating the acquaintance of humble individuals like myself and my wife; however, like every nine days' wonder, the circumstance was forgotten. I think I did some good in speaking to His Excellency of the great resources of the Province and the splendid mineral and timber country that would be opened by the transcontinental railway. He said "the people will get the railway, but they must be reasonable and not look for or demand miracles." I observed that Lady Dufferin always accompanied her husband, evincing deep interest in what he said and what was said to him; she frequently commented upon replies made to his questions."

The writer said: "No two people ever

lived in Canada better respected and loved than they."

"I am glad to hear you say that, for it agrees with all I ever heard or thought. Living in Ottawa as you did when they were there, you enjoyed opportunities for hearing everything. Oh, by the way, I must tell you of the local sensation created on Beacon Hill, when their Excellencies attended a reception. In those days there were no tram cars out to the Hill. When His Excellency with Lady Dufferin drove up, after speaking to civic and political dignitaries, he beckoned me towards his carriage and with my wife, I of course responded. They received us very warmly and we talked for some time. The surrounding guests were simply petrified. One civic official said to me: "Carey, who did His Excellency mistake you for?" I did not like it, simply replying: "I only have one face; I have met His Excellency several times. Is there any reason he should not treat me courteously?" I heard no more. Lord Dufferin delivered his diplomatic speech, which set men thinking. To my astonishment, the facts I had supplied were so enlarged upon, so brilliantly put, that I again marvelled at his wonderful intellect. He left British Columbia carrying the good wishes of all—my heart and that of my wife, always retained a feeling akin to worship, of them. His Excellency's prescience was vindicated, eventually, and all, more than all, of his promises fulfilled. The photographs you are looking at were presented to us by their Excellencies—two of God's own.

The Irish again dominated; tears were in the eyes of the man who DID SOMETHING.



The Prairie

D. D. Ross

FAR beyond the veil of civilization, but yet amid all the beauty and splendor of Nature's most careful handiwork, lay these vast unexplored regions, known only as, "The Great Lone Land." Lone, because it was wholly unknown. Vast, because as yet no man had fully comprehended its greatness.

Here beneath the northern skies nestled down between the Rockies on the west and the Great Lakes on the East, stretches this great level vastness. An endless waste of uncultivated plains over which roamed the majestic buffalo, and dotted here and there only by the Redman's wigwam. With no trace of civilization, no sign of law or order, the savage sturdy Indian led a life of freedom and carelessness, either worshipping the sun or moon or singing wild incantations to his gods.

No; not so now. The past is gone, and with the present comes law and order. These vast undulating plains, boundless and beautiful, teem with life and energy. The dark places are made straight and the maiden prairie is made to send forth her crops of fruit and flowers in endless profusion.

The spring usually slow at coming, seems suddenly to burst forth into full summer. Life and growth are seen on every hand. From the long snow-covered plains spring the tender herbs and plants, and soon the dried surface turns a deep velvety green. It is here that Nature truly asserts her rights, for in only a few short weeks an entire transformation has taken place. The cold searching blasts of fearless winter have turned into the loveliest of spring and on every side growth and vegetation answer back, the same thankfulness to nature.

Far up the distant mountain side tiny silver streams are seen to gurgle down,

tumbling over jagged rocks, falling into deep dark canyons and emerging hundreds of feet below, only to be again dashed over another steep precipice as it hurries on to join the mighty rivers of the plains beyond.

Watered by these never-failing glacier-fed streams, the vast prairies are truly the future granaries of the world. The luxuriant growth bespeaks the richness of the soil, for along the low-lying lands, the ravines and dried up sloughs, the tall rank grass waves and undulates in every passing breeze. The wild peavine too is not wanting. Its growth, surpassing almost every other vegetation. In fact, so much so that in some parts it is almost impossible to gallop a horse without endangering its rider by the animal's feet becoming entangled in the vines. This is particularly so in the far north along the great Peace River Valley. Here the shrub and vine interlacing in endless beauty form a complete network of entanglement, which provides shelter to the ever weary wolf and coyote. Strange to relate, the prairie chicken is nowhere here to be found, but like most other harmless creatures, prefers the open to the dark underlying places.

The Indian too, but of a much lower type than his kinsman to the south, haunts these lonely valleys, leading a life of carelessness and want. His sphere is cramped for the settler crowding in on every side, has forced him back. Hemmed in as it were until today the once noble Redman remains only a part of his true self. Many of his noblest traits are gone; and in their place are found "unfortunately" many of the white man's vices. The buffalo, whose once mighty tread shook the earth like distant thunder, have almost disappeared until now only a few protected by law and guarded

by high fences, remain to tell the tale of the useiess slaughter of bygone years. The plains, too, are rapidly changing in appearance. The rich virgin soil has proved her fruitfulness, while the mighty rivers are being made to yield their store of wealth. The distant hills on every hand show signs of advancing civilization, while in almost every valley the rancher is to be found with his herd of branded cattle.

Time moves on and with it comes the multitude who spy out our land and then returning to their own countries, are reinforced by friend and neighbor. Thus the onward march of myriads of souls who shall people these vacant lands and build up our cities. Westward, yet ever westward march, these great invading armies until ere long our seemingly inexhaustible supply of free lands will be as a story that was told. Millions upon millions of acres of this once useless land shall be turned into life sustaining granaries and long ere another decade shall have come and gone, the plains that today know no man shall teem with life and energy. Towns and cities shall dot this fair land of ours where today only the passing hawk poised on high swoops down on some poor helpless creature to satisfy his insatiate hunger.

We look but a few years back and there we see the noble Redman in all his glory, while on the other hand we look into the future and there we see the fruits of civilization. The busy farmer tilling the soil amid all the comfort and contentment of that most free and noble life. For truly it is the farmer and more especially the Western farmer who enjoys to the full the privilege of nature's best, and greatest gift, namely, Health and Strength.

Dense clouds of dirty black coal smoke belching from high chimneys shall mark the great manufacturing centres where our many wants are being prepared for us at our very door. No more then shall we hear that old time-worn cry "Protection"; for it shall then be an unknown quantity. A nation within ourselves with three oceans lapping at our shores. Truly this is a heritage to be proud of. Interlaced with connecting systems of rail-

ways our main product, wheat, shall go forth as the warriors of old conquering wherever it is sent, until the nations will be compelled to exclaim, "Behold the Granary of the World." These once unshorn fields shall now yield to their fullest extent under the trained hand of their cultivator, while with all the skill of modern science and genius of invention, the seemingly arid districts of today shall be made to produce their crop of wheat and fruit. The rivers and streams that today run the course mapped out for them by nature, shall be harnessed and made to lend their assistance and to do their share towards accomplishing this great end.

Our minerals, as yet practically unknown, shall add materially to our national wealth; the bowels of the earth shall be made to give up their hidden treasures, while our rocks and sandbeds will yield their stores of gold. Nature too has provided a beautiful supply of coal; and a famine from that source need not be feared for hundreds of years. Natural gas is found in many places, and being utilized as a substitute for other fuels. It is found at a depth ranging from five hundred to three thousand feet and seems to be similar to the dry marsh gas. It is not combustible without air, but burns brilliantly when mixed in the proper proportions. Several places along the banks of the South Saskatchewan, this gas is found escaping through cracks and crevices in the ground, and in one or two places particularly a lighted match thrown to the ground will cause a flame to dance and quiver up and down the openings. Its future usefulness, as yet, is wholly a speculation, but we believe that great things are in store for us through this wonderful medium. Petroleum too is found in great abundance. In several places in the foothills it is found oozing from the hillsides. In fact minerals of all kinds lie hidden at our very hand, and all that is needed is time and energy to unfold to us this fabulous wealth.

While we speak of the illimitable prairie, yet we have an almost endless supply of timber. This timber ranges in size from the thickness of your arm

to full grown trees, from which the finest of lumber can be cut.

What few fur-bearing animals that are left are being protected by law and thus we are assured of our needs along that line. In conclusion, let me say that in these once vast unknown regions, believed to be of perpetual snow and uninhabited by a savage, unconquerable people, we have one of the finest, if not the finest, country open for settlement under the sun—a country which appeals to the poor man, the laborer and the artisan—a country where wealth accu-

mulates more wealth, and where energy counts to its fullest reward.

Dotted as our plains will be, with towns and cities, settled with the sturdiest sons and daughters of the world's noblest men, our fair soil that today lies mantled in her maiden dress, shall send to every known land the fruits of her labor. Instead of as today, supporting only seven millions, it shall support seven times seven, and still have room for more.

All these great resources, all these ours—ours for the taking, and may we say with the Caesar of old:

"We came, we saw, we conquered."

The Dawn of Love.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

In the heart of the woods a voice is heard.

List, my dear!

The soul of the silence is all disturbed,
Silvered to sound by the song of a bird.

The voice is the voice of wooing and winning.

The song is a song that is just beginning.

Gleam by gleam the Dawn encroacheth,

Love awake, the Day approacheth:

Waken, dear!

In the Dawn is a breath of soft suspense;

Breathe, my sweet!

The air is all holy with sacraments,

Dew-drenched with the odor of frankincense.

Drowse not in the dusk, awake out of sleeping,

The sun through your lattice is boldly peeping.

Life with love and rapture thrilleth:

Where the fount of Youth distilleth,

Drink, my sweet!

In the heart of the heart of me—a prayer.

Come, my love!

The voice and the song and the fragrant air

Are waiting for us, and the world is fair.

The day's at the morning, still dim with dreaming

Its fabulous fancies for our redeeming.

Come, oh, come!—where souls are meeting;

Haste, oh, haste!—the time is fleeting.

Come, my love!



My Ideal Man

HERE HE IS, just as I promised him last month—my ideal man! With awe and trembling I approach my fearful and wonderful subject: an ideal man, you must admit, is rather a rarity of the species, and as such demands due reverence and respect.

It is not my intention to draw comparisons between my ideal man and my ideal woman; everybody is already familiar with the classical rhymes—"Sugar and spice and all that's nice"—and "Frogs and snails and puppy-dog's tails" which tell their own story of a difference as well as a distinction.

The schoolboy in his essay wrote: "Man is a two-legged animal"; perhaps he was not very far wrong! However, when properly tamed and domesticated, he is a very interesting specimen of his kind, full of wonderful possibilities. We have to thank one of the Lords of (their own) Creation for the following definition. He informs the world in general, and nobody in particular, that the very best among his brethren is only—

"A very man, with something of the brute;

(Unless he prove a sentimental noddly)
With passions strong, and appetite to boot,

A thirsty soul within a hungry body.
A very man—not one of Nature's clods,

With human feelings, whether saint or sinner;

Endowed perhaps with genius from the gods,

But apt to take his temper from his dinner."

Every woman knows the last line at least is true, and the rest she can concede or not, just as her fancy dictates. But I fear I have wandered from the idealistic, and strayed into the realms of the realistic; I must get back to the creature of my imagination—the ideal man.

Every sage rule and wise maxim of experience justifies the query, "Whose ideal?"—for there certainly are a good many ideals in the world. For instance, when Mrs. Guelph-Smythe grows enthusiastic over some man of her acquaintance, and with many complimentary ejaculations and superlative adjectives assures me that he is her "*beau idéal*" I listen—oh, yes, I listen; but nevertheless I am not converted! Not I! You see I know Mrs. Guelph-Smythe, and while for many reasons I accept her views, "*nemine dissente*," our opinions on the subject of ideals are not unanimous.

As I remarked before, Ideals depend entirely on the Idealist; so long as there are many men and women in the world there must always be many opinions. What would fascinate one, would give

another a touch of the ultramarines. However, the world is getting well on in years now, and should have had considerable experience as to what should prove the all-round best type of man; yet the ideal appears as indefinite as ever, and perhaps it is as well that it should be so. The monotony of the thought of a *fixed* ideal would be intolerable, and would leave no scope for individuality.

Ideals! Oh, those beautiful elusive things that somehow always seem beyond our grasp. Those vague, shadowy, beckoning inhabitants of an altitude so much higher than ourselves—sweet spirits of a sphere that lies a great way off. Ideals are the symbols of the soul's emancipation; and the fugitive freedom of thought their native element.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,

Or what's a heaven for?"

Let the grim old world keep its ideals, therein lies its salvation. The struggle upward through the mist must eventually lead to the sunshine of the summit, and the mountain streams of faith shall give refreshment by the way.

"The body is the storm,

The soul the star beyond it."

The "star beyond" is the bright beacon that points the way, and no cloud can dim the eternal radiance of its light for long. Keep the Star always well in sight.

Oh, dear, what a refractory pen—so many generalities, and my poor ideal man waiting all the time to be introduced.

Allow me!—I present you a King, for my ideal is royal; a King among men—because he is King of HIMSELF. He takes his conscience as Prime Minister and rules right royally over the realm he is set to govern; rebellious subjects in his kingdom are kept well in check—his weaknesses are his vassals—not his masters.

With regard to outward appearance—"Mens sana in corpore sano" goes a long way. It matters not whether he be tall or short, (whichever he happens to be it isn't his fault), whether his eyes be blue or brown, black or grey, so long as they mirror the reflection of a true brave heart. Erect on manhood's height, he stands a conqueror of baser things and

the smaller soul, strong in a strength that is more than merely physical.

He is a devoted son and a good brother (that is if he is fortunate enough to enjoy the latter privilege; some brothers sadly underrate their blessings—mine do!) and is always ready to lend a helping hand where it is needed.

He is essentially a gentleman, chivalrous and courteous to all. He considers the comfort and welfare of others before his own ease and enjoyment. He is truly noble, and disdains to stoop to little meannesses or small hypocrisies. His sympathies are not of the superficial kind, but are of the broad-gauge, comprehensive order. He is the very embodiment of a brave, true, healthy manhood; gentle in his strength, strong in his tendencies, fearing naught save God, dishonor, and untruth. To the woman who loves him he represents home and a sweet restfulness; she looks to him as naturally in the lesser things of life, as she looks to a Higher Power in the greater. For such a man, a woman's heart should beat faithful while he lives and break when he dies.

Of course my ideal marries. It only needs the love of a pure good woman to mould his life to its perfect circle, and with the woman of his choice he takes Joy home with him, and "makes a place in his own heart for her." Jean Ingelow's beautiful thoughts are realized, for she "sings to him when he is weary with working in the furrows; aye, or weeding in the sacred hours of dawn." He is husband and lover, and, above all, comrade and friend. He and Joy go on their way together hand in hand, strong in their trust in each other, to face the unknown future; doubling the joys and halving the sorrows of life by sharing them together. As they slowly ascend the world's great altar-stairs, whether sun or rain he will whisper, "Never mind the weather love; all the way together, love!" The smile—maybe through tears—the tightened handclasp of her who leans on his greater strength, shows the fire of love to be still burning brightly. And so it will be to the end; though time may bend the upright form and sprinkle the once abundant hair with sil-

ver, he is always my ideal man. As the lamps of earth flicker out one by one, the beacon lights of eternity shine all the brighter; and in the deeper, fuller glories of the aftermath, they reach at last the fair land where awaits—

"Gladness for such as are true-hearted."

Such is my ideal man! Now where do you think I shall find him? Did I hear somebody say I had better look for him on another planet? If I had an

aeroplane I might start on a voyage of investigation, but I have an idea that he is not so high up. You see, if I cannot *realize* the *ideality*, why I shall do the next best thing, and *idealise* the *reality*!

What is the difference pray? A woman generally worships an ideal in the abstract, and usually ends by loving a mere man in the concrete.

It is just her luck!

On Correspondence

AS I was wending my way homeward from the post-office the other evening I heard somebody behind me say, "I don't owe anybody a letter."

This frank statement gave me a "pause," and I thought to myself, "I wish I could say the same."

The simple remark started a train of thought in my mind on the many little courtesies and obligations connected with our correspondence, which I think we are oft-times apt to forget.

We hear quite a lot about the deterioration of modern letter-writing, and I suppose we all know from experience, that the accusation is not entirely unmerited. When one thinks of the many incoherent, stupid, illegible scrawls, that often pass for letters now-a-days, one is apt to wonder why this charming art should be so neglected, so unfinished, and unpolished. A well-expressed, well-written, kindly letter is a joy forever, and simply brims with sweet influences.

This is not intended as a "preachment" against the modern correspondent, but is intended merely as a friendly chatter on a subject that should be of universal interest.

Letter-writing is an art, and like all arts must be cultivated if one wishes to obtain fluency of expression and proficiency of style. Of all the arts, I suppose letter-writing is the most neglected. Anything does; a few blots or erasures more or less do not matter, and even

grammatical errors and mistakes in spelling are often lightly passed over. This may be rather an extreme view, but yet I venture to think not altogether unjustified. It is astonishing how few people take the trouble to express themselves lucidly and gracefully through the medium of pen and paper, and yet the mission of the letter is such a manifold one, its messages so varied, and its influences so tremendous.

Every hour of the day and night, millions of these silent messengers are travelling on their errands of joy and sorrow, of life and death, of love and enmity, of peace and war. Sealed within the small compass of the envelope mighty issues pass on their quiet way, moulding the minds of men, and the destiny of the world. Looked at in this light, letter-writing assumes a larger aspect, and the importance of written words a greater significance. We may not all wield pens of power and words of wisdom, but everybody may have the gift of kindly expression and unselfish thought if they only take the trouble to cultivate their mind in the right direction.

There are many things which acquire a deeper meaning and a new dignity when committed gracefully to paper, and through the eye and brain they filter right into the heart, forming some of life's most precious memories. We, all of us, have these little sanctities hidden away in their own sacred places, where

we may go in the quiet intervals and re-read and live them all over again.

The painter takes infinite pains and trouble, and uses his utmost skill to portray in his picture the message he wants to give to the world; why should we not use a little of the same thought and intelligence to convey with our pen the many messages we send through the mail to all corners of the earth.

Let us try to make our letters better worth the reading, with something more in them than frivolous chatter, or mere gossip.

A letter very quickly gives away the character of the person who writes it, and it is small wonder that graphologists find it an easy matter to become very proficient in their profession.

Few people realize what an education letter-writing really is, and what a lot may be learned as one goes along, if one only takes the trouble. Instead of being a "bore" as so many people find it, letter-writing should be one of our greatest pleasures and recreations.

Try and get a new view of the subject, and prove it for yourselves.

At the Shrine of Euphrosyne

LIFE were indeed a solemn session, if glad-ewed Mirth kept away from the proceedings altogether.

As Charles Lamb has said, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," the moral of which is, of course, laugh often, and groan only at intervals—very rare intervals at that!

Mirth mixed with Merriment, makes an excellent medicine for the megrims of melancholy, and should be taken frequently in liberal doses as a preventative as well as a cure.

The world needs liberal-hearted laughter-lovers, who, having drunk deeply themselves at the sunshiny source of supply, carry away brimming cups of the magic elixir, that others may also drink of its wholesome felicity.

Laugh, not with the laughter of Democritus, at the folly of your fellowmen, but laugh because the world is fair, and life is worth while for those who make it so.

The Editor has accused me of being a philosopher, so I must live up to my reputation; but, (let me whisper it, lest it reach the editorial sanctum), I can "merry-make" with the best, and that is why I intend every month to take you for a five minutes space to the shrine of the goddess of perpetual cheerfulness. The philosophy of fun is too much of an

unknown quantity, and if by any chance no such thing exists, I invent it right away.

One sunny soul has left on record,—
"There is nothing like fun, is there? O, we need it! We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?"

Why, indeed? Polish the windows of the mind that not a speck obscure the pure radiance, and then let in the light until the darkest corner is illuminated, and there remains no possible chance of stumbling over shadows, either real or imaginary.

New let us laugh! Every month you shall have the best and funniest stories that come my way; here are two or three to begin with:

A Prudent Wooer.

Very careful was the farmer who entered a telegraph office in New York and sent this message to a woman in Canada: "Will you be my wife? Please answer at once by telegraph." Then he sat down and waited. No answer came. He waited till late in the evening; still no answer. Early the next morning he came in again, and was handed a despatch—an affirmative reply. The operator expressed his sympathy. "'Twas a

little rough to keep you so long in suspense." "Look here, young fellow," said the farmer, "I'll stand all the suspense. A woman that'll hold back her answer to a proposal of marriage all day so as to send it by night rates, is jest the economical woman that I've been a-waitin' for."

An Unexpected Answer.

The lesson was from the "Prodigal Son," and the Sunday school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," she said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return brought no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?" There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus, "Please teacher, it was the fatted calf!"

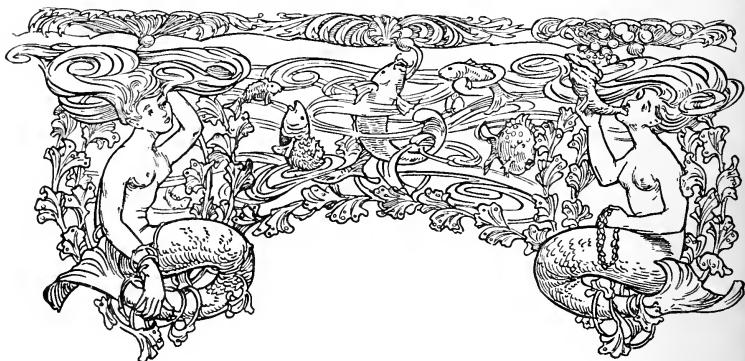
A Story of Whittier.

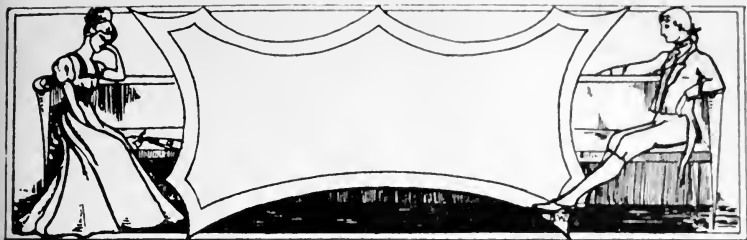
A little girl, who was staying at the same house with Whittier, the poet, and of whom he was very fond, asked him to commemorate in verse the death of her kitten, Bathsheba by name. Without a moment's hesitation the poet recited solemnly:—"Bathsheba, To whom none ever said S'cat! No worthier cat ever sat on a mat, Or caught a rat. Requiescat." The same little girl had a pony who broke his leg, and again the poet

was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment. "I have written some lines myself," she said, "but I can't think how to finish the verse." "What did you write?" asked Mr. Whittier. "My pony kicked to the right, he kicked to the left; The stable post he struck it; He broke his leg right off—" "And then," added Whittier, "And then; he kicked the bucket."

Notices Which Make You Smile.

There is quite a rich crop of humor, usually unconscious, to be reaped by the observant in the notices displayed in shop windows, of which the following announcement by a Southend bird-fancier is not at all a bad sample: "Doves for sale, cheap. Eat nearly anything. Fond of children." Not long ago a Farringdon-road butcher had in his window this notice: "Wanted, a respectable boy for beef sausages." "Wanted, a warehouseman," ran another similar notice. "Applicants must be accustomed to rigorous discipline. Only the offers of such candidates will be entertained who have served in the Army or been married for a considerable length of time." Equally amusing is the following notice by a Japanese laundryman in America: "Contrary to our opposite company, we will most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with possible cheap prices as follows—Ladies, two dollars per 100; gentlemen, 1 1-2 dollars per 100."—Westminster Gazette.





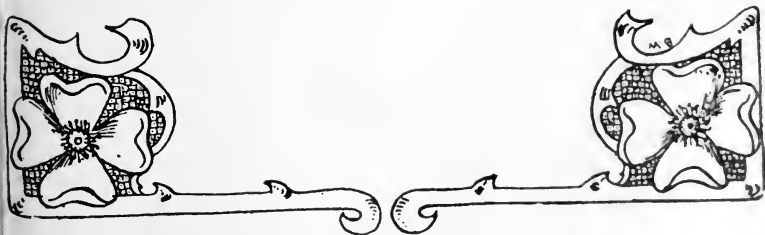
My Valentine

Blanche E. Holt Murison

I'm in love with a little Dutch maiden,
With hair of a glorious hue;
And lips with sweetness laden,
And eyes of a ravishing blue:
But she only laughs and teases me,
This little Dutch maid from the Zuyder Zee.

She's as dainty as a woodland flower,
And as fair as the sun at noon;
As fresh as a Summer shower,
And as sweet as a rose in June:
But she only laughs and teases me,
This little Dutch maid from the Zuyder Zee

I'm in love with that little Dutch maiden,
With her eyes of ravishing blue;
But still with grief I'm laden,
Oh, what can a lover do?
I never can make that maiden mine,
For she came by mail—as a valentine!





VIII.

ALEXANDER Caulfield Anderson, in his valuable "Notes on the Indian Tribes of British North America, and the North-West Coast," written in 1855, refers in his own inimitable way to these same white dogs: "From point to point as we descend the river," he remarks, "the palisaded villages which I have mentioned appear. Around gambol whole hosts of white quadrupeds, some shorn like sheep, others sweltering under a crop of flowing fleece. A stranger, sentimentally disposed, might possibly, on getting a distant view, imagine a scene of Arcadian felicity, people it to his heart's content, and sing as did one of yore,

"Heureux qui se nourrit du lait de ses
brebis
Et qui de leur toison, voit filer ses
habits."

But alas! worthy stranger, these are only

dogs: their owners (alas again), the veriest knaves and pilferers under the sun. The dogs in question are of a breed peculiar to the lower parts of Fraser's River, and the southern portions of Vancouver's Island and the Gulf of Georgia. White, with a long woolly hair and bushy tail, they differ materially in aspect from the common Indian cur, possessing, however, the same vulpine cast of countenance. Shorn regularly as the crop of hair matures, these creatures are of real value to their owners, yielding them the material whence blankets, coarse it is true, but of excellent fabric are manufactured. My habits of life since early manhood, have possibly tended in some degree to blunt the power of appreciation in these matters, but I confess I could not witness without satisfaction, the primitive approach to textile manufactures which here first recurred to my view after the lapse of many years. An additional interest was afterwards created in my mind, when on examination,

I found the implement used for weaving, differed in no apparent respect from the rude loom of the days of the Pharaohs, as figured by modern archaists."

By dint of perseverance and excessive labour the explorers at last reached tidal water. On Friday, the 30th, the Indian precursor of the little hamlet of Yale was passed, and a point reached where a large stream joined the river from the left bank. The stream here referred to we take to be that now known as the Chilliwack. A round mountain loomed up ahead, called by the natives Stremotch. Masson, in a footnote, baldly states that this same round mountain was no other than the Mount Baker of Captain George Vancouver, but, in view of the fact that the editor of Simon Fraser's Journal had no local knowledge of the scene of the exploits of the young fur-trader, we are quite justified in doubting the accuracy of the observation. The student will observe, indeed, that few of Masson's annotations are of any value, either geographically or ethnologically. We are inclined to think that the Stremotch (Sumas) of Fraser was the "Sugar Loaf Mountain" of Archibald McDonald, referred to by him in his notes on Sir George Simpson's journey to Fort Langley.

At this point seals were observed in the reaches of the river and such a certain indication of the close proximity of the sea must have been almost as welcome to the toil-worn travellers as the appearance of the dove with a twig in its beak to the weary voyagers in Noah's Ark. After sunset the party encamped near a spot where vast cedars, "five fathoms in circumference," reached majestically skyward. Being entirely without provisions, the men went supperless to bed, the faithful Indians, who had accompanied them, faring no better, for they also were without food of any description. Those pests of the marshes, mosquitoes, made their appearance in clouds and added to the discomforts experienced on the occasion. Unfortunately, it is impossible now to exactly place the site of the encampment, but, in all probability, it was at, or in the near vicinity of, Yale.

The canyons and dangerous places of the river had all been safely passed and one would naturally think that little or no difficulty would have been experienced in traversing the broad bosom of the Lower Fraser. But, on the very threshold of success, disaster threatened to overwhelm the entire expedition. So far Fraser had been engaged in overcoming the stupendous obstacles which nature had placed in his path, but now, when that path was clear of all natural impediments, he was called upon to contend with the declared hostility of powerful tribes. In the first part of the journey the friendliness of the natives had been an important factor in his success,—now the position was reversed, and the leader of the expedition found the clear road before him barred by the savage ill-will of the aborigines. Surely the very irony of Fate! Heretofore the fur-trader had pitted his wits against Nature and, after a long battle, the fur-trader had triumphed; now the furtrader was to pit his wits against the wiles and machinations of the savage folk, and the fur-trader was again to be the victor in the unequal struggle. Here, if anywhere, and now, if at any time, Simon Fraser would be called upon to prove himself.

Mist shrouded the river on the morning of July 1st. After it had cleared away the brigade again embarked. At 8 o'clock an Indian village of some two hundred souls was approached. Here the hungry party enjoyed the fish, berries and dried oysters which the Chief spread before them. The Little Fellow (of the Hacamaugh or Thompson nation), who had faithfully remained with the expedition since June 20th, now, by virtue of his many and great services, ranked with the leaders of the expedition and on all occasions accompanied them. So now he is served with Fraser, Stuart, and Quesnel. The consideration with which he was treated no doubt added greatly to his prestige among his fellow red men. It is much to be regretted that we do not know the Indian patronymic of the Little Fellow, for he deserves to have his name handed down to posterity. If ever

a native ally deserved honourable mention it is this Little Fellow, who so cheerfully aided his white friends. We know very little about him, but as long as Simon Fraser's great exploit is remembered, the Little Fellow will be honoured as a true friend in need. He emerges from the darkness which shrouds pre-historic times, flits across the stage before us, and departs, we know not whither. He is to us now nothing more than a very shadow, a vague but pleasant memory.

The chief of the clan was evidently hospitably inclined for he presented his guest with a coat of mail (leather) of which much needed shoes, or moccasins, were made. Moreover, the strangers were entertained with weird songs and a dance no less weird. The hospitable chief stood in the centre of the ring formed by the dancers and directed their movements, while a primitive orchestra vigorously beat a drum upon the wall of the communal house—making, according to an eye witness, "a terrible racket." To shew the chief that his courtesy and entertainment were appreciated, Fraser presented to him a calico gown, which delighted the heart of the unsophisticated warrior.

It was remarked that the Indians at this village evinced neither curiosity nor surprise at the appearance or weapons of the party, and in view of their apathy Fraser concluded that they had seen white men before. They dwelt together in one large house six hundred and forty feet long and sixty feet broad. At first the adventurer thought that they were fair, but afterwards he discovered that they used a white paint which effectually disguised their swarthy complexions. Once again he notes the dogs' hair rugs, which, it is stated, were spun with a distaff and spindle.

The Indians who had piloted Fraser thither, now departed homeward with their canoes. This caused some delay as the natives of the village refused to part with their craft under any consideration whatever. Finally, however, the Chief consented to lend the strangers his own large canoe; he also promised to accompany them as guide.

Fraser spent the night at the village of the white-painted Indians, or encamped near it. It is not possible from his inadequate description of the place to ascertain its exact position. In those days there were many villages between the present site of Hope and New Westminster. Not a few of them have undoubtedly been completely obliterated in the hundred years which have passed since Fraser's exploration.

IX.

The 2nd of July, 1808, was a memorable day in the life of Simon Fraser. Seldom even in the adventurous life of a fur-trader have so many exciting incidents been crowded into the brief space of a few fleeting hours. His troubles commenced early with the discovery of the thieving propensities of the natives—in that respect they seemed verily to have been "whited sepulchres." Being anxious to proceed without delay, the explorer applied for the canoe which the Chief had promised him the day before, but to his chagrin no attention was paid to the request. What followed may be given in the words of the written account of the day's proceedings:

"I therefore, took the canoe," the Journal reads, "and had it carried to the water side. The Chief got it carried back. We again laid hold of it. He still resisted and made us understand that he was not only the greatest of his nation, but equal in force to the sun. However, as we could not get on without the canoe, we persisted and at last gained our point. The Chief and several of the tribe accompanied us."

On arriving at a village (about two miles above New Westminster—Coquitlam probably), a few hours later, Fraser was warned not to proceed further as the Indians at the Coast were wicked and at war with their neighbours, and it was more than likely so thought the aborigines, that the white men would be killed by their warlike brethren at the mouth of the river. Little or no attention was paid to these remarks and the men prepared to embark, but they were prevented from doing so by the natives who seized the canoe and dragged it out of the water

At this juncture Fraser and Stuart were invited to the principle house of the village, but no sooner were they out of sight than the Indians began to make a "terrible noise" near the baggage. Stuart immediately went to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. He found that one of the natives had pilfered a jacket from the canoe. The article, however, was promptly returned by order of the Chief. But the trouble was not all over as we learn from an entry in the Journal which reads: "We then made a motion to embark with the Chief, but his friends who did not approve of his going, flocked around him and were embracing him with as much concern and tenderness as if he were never to return. Our native followers seeing this scene of apparent distress between the Chief and his connexions, changed their mind and declined to go any further. Even our Little Fellow would not embark, saying he was afraid of Ka-wa-chin (Cowichan) or Indians of the sea. Some of the Indians laid violent hands upon the canoe and insisted upon taking it out of the water. We paid no notice to their violence, but made them desist and embarked without them."

As the succeeding paragraphs are important and vastly interesting, we will quote them in full, in order that the reader may the better understand the unhappy predicament of the expedition at this juncture. "Proceeding on for two miles," the Journal continues, "we arrived at the place where the river divides in several channels, when we perceived a canoe following us and we waited for its arrival. One of the Indians embarked in our canoe, with a view, as we thought, of conducting us in the right channel, but we soon remarked that several other Indians from the village, armed with bows and arrows, spears, clubs, were pursuing us in their canoes, singing war songs, and making signs and gestures highly inimical. The one who had embarked with us became also very unruly, singing, dancing, and kicking up a great dust. We threatened him and he mended his manners and became quiet.

"This was an alarming crisis, but we

were not discouraged; confident upon our own superiority, at least on the water, we continued and at last we came in sight of a gulf or bay of the sea; this, the Indians called Pas-hil-roe. It runs in a south-west and north-east direction. In this bay are several high and rocky islands, whose summits were covered with snow.

"On the right shore we noticed a village called by the natives, Misquiamé. We directed our course towards it. Our turbulent passengers conducted us up a small winding river to a small lake, near which the village stood; there we landed, but only found a few old men and women, the others having fled into the woods on our approach. The fort is 1,500 feet in length and 90 feet in breadth. The houses which are constructed as those mentioned in other places, are in rows; one of the natives, after conducting us through all the apartments, desired us to go away, as, otherwise the Indians would be apt to attack us. About this time, those that had followed us from above, arrived.

"Having spent an hour looking about and examining the place, we went to embark, but found that the tide had ebbed and left our canoe on dry land. We, therefore, had to drag it some distance to the water. The natives seeing our difficulties assumed courage and began to make their appearance from every direction, dressed in their coats of mail and howling like so many wolves, and brandishing their war clubs. We at last got into deep water and embarked; our turbulent guide no sooner found himself on board again than he began a repetition of his former pranks. He asked for our daggers, for our clothes, in fact for everything we had. Fully convinced at length of his unfriendly disposition, we turned him ashore and made him understand, as well as the others who were by this time closing upon us, that if they did not keep their distance we would fire upon them."

The foregoing remarks of the explorer plainly indicate that he actually reached the Gulf of Georgia. Not a few writers have asserted that he turned back at the point where the City of New West-

minster now stands, but if this had been the case the downward voyage would have ended at the "place where the river divides into several channels," which description evidently refers to the reaches immediately below the Royal City. We may also conclude that Fraser followed the North Arm from this point and not what is now the main channel. If he had descended the river to the present site of Steveston or beyond it, he could not have recognised so easily the village of Musquiam, so particularly referred to in the Journal. Musquiam is situated exactly at the mouth of the northern outlet of the North Arm, and it faces both the Gulf and the River. Therefore we may safely conclude that Simon Fraser not only reached tidal water but that he also actually viewed, from the shore thereof, the arm of the sea visited by Captain George Vancouver in the year 1792, and named by him the Gulf of Georgia. If further proof should be required we have only to turn to the chart of John Stuart and to read the legend quaintly marked thereon at the point where the river flows past "Massquiam Village." This is the legend: "Mr. Simon Fraser and party returned from the Sortie of the River."

With reference to the "small winding river" and "small lake," we may remark that a little creek flows past Musquiam, and the lake was no doubt formed by the flooding of the low land between the river and the village. This land, having been dyked, is not now subject to overflow. The river was at its highest stage when Fraser descended it in 1808.

Much as Simon Fraser desired to explore the arm of the sea, he was obliged to give up the idea. The hostility of the natives, and the lack of provisions, proved an effectual bar to further progress. The odds were against him and he was forced to retire. But he had accomplished his purpose so steadfastly adhered to,—he had reached the sea—not by the Columbia, however, but by another river which henceforth was to bear his name. That he did not view the Pacific ocean itself was a bitter disappointment, as indeed we may gather from the following entry in his Journal: "Here

again I must acknowledge my great disappointment at not reaching the Main Ocean, having gone so near it as to be almost within view; we besides wished very much to settle the situation by an observation for the longitude. The latitude is 49 deg. nearly, while that of the entrance to the Columbia is 46 deg. 20. This river therefore is not the Columbia. If I had been convinced of this when I left my canoes, I would certainly have returned." We may be thankful that the explorer did not find out his error earlier, as, in that event, we would have been deprived of one of the most interesting chapters of the early history of our Province.

Having accomplished his purpose, Fraser started homeward. But his difficulties were by no means over. In the first stage of his return journey he was continually harassed by hostile natives, who persistently followed him with the set purpose of annihilating the whole expedition. Once the Indians slyly tried to upset the canoe but fortunately their object was divined and the attempt frustrated. The continual dangers and perils so wrought upon the nerves of the voyagers that on the sixth day of July they mutinied and threatened to desert in a body. But, after a conference, peace was restored and the men solemnly resolved to keep together until the end of the journey. To make this resolution binding upon the consciences of one and all, each member of the party subscribed to the following oath: "I solemnly swear before Almighty God that I shall sooner perish than forsake in distress any of our crew during the present voyage."

After harassing days of innumerable hardships, the expedition reached the territories of more friendly natives, who were much surprised at the re-appearance of the white men—they had evidently expected that their genial congeners of the Lower River would have effectually disposed of the travellers in a manner becoming the traditions of the race. At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th, the party arrived at the Thompson River; the Chilcotin River was passed on Tuesday, the 25th;

a week later Quesnel River was left behind; an at last, on the 6th day of August, the expedition reached Fort George, finding there Hugh Faries and his two men.

It is interesting to note that, while forty days were consumed in descending the river, the ascent was accomplished in thirty-five days. In going to the sea Quesnel was reached on May 30th, Lillooet on June 15th, Lytton on June 20th, Jackass Mountain on June 22nd, Spuzzum on June 27th, Yale probably on June 30th; New Westminster on July 2nd, and Musquiam, where the outward voyage ended on the same day. In returning the Thompson River was passed on July 14th, the Chilcotin River on July 25th; on August 6th the journey ended at Fort George, the place of departure.

Such was the nature of Simon Fraser and John Stuart's achievement. Such is the story we have almost forgotten. Surely these men who so nobly persevered in their undertaking are indeed worthy of all honour and respect.

X.

After his three or four arduous years in New Caledonia, where he had been so strenuously employed in enlarging the territories of the North-West Company, Simon Fraser returned to Eastern Canada. As a reward for his distinguished services he was given charge of a district in the Middle North-West. In 1811 we see him at the Red River; two years later on the MacKenzie. In 1816 he was at Fort William when that post was captured by the Earl of Selkirk.

It is passing strange that the story of his adventures was not given to the world in the form of a book. While the results of Sir Alexander MacKenzie's journey were duly set forth in the form of a quarto volume, which appeared in the year 1801, and while the Government of the United States took very good care that the world should not remain in ignorance of the important discoveries of Captain Lewis and Captain Clark, in the valley of the Columbia, so far as we are aware, no attempt was ever made, publicly or privately, to publish a full and authentic

account of Simon Fraser's equally important expedition until long after the decease of the chief actor in that daring episode.

It should be borne in mind that at the time of Simon Fraser's descent of the river it was at flood-height. His achievement is all the more remarkable on that account. Had his journey been undertaken in the same season of the year as that of Sir George Simpson in 1828 the task would have been far less difficult, and the accomplishment of it by no means so memorable. Sir George Simpson, the energetic and wide-roving Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, passed the "ruins of Fort George" a few minutes before five o'clock on the morning of Friday, September 26th, 1828, and he reached Fort Langley, which had been established in 1827, precisely at eight o'clock on the evening of Friday, October 26th, having thus consumed but fourteen days in covering a distance which took Simon Fraser considerably over a month to traverse. But everything was in favour of the Governor, who had at his command all the men and resources of the Western Department, to say nothing of the hearty co-operation of the Indians, while Fraser was entirely dependent upon the adventitious resources of an unexplored and unknown country, peopled by natives of whose disposition and propensities absolutely nothing was then known.

We are told that the worthy explorer was offered knighthood as a reward for his services, which honour, it has been asserted by several writers, he declined on the ground that he had not the means to support the title. Very interesting such statements, but in all probability rather misleading. Fraser was at one time a comparatively wealthy man and he could have supported the honour of knighthood with a becoming dignity—after all knighthood is not an expensive luxury. But, it has been inferred that he had a far more important reason for declining the title. It would appear that he traced his descent, in a direct line, from the fourth Lord Lovat—claimed in fact that he was the rightful successor to the title and ancestral estates of the Lovats. It was on account of this claim

that he refused knighthood. He would not accept, so the story goes, any title beneath the title of Lord Lovat in dignity. In later years the explorer unfortunately lost money through the burning of some mills in which he was interested, and he died a poor, but not a poverty-stricken, man.

Simon Fraser married a daughter of Captain Allen MacDonnell, of Matilda, Ontario, we presume, shortly after his return from New Caledonia. Retiring from active service, probably at the time of the union of the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, he took up his residence at St. Andrew's, on the Ottawa River. Here he lived for many years a much respected member of the community. He died

in 1862, his wife surviving him only a few hours. They were buried, on the same day, in the same grave.

[NOTE.—Several mistakes have inadvertently crept into my brief note on Simon Fraser, but, as the material, so hastily compiled, will shortly be revised, elaborated, and published in another and more permanent form, I have not deemed it advisable to trouble the reader with minutiae at the present moment. I take this opportunity to acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. C. F. Newcombe, of Victoria, His Honor Judge Howay, of New Westminster, and Mr. James Teit, of Spence's Bridge, for much valuable information and kind assistance.]—E. O. S. S.

Sunrise

Francis G. Strong

O distant glow of early dawn,
Why flushest thou so faintly rose
With such ethereal light?
The golden Sun from realms of Night
A ray to kiss thee gently throws,
To wake thee to the morn.

O crystal drop of morning dew,
Why tremblest thou so nervously
Within thy fairy nest?
The golden Sun knows what is best
As now He comes in search of thee
To waft thee to the blue.

O Nature fair awake and sing
Thy happy songs—the Day is here
With Life's own Promise sweet;
O glorious Sun with joy we greet
Thy living Presence bright and clear,
And all our homage bring.

A Drug Story

R. M. Eassie

DESPITE the internal application of four "tots" of raw spirit in rapid succession, the toothache of Curly Pete continued to rage violently.

"Crool, I've got it," he groaned, "simply crool! Can't shift the blamed pain nohow!" He ceased swaying his head to and fro, and eyed the whisky bottle wistfully.

Notwithstanding his companion's reputation as a maligner, Big Jim was sympathetic; yet he was anxious to save the remnant of his seven-year-old rye for a more legitimate purpose. With the stem of his pipe he indicated a half empty phial that stood uncorked upon the rough table. "Guess you oughter try a dope o' that nerve killer o' mine, Pete," he suggested persuadingly. "I ain't got no ob-jeck in boostin' the stuff," he added, prevaricatingly, "but the way it wiped out a ter'ble jawache o' mine las' fall was jest about the slickest thing——"

"I don't hold with nerve-killin'," interrupted the sufferer peevishly. "It's agin Nater. Wuz we givin' nerve ter kill? No, sir! Not no more'n we wuz given arms ter cut off. What nerves want when they git obstrup'rous an' jumpy is dead'nin, an' not killin'; an' fer dead'nin' nerves ther ain't nothin' ter touch whisky."

Big Jim shrugged his shoulders and accepted the inevitable. With scrupulous care, he divided the remainder of the spirit into two equal portions, and passed one over to his companion.

Pete made one gulp of the coveted draught, and, having gained his purpose, began to feel a trifle ashamed of his importunity. Therefore, to justify his conduct somewhat, he began further to discourse concerning the inefficiency of any toothache-cure but whisky.

"Ef it ain't a rude question, Jim," he

asked presently, taking up the rejected phial gingerly, "how much did yer waste on this proposition?"

"Paid a dollar fer it in Morrisville," replied Jim shortly.

Pete snorted contemptuously, and made a show of reading the label. Then with a grimace, he withdrew his nose from the region of the tiny bottle. "Queer grafters them druggist outfits," he mused. "The smaller the quantity, the more yer pay fer it. Take this here Killer o' your'n, f'r instance. Yer go an' part with a dollar fer two thimblefuls of it. Now, ef it wuz made up in a fair-sized med'cine flask an' called Liver Cure, they wouldn't ask yer no more'n four bits fer it. An', ef it wuz sold in beer bottles an' labelled Embrerecation fer sprains, it wouldn't cost mebbe no more'n eighty cents. Like as not yer kin git it in jars fer horses, or in bar'ls fer elephants fer a quarter or thirty cents a gallon."

"Wuz you ever in the paten' drug business," queried Jim, with marked sarcasm.

"Waal, no," replied Pete easily, "but somethin' happened ter me years back thet kind o' med me sly o' takin' drugs, an' sort o' give me the notion thet they ain't all they're med out ter be. I reckon yer never heard tell o' how I tried ter suicide meself once?"

In spite of Pete's notoriety as a counter of unreliable anecdote, Jim assumed a pose of languid interest. "Ken't say I did," he answered slowly.

Waal, it wuz jest after I sold out at Roughtwater Creek: jest about the time thet Lucy Miller threw me over fer the beauty that druv the stage ter Percy's Landin'. P'raps yer never bin given the go-by by the gel yer wuz sweet on?"

"P'raps not," articulated Jim in the midst of sad reminiscences.

"Waal, it ain't a bully feelin' while it

lasts," went on the other, "an' it sent me on the toot. Night an' day I wuz up at Flynn's bar, lickerin' up an' playin' faro, till I wuz thro' with me pile. Then I reckoned it wuzn't worth livin' no longer, so I med up me mind ter pass in me cheeks, nice an' quiet, an' no shootin'. Jest as I wuz bummin' around, wond'rin' what wuz the slickest way ter die, durned if some low down cuss of a drummer didn't come along an' kind o' show me a way out. He wuz hawkin' drugs, an' had no end o' different lots o' cures in his pack; an' they wuz all med up in bottles in all sorts o' shapes an' sizes, an' the labels on 'em wuz all colors. 'Cording ter that ther hobo, if yer'd fixed yerself up with a complete set of his med-cines, yer cud hev cured yerself an' yer ox an' yer horse an' all thet wuz yours, of every blamed disease goin' from poonomonia ter bunions.

"Waal, one of his fakes wuz called 'Rub It On,' an' he said it wuz a dandy fer sprains, an' I giv' him a dollar fer a bottle of it."

"Yer'd better be careful, boss," sez he ter me, an' not leave it lyin' around, becuz its kind o' dang'rous."

"Waal, the only reason I'd bought the darned stuff wuz becuz it had a small red label on it marked *deadly pizen*. I reckoned ter do my bit o' bizness with it anyway. Still it wuzn't up ter me ter tell him thet much."

"Will it kill animals?" sez I.

"You betcher," sez he. "Sure thing. Ten drops or so," sez he, "'ud wipe out a trav'ling circus, riders an' ringmasters, an' all the whole outfit," sez he.

"Waal, I put the bottle in me pocket, an' rustled two sheets o' note paper at the hotel, an' wrote one letter ter me ol' dad, tellin' him he wuz a stric' father but a good 'un, an' thet I wuz a bad son; an' warnin' him not ter hev any thin' ter do with shakin' dice, or drinkin', or wimmen, which wurnt likely becuz he was deacon in a chapel down east. Then I wrote ter Lucy sayin' I was broken-hearted thro' her runnin' off with the stage-driver, an' that she'd never see me alive agin. After I'd posted them ther two letters I went an' put me las' dollar bill across the bar, fer jumpin' powder.

Then I walks upstairs ter one of the sleepin' rooms, an' undresses, an' goes ter bed, in broad daylight, an' gits outside the whole bottle o' that ther deadly pizen an' lays back ter die, nice and peaceful.

"But d'yer think that durned pizen 'ud kill me? No, sir, not a kill! I waited two minits, five minits, ten minits, quarter of n' hour. Barrin' a kind o' warmish feelin' inside, I felt as live as a squirl. Waal, bein' in no special sort o' hurry ter peg out, an' reck'nin' praps thet thet ther 'Rub It On' was one o' them slow pizens I've heard on, I lit me pipe an' giv' it more time ter work. But it wuz no good. Eggsckly one hur after dopin' meself with thet ther deadly pizen I wuz feelin' better'n I'd ever done in me life, before or since! Gee! I wuz riled. I got up agin, an' dressed, an' started ter hunt that durned bummer an' his med'-cine outfit. I picked up his trail ter Red Scotty's shanty, an' foun' him ther tryin' ter sell the ol' man a bottle o' Temp-rance Mixture which he calkerlated wud fix him so thet he would never want ter smell spirits agen let alone drink 'em. Wall, I didn't want ter shine off a dead beat, so I pulled Scotty off him, and took him outside an' told him ter git himself ready fer I wuz goin' ter hurt him some."

"Woffor?" sez he.

"So I explains.

"Waal, then thet ther son of a tinker gits ter work ter make excuses. Fust he reckoned he'd mixed up the labels an' I'd swallowed a pint o' blood purifier by mistake; then he calkerlated I wuz pizen-proof, an' cud make me pile at a dime museum; then he had the face ter try ter make me give him a testimonial becuz only fer his durned med'-cine I'd hev bin in the boneyard.

"Yes, sir," sez he; 'my 'Rub It On' has saved yer life; an' that's a blamed sight more then any other pizenous embreccation wud hev done fer yer."

"Look here, me son," sez I, drawin' me gun on him. "All yer talkin' don't cut no ice. Ef you don't want ter travel back ter Roughwater feet first, jest you draw the corks out er six bottles o' them fake cures o' yours an' swaller them down right now.

"Wall, that bummer he squirmed an' howled fer all he wuz worth, but, seein' I wuz puttin' up no bluff, he set to an' emptied jest haf a dozen of his rubbish inside him.

"I picked out the ones I fancied most fer him. I started him on Bronchitis Baisam, then I followed that up with Muscle Builder, an' Infants Food; then I turned him on ter Gripe Water an' Disinfection Fluid. Jest ter finish up with I persuaded him ter sample a bottle o' the same stuff he sold me, an' I med him take the deadly pizen label off an' swaller that as well. But you'd reckon that puttin' away all them mixtures med a bit o' difference to thet ther bummer? No, sir. May I never taste whisky agen if he didn't look fresher after he'd got 'em down, than he did before!

"Bein' rather curious fer the reason o' thet, I scared him by tellin' him I'd mek him drink another six bottles of his muck if he didn't kind o' give me particklers. Then he sed he reckoned it was all

the same, an' quite harmless, an' thet none of it wuzn't good fer anythin'.

"Waal, I let him scoot after thet, after mekkin' him pay me five dollars of his own free will as kind o' damages fer disappointin' me in thet ther suicidin' propersition o' mine."

"What happened ter them two dyin' letters yer posted?" asked Big Jim with a sudden show of curiosity, and the air of one putting a poser.

"Waal," replied Pete unabashed, "I had ter quit Roughwater when the yarn got about. There wuz too much hot air flyin' around. I never heard what Lucy Miller thought o' me fer not dyin', an' fer takin' back the di'mon ring I left her in me letter; but me dad paid a dollar to put a notice in the paper sayin' his lovin' son wuz dead an' deeply mourned. I went an' saw the ol' man on the strength o' thet ther notice, but he wuz ter'ble riled at me fer foolin' him, an' he wud'nt use a cent ter celebrate my comin' ter life agen."

Warming the House in Winter

E. Stanley Mitton

ONE would naturally think, warmth and comfort being of paramount importance to the home builder, that he would devote considerable thought to this side of the building problem, and expect to have it solved satisfactorily.

So far is this from being the case, that I believe most people give less attention to this most important detail, than to any other in connection with their homes. The result being that, frequently, they are deprived of a good deal of comfort in winter, or else put to considerable expense for fuel, both conditions to be avoided.

Indeed, experience has taught me that many architects, even, are inclined to slight the matter, being perhaps, of an artistic instead of a practical temperament, and throw the burden entirely upon

the shoulders of the contractor, who, honest though he may be, has naturally enough his own interests nearest at heart, and lacks the architectural knowledge necessary to secure really first-class results.

Believing, as I do, that comfort is one of the primary requirements of our homes in the winter season, I propose taking up briefly, for Westward Ho! readers the different methods of heating, and how they may be applied to obtain the most satisfactory results.

Naturally, by right of antiquity, as well as actual merit, fireplaces come first. By all means let us have fireplaces—several of them, if possible. They give a cheery home-like appearance to a room, and smile like the faces of kind friends, in the chilly autumn and winter nights. Frequently, too, even in late spring and



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early fall, the fireplace can be called into requisition, and a cheery blaze obtained in the twinkling of an eye, to comfort the members of the home circle, or to welcome some friendly visitor.

The simplest and least expensive method of warming a small house or cottage is the hot air furnace. For a small house of six, or not more than eight-rooms it has many advantages that commend it to the home builder. In the first place, it is comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other systems of heating; there is no danger of damage to floors or ceiling from leaky pipes or air valves, and the amount of heat may be readily regulated according to outside temperature.

Among the chief advantages is the fact that the heat supply is somewhat variable. In our mild and genial climate, this is not a matter of vital importance, but I mention it for the benefit of those readers of Westward Ho! who are less favorably situated. Furthermore, dust and ashes are sometimes carried through the rooms through the air flues, and some people complain of the dry or overheated quality of the air.

Taken for all in all, the hot water furnace is probably the most satisfactory, and economical of time and labor. It furnishes a pleasant heat that may be readily adapted to meet the requirements of the season, is clean, uses a minimum of fuel, and requires little attention on the part of the head of the house.

I have known people who made the mistake of putting a small furnace in a big house, and wondered thereafter why they had so much difficulty in keeping warm. In houses hastily built for sale purposes, the contractor, for the sake of economy and subsequent profit, usually performs this adroit trick. A small furnace has its uses, and is well enough in its way, but when I design a ten-room house, I do not propose to put in it a furnace originally intended to heat but six rooms.

In locating a furnace it should be so placed that the warm air pipes connecting with the flues, will be nearly of the same length, but favoring those leading to the coldest rooms. This is done by

placing the furnace somewhat to the north or west of the centre of the house, or toward the point of compass from which the prevailing winds blow.

Carry the smoke pipe to the chimney as directly as possible, as bends add to the friction of the gases, and reduce the draft. All woodwork should be properly protected by suitable air spaces, around the pipe, and covered with tin or asbestos.

For small houses and cottages, the hall stove or base burner will always maintain its popularity, undisturbed by the different modernized forms of house warming that have come into fashion. This is an inexpensive method of providing for the requirements of a small house, and one that is reasonably satisfactory. I could wish that the makers

would secure some new and more artistic designs for their productions, and replace their present barbaric ornateness with simpler and more subdued patterns better suited to modern decorative schemes.

In conclusion, I again express my desire to hear from Westward Ho! readers about their building problems. I shall be glad to devote a portion of my time to answering any questions that may arise if you will address me in care of the Editor of Westward Ho!

I want to make this series of real value and assistance to you. If you desire any particular style of residence or plan, give me full particulars of it, and I shall prepare a design, with full detailed information regarding it, for an early issue.

Sunset.

Francis G. Strong

Far to the West in a vapour of light,
Flooding the hills with his crimson and gold,
Sinks the great Monarch of Day;
Touches the clouds as he passes away—
Shadows are formed into glories untold,
Richly and tenderly bright.

Far to the West where the scenes ever change,
Slowly the colours grow deeper in hue,
Quietly waiting for rest;
Softly the breeze which those wavelets caressed
Sighs on its way to the still azure blue,
With a tranquility strange.

Far to the West the last roscate gleams
Fade, and the clouds nestle close in the cold,
Silently ready for sleep:
Over the water the pale shadows creep,
Coming the whole of the world to enfold,
While softly tired Nature dreams.



The Development of the Wood Pulp and Paper Industry in British Columbia.

A Rare and Splendid Opportunity for the Creation of a Great Important Industry in Western Canada.

J. MORGAN PARKS

WESTWARD the course of Empire takes its way, it moves slowly perhaps, but it moves.

For years the development of the Wood Pulp and Paper Industry in British Columbia has been a matter of common and persistent discussion. Experts have looked upon our vast forests and marvelled at its possibilities. The Bureau of Provincial Information has repeatedly pointed out in special literature the tremendous possibilities which British Columbia possesses in the way of raw material for the manufacture of wood pulp and paper. Various booklets have been issued elaborating on our vast water powers and unlimited forests, unequalled by any other country in the world. Men trained by long experience in the manufacture of wood pulp and paper, have repeatedly emphasized the natural advantages possessed by this Province for the manufacture of these products, and yet until the last year, the people of Western Canada have turned from actual participation in the great wood pulp industry as though it were a matter of little consequence or of no concern. During the last fifteen years while Western Canada has been indulging in idle speculation on the subject,

Quebec and Ontario have gone quietly on and increased their output from 300 to over 4,000 tons per day. The towns of Hull, Grandmere, Hawkesbury, Frazerville, and scores of others, during the last eight or ten years have grown from sleepy hamlets to progressive towns as the result of the location of pulp and paper mills. During our meditation, the great Pacific Coast mills of the United States such as the Everett Pulp & Paper Co., Everett, Wash., Willamatti Pulp & Paper Co., Oregon City; Crown Columbia Pulp & Paper Co., Oregon City, Oregon; Floriston Pulp & Paper Co., Floriston, Cal.; California Box Board & Paper Co., Antioch, Cal.; Lebanon Pulp & Paper Co., Lebanon, Oregon; Camas Mills, Camas, Wash., have come into existence as the result of American pluck and perseverance, giving employment to thousands of people and paying immense dividends. While we are still engaged in meditation, all our vast supply of paper, representing hundreds of carloads per year, is hauled across the country 3,000 miles, from Quebec and Ontario, or secured from the United States or Europe. But things are now changing—the dawn of the better day is approaching and in the dim shadow of the light can be seen

the handwriting on the wall, which indicates that soon the Western country will be independent of the East for its supply of paper, and that British Columbia, with its glorious wealth of raw material, will be the leading producer of wood pulp and paper in the world; and why should it not be so? What has Quebec and Ontario got that British Columbia has not got in equal quantity and richness? Why should we go away from home for that which we can produce as cheaply ourselves? What is there in a ton of pulp or a ton of paper that cannot be secured or produced with equal advantage in British Columbia as in Ontario or Quebec? The elements of one ton of Sulphite pulp are roughly: Two cords of four-foot wood, three hundred pounds of sulphur, two barrels lime, fifty pounds of magnesite, labor and fuel, administration and depreciation. Regarding wood, we have an advantage over our Eastern neighbours. Sulphur pyrites from Japan is sold on the Pacific Coast equally as low as Eastern mills can secure the same product from Italy or

Louisiana. There is no material difference in the cost of Magnesite or Lime, while in the question of coal, the British Columbia manufacturers, on account of the proximity to the Nanaimo and Cumberland collieries, would have, if anything, an advantage over Eastern Manufacturers. In the matter of wages, the difference in favor of Quebec and Ontario would be about 25 per cent, but as the labor involved in a ton of pulp amounts only to approximately about \$5 the difference is of no material consequence, and is more than counterbalanced by our supply of wood which can be secured at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per cord as against \$4.00 to \$8.00 in Quebec or Ontario, and from \$8.00 to \$15.00 per cord in the United States. Everything considered, there is no reason why wood pulp and paper should not be manufactured in British Columbia from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per ton lower than Ontario or Quebec. Notwithstanding our splendid water powers and immense timber lands, we still have a greater advantage over the Eastern manufacturer

ROYAL CROWN WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

It is a **DAINTY SOAP** for **DAINTY WOMEN**, for those
who wish the **BEST**; a soap that is



A COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER



and yet sold at the price of ordinary soap;

DELICATELY AND EXQUISITELY PERFUMED

with pure odor of flowers.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Royal Soap Company, Ltd

VANCOUVER, B. C.

by being on the threshold of the great Oriental markets instead of from 3,000 to 6,000 miles away. Last year China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, and the Philippines, imported over \$10,000,000 worth of paper, principally from Germany, Great Britain, Eastern Canada and Eastern United States, Norway and Sweden. Every dollar of this great trade properly belongs to British Columbia, on account of our geographical position, and within ten years there ought and will be, sufficient mills in Western Canada to control these vast and growing markets. It is rarely, if ever, a country is presented with such an unusual opportunity for commercial development as that which is now almost forced upon us, in the manufacture of wood pulp and paper. So, therefore, let us be up and doing. What other states and provinces have done, we also can do. We have the brains and the material should we wish to exercise it, with which to create in this province, one of the most useful and necessary industries of the world. An industry that will give employment to thousands of people and will build up new and prosperous towns on every important waterway of Western Canada. During the past year, a great deal of splendid progress has been made in the establishment of this industry in British Columbia, but there is still room, room, nothing but room. The British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., have now almost completed their splendid plant at Port Mellon, near Vancouver. This modern plant will be ready for operation during the early part of March and will

open with a capacity of 150,000 pounds of high grade fibre paper per week. The Western Canada Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., of Victoria, have recently secured the entire pulp limits representing 30 square miles of pulp timber on Vancouver Island, formerly owned by the Quatsino Power and Pulp Co., and are now proceeding with the erection of a mammoth plant at Quatsino Sound, exclusively for the manufacture of news and wrapping paper. This new company is backed by such substantial men as Mr. Chas. J. V. Spratt, President Vancouver Iron Works; Dr. Lewis Hall, Mayor of Victoria; Mr. Frederick Appleton, Managing Director M. R. Smith Co., Ltd.; Joseph McPhee of Cumberland; Richard Hall of Victoria, Chas. Lugin, Editor of the "Colonist," F. J. Marshall, Col. Henry Appleton, R.E., and other substantial men of British Columbia, and its success is therefore reasonably assured. One of the most conspicuous workers in the development of the wood pulp and paper industry in this province has been Mr. Greely Kolts, who has labored persistently in behalf of both the Western Canada Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., and the British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., but what we need is not only more mills, but likewise more men—men that can make such enterprises possible and profitable and who are not afraid to go out of the beaten path and lend their time, their talent, and their efforts, in the building up of new industries such as will develop the country and give employment to the in-

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CRESCENT MFG. CO., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Mapleine is also an extract, used like lemon or vanilla to flavor many things, such as candies, fudges, ices, etc.

creasing population. If we are to mean anything in the industrial life of Canada, we must proceed to develop the natural resources which nature has so bountifully supplied us with.

A NEW FORM OF INSURANCE.

Nothing is of more importance to the modern businessman or wage earner, than the question of insurance. As a prudent man keeps in touch with his family physician in case of emergency, or will lay in a store of fuel for the Winter, have a raincoat and umbrella for the rainy day, so will the ordinary man carry Insurance for protection in case of emergency.

The ordinary Canadian has been educated to Insurance to such an extent that it is unnecessary to ask him if he is carrying Fire Insurance on his buildings, stock of merchandise, etc.; or Life or Accident on himself, but Insurance on Live Stock is to a great many a new feature.

It has been hard to establish such Companies. The rate of mortality was hard

to arrive at, as our Government keeps no statistics upon the loss of live stock. It has only been by guess that companies attempting this business could base a rate for insurance until THE BRITISH AMERICAN LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION, with their main office in the Johnson & Howe Building in this city, was organized. They have, however, taken the trouble to gather from the books of the other Live Stock Insurance Companies doing business in Canada, United States and Europe, the ratio and causes of death, and it is said they have now the most complete and compiled figures on the subject.

The Management of this Company sets forth the argument that there are hundreds of dollars of loss to stock-owners through the death of their animals, when by the same calamity a few dollars are lost by fire to buildings. It does seem strange that a man owning a stable or small house worth but a few hundred dollars would seek insurance on it against loss by fire, while habitually housed in the same building there might be horses worth from hundreds to thousands, liable to loss by fire and a hundred different

causes, wholly uninsured simply because this species of insurance was totally unknown to the owner.

The Company, which first started doing business in this Province only, has been registered in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and has written a large amount of business in both Provinces, and expects to be taking risks in every Province in the Dominion during the present year.

Vancouver has given it every encouragement. When effort was made by the Live Stock dealers and Stock-owners of the Prairie to induce it to move its main office East of the Mountains, the Company decided to stay with Vancouver, and has taken a long lease of the premises it now occupies.

At all the principal Fairs of this Province and the Prairie Country, this Company has been very liberal in giving cups as trophies and in pursuance of that policy, the Board of Management has decided to purchase one hundred cups, to be distributed as prizes throughout the Territory in which the Company is doing business.

The Company point with pride to the great progress they are making in new fields, and to the fact that there is not an adjusted loss claim under a policy of the Company unpaid at the first of the year. Their policy is "A square deal, and a quick action"—not an action at law to frustrate payment, but an action by the Company to promptly recoup the loser who is covered by their Insurance.

The officers of the Company at the present time are as follows:

W. J. WALKER, President and Manager.
C. E. BURNHAM, Secretary.
A. A. WALKER, Treasurer.
F. A. THOMPSON, Inspector.
J. R. CATHCART, General Agent.

GASOLINE MOTORS.

The twentieth century or "The Machinery Age" has brought forth many inventions. Some of them are only suited to a few scientific students, while others are suitable for use by the general public.

One of the most popular of these is the gasoline engine. Up to a few years ago, it was very expensive and not alto-

gether reliable. But in the past four or five years a great many improvements have been added; and since the manufacture became general in America the price has been reduced about five hundred per cent., so that at the present time any one can afford to have his own pleasure boat, and no one needing a boat in a commercial line can afford to be without a gasoline motor.

The fisherman can no longer be calmed as he used to be. Now he uses a small motor, which drives his boat about seven miles an hour.

The fisherman is only a single instance showing the commercial value of gasoline engines. As for pleasure boats merely a mention is necessary, as you have seen the great number of launches of all sizes and descriptions on the harbor on every holiday or fine afternoon.

There are two types of the marine motor on the market. The four cycle and the two cycle. The latter is less complicated and more suitable to general use, and is almost exclusively used in small pleasure or working boats.

Easthope Bros. Factory, which is situated at 1705 Georgia Street, on a waterfront lot, is the pioneer gasoline engine factory of Vancouver, B.C. The Company has the only machine shop in Vancouver devoted exclusively to the manufacture of the two cycle gasoline engine.

They manufacture engines in single cylinder sizes of five, eight and ten horsepower, and any power necessary can be obtained by multiplying the units.

The engines are of the heavy duty type made to stand long and continuous running and the horse-power rating of the different sizes is a fair one. The power being determined by a brake test of the engine running at four hundred and fifty to five hundred revolutions per minute, and all these engines are capable of being speeded to seven hundred and fifty revolutions per minute if desired for fast launches or speed boats.

Easthope Bros. guarantee their engines and will replace all parts where either material or workmanship shows any defect.

That this advantage is appreciated is shown by the rapidly increasing share of

the marine engine business which is falling to them.

Easthope engines are now in evidence in at least two out of every three of the power driven fishing boats on the Fraser River, while around Vancouver probably more of their engines have been installed than any other make. The Easthope engine is manufactured in Vancouver from the casting up.

In addition to engines Easthope Bros. are also builders of all kinds of launches. Their own motor launch "Pathfinder," which is the unchallenged champion of the British Columbia coast, is a striking example of what they can do both in the hull and engine building when speed is desired.

In this connection it may be mentioned that a 42-inch cruising launch is now being built for Dr. A. R. Baker, of Vancouver, and it is pronounced to be the best boat of its kind in B. C. She will be equipped with a 30 horse-power Easthope engine, a duplicate of the one in the "Pathfinder."

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The Alberta Canadian Oil Company

INCORPORATED WITH A CAPITAL STOCK OF \$2,000,000.

DIVIDED INTO 2,000,000 SHARES OF A PAR VALUE OF \$1.00 EACH.

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SILAS M. SHIPLEY	Secretary
WILLIAM HEMRICH	Treasurer
H. L. WILLIAMS	General Manager

W. A. D. PASSMORE.

The Alberta Canadian Oil Company controls 1120 acres. This land is situated 23½ miles northwest of Edmonton and is adjoining the American Canadian Oil Company's holdings.

This latter company has at present reached a depth of 1300 feet, entering the cretaceous formation at 1100 feet. They closed their works several weeks ago on account of the extreme cold weather and are going to begin operations again early next spring.

Everybody who has followed carefully the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company is aware that the outlook for this particular company is at the present time a great deal better than it has ever been before, and consequently people who have had such inside information have bought up a great many of the American Canadian Oil Shares on the open market; in consequence of this the shares of the latter company are now held very closely.

The best proof which the writer of this may advance as to the very bright outlook for the American Canadian Oil Company is the fact that the Canadian Northern Railway have sent an outfit costing them approximately \$50,000 to Edmonton, where it is at present stored, waiting until the spring before commencing operations on the land which the latter company has acquired, and which is in close proximity to the land held by the American Canadian Oil Company, as well as that held by the Alberta Canadian Oil Company.

This railroad has had, previous to these movements, one of their experts in Edmonton, who has followed closely the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company.

As the above-mentioned shipment of machinery by the said railway corporation has been subsequent to the visit of their oil expert we may safely assume that the report of said expert was favorable.

It is further of significance that the President of the American Canadian Oil Company is a man who has had twenty years' experience in Texas and California; that he has a record of putting down the first submarine oil well at Summerland, California, and that he has further opened up several oil fields in these states, which are still doing splendid business. We know for a fact that this gentleman has invested over \$20,000 in hard cash by securing leases of lands which are in close proximity to the holdings of the aforesaid oil companies' holdings.

We believe that by next summer the country northwest of Edmonton will see the greatest oil boom ever experienced by any country. As the American Canadian Oil Company's lands are adjoining the lands of the new Company the work done by this concern as well as the indications which were found when boring are of the greatest interest to the new Company and to its Shareholders, and we are, therefore, giving you a full account of these achievements, which are as follows:

The Company first struck gas at 330 feet and another heavy flow at 450 feet, besides going through a bed of asphaltum 6 feet in depth. The latter flow of gas was so heavy that it enabled this Company to secure a gas franchise for the cities of Edmonton and Strathcona for 30 years. Then at a depth of not quite 1100 feet they entered the cretaceous formation.

They firmly believe they will find oil the moment they have gone through said cretaceous formation, and anybody who knows anything about the successful oil fields in Texas will know that the indications encountered in this country, northwest of Edmonton, are absolutely identically the same and should therefore bring us to the same result, namely, oil.

In order to disperse any doubts which may be in the mind of anybody as to the absolute bona fide motives of the Directors of **Alberta Canadian Oil Company**, we make it herewith public that the stock which has been given in payment for 960 acres of the Alberta Canadian Oil Company lands has been placed in escrow with the Trustees of this Company, with an agreement setting forth that this stock can only be released after the **Alberta Canadian Oil Company** has sold all of its treasury stock or found oil.

This will, therefore, make it absolutely impossible for anybody to take advantage of the new company's work or advertising to sell their own stock and therefore hurt the prospects of the new company—or, in plain words, this is not a promotion scheme.

We have been on the ground ourselves and will be glad to go further into details with anybody who will call at our office for such purpose.

Before closing this ad we want it clearly understood by everybody, that although we are extremely sanguine about the successful outcome of this company we cannot, and will not, guarantee oil. We can only guarantee that the statements made above are absolutely correct, and that they indicate the **existence** of oil. A risk is always connected with these undertakings, and we want you to be fully aware of this fact before you invest your money.

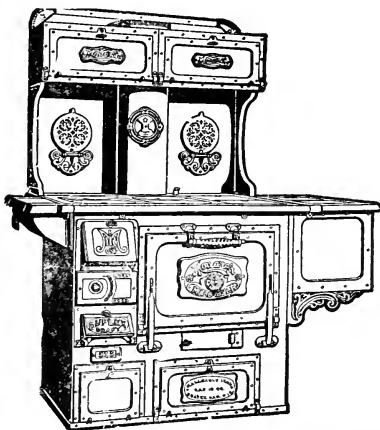
One Dollar shares, fully paid and non-assessable, are at present offered for 10c per share. This offer is made by the company, giving the purchaser 10 to 1 on the par value of the share alone, not to speak of the value that each share will have the moment this company strikes oil, and in which event the stock should be well worth \$3 per share and over. In order to show to the public that we are not using big figures for the purpose of inducing some uninformed people to interest themselves, we point out the fact that \$1 shares of successful oil companies in Texas have been bid up as high as \$100 per share. We have no doubt that inside of three months we will have sold every single share of the first block offered at 10c per share, and we invite you to investigate further into this matter by writing to our office.

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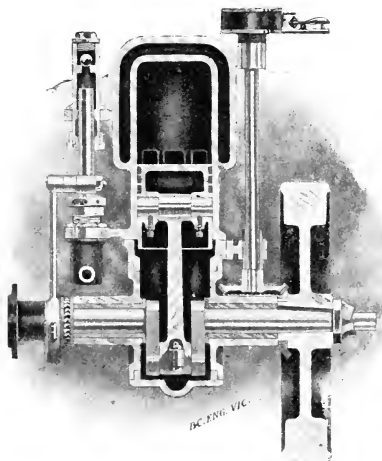
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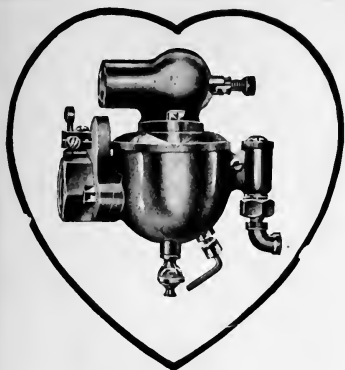
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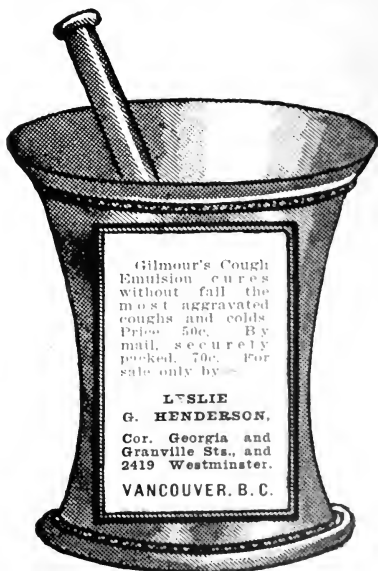
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Shorthand and
Business College

The oldest, largest, and best equipped college on the Pacific Coast. All commercial subjects taught, individual tuition. Special attention given to backward students.

Fees one month \$15.00, three months \$40.00, six months \$75.00. Text books free.

Write for prospectus, sent free to any address.

632-634-636 Seymour Street, VANCOUVER, B.C.

FRASER VALLEY FRUIT FARMS

Improved and unimproved fruit and dairy farms in centre of prosperous settlement. Soil is a rich loam—free from stumps and stones. The land will pay for itself the first year. Small cash payment, balance on easy terms.
If interested write for particulars.

J. W. HAND. 311 Homer St., Vancouver, B. C.



RESTAURANTS.

The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 762 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. W. F. Winters.

MASSAGE

Thermal Baths by Scientific Masseuse. Magnetic Vibratory and Electric Treatments. Flat Six, 679 Granville Street, Vancouver.

OLD BOOKS.

I buy Old Books, Magazines, Manuscripts, etc. Have on hand large selection of reference books and works. Write full particulars. E. J. Galloway, 782 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

YACHT AND LAUNCH FITTING.

The place for your Cushions, Awnings, Spring Berths, etc., Langridge & Co., 1039 Granville St. Phone B 1460, Vancouver, B.C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

A British Columbia Jewelry Manufacturing Business—very profitable enterprise—lacks capital to expand as conditions demand—an opportunity—Price \$2,500.00. Terms. Write P.O. Box 1135, Vancouver, B.C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TIMBER

We are exclusive dealers in British Columbia Timber Lands. No better time to buy than now, for investment or immediate logging. Write us for any sized tract. E. R. Chandler, 407 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

TORONTO, MONTREAL,
WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.



CATALOGUE FREE. CATALOGUE FREE.

VANCOUVER STORE
122 HASTINGS ST. W.
P.O. BOX 1273.

Golden Opportunities

If you are interested in the Canadian West, send 10 cents in stamps for three late issues of Westward Ho!, containing fully illustrated descriptive articles about dairying, fruit growing, poultry raising and general farming conditions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED BY THE EVAN'S GOLD CURE TREATMENT

The Evans Institute has now been established over fourteen years in Winnipeg and one year in Vancouver. It has met with entire success, even in cases which had been regarded as absolutely hopeless. The treatment not only entirely dispels the craving but creates a positive distaste for stimulants. It also restores the nervous system, induces natural sleep, creates a healthy appetite and improves the general health of the patient. The treatment is gradual, and patients are allowed their usual stimulants until in from four to five days, they no longer want them.

We refer, by permission, to the following from among the thousands who are familiar with and approve of the Evans treatment: The Hon. Hugh John

Macdonald, ex-Minister of the Interior and ex-Premier of Manitoba; Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, Holy Trinity, Winnipeg; Rev. Dr. Duval, Moderator, General Assembly, Presbyterian Church of Canada; ex-Mayor Andrews, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor Ryan, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor Jameson, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor McCreary, Winnipeg; Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Winnipeg; Dr. F. S. Chapman, M.D., Winnipeg; Judge Pritchard, Carman, Man.; Prof. J. H. Riddell, Winnipeg.

A prospectus containing full information regarding the treatment will be mailed privately on application.

The Evans Institute of Vancouver has now removed to more commodious quarters at

950 PARK DRIVE

(Grandview Carline)

VANCOUVER, B.C.

PHONE
1370



J.M. HENTON
Photo Engraver
Stereotyper, and ELECTROTYPING.

Incorporated with the Vancouver Photo Engraving Co.

53 Granville St., VANCOUVER.

The "New Art" BELL PIANOS

Will last in your home a lifetime. The manufacturers **WARRANT THEM** for
TEN YEARS

They have more **GENUINE** and **HONEST** endorsements from prominent Musical Institutions and musical people, than any other Canadian Piano.

They are sold in B. C. by

Vancouver's Largest Piano Store

which is said by Eastern Manufacturers to be better equipped, and to carry a larger stock, than any other music concern west of Montreal.

At our store customers have a choice.

The Montelius Piano House Ltd
439-441 HASTINGS STREET VANCOUVER, B.C.

INVESTMENTS & SECURITIES

LANDS, BONDS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE SOUTH-WEST ALBERTA LAND CO., Limited

(INCORPORATED IN PROVINCE OF ALBERTA),

invests funds on first mortgages on Albertan Wheat Farms at Eight to Ten per Cent. per annum. The Large margins and the upward trend of values make these lands the best secured investments at the highest interest for both home and British Capital.

ARTHUR C. KEMMIS, PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA, CAN.

Refer to UNION BANK OF CANADA

solicitor for S. W. Alberta Land Co., Ltd.

HAROLD MAYNE DALY

MEMBER VANCOUVER STOCK EXCHANGE

STOCKS, LOANS AND INSURANCE

103 Crown Building

615 Pender St., VANCOUVER, B. C.

MONEY JOHN J. BANFIELD EST'D

TO
LOAN

REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE, INVESTMENTS.
607 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

IN
1891

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Limited, of Huddersfield, England

CAPITAL - - - \$2,500,000.

MORTGAGES ON REAL PROPERTY
MUNICIPAL BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD
ESTATES MANAGED, FINANCIAL AGENTS.

Vacant and Improved Properties for Sale in Vancouver, North Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster

Also SUBURBAN AND FARM LANDS in Lower Fraser Valley.

General Agents in B. C. for
YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
OF YORK, ENGLAND (Established 1824, Assets \$10,000,000).

R. KERR HOULGATE, MANAGER

440 SEYMOUR STREET

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Losses Promptly Paid

December 2nd, 1908.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that on the 13th day of November, 1908, I lost a horse insured with the **BRITISH AMERICAN LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION, LTD.**, of Vancouver, B.C., and have this day received a settlement in full for the amount of my claim, which was \$200.00. Thanking you very much for prompt attention in this matter.

Yours very truly,

J. W. COLE,
Langley Prairie, B.C.

There is Only One Nechaco Valley

**AND THERE IS NOT MUCH
OF THIS LAND LEFT.**

Uncultivated \$16 the Acre

Cultivated \$30 the Acre

And we offer you a contract that guarantees you greater returns than any legitimate investment.

Write us—

Appleton Investment Corp. Ltd.

WHITE BLDG., SEATTLE,

OR

FAIRFIELD BLDG., VANCOUVER, B.C.

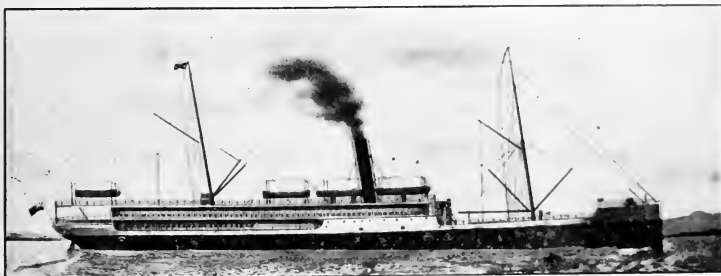


Established 1869

Purely Mutual—Purely Canadian.

will be glad to furnish rates and samples of policies for inspection, and it would be a business mistake for anyone contemplating life insurance, to place his application with any company without first consulting me.

WILLIAM J. TWISS, Manager
VANCOUVER, B. C.



ARE YOU GOING TO PRINCE RUPERT

Then travel on the

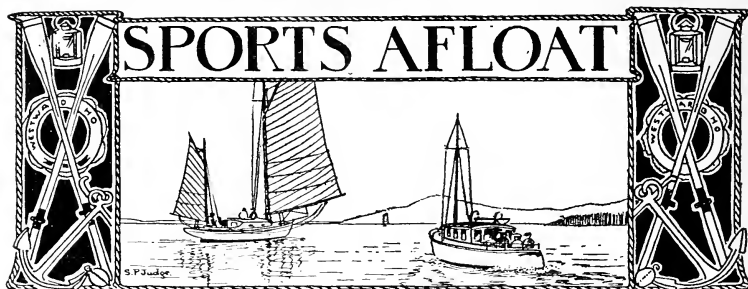
“ RUPERT CITY ”

The largest and best appointed steamer on the Northern British Columbia run. Leaves Vancouver every Monday for Prince Rupert, Port Essington, etc. Write or wire reservations.

MACKENZIE BROS., Limited

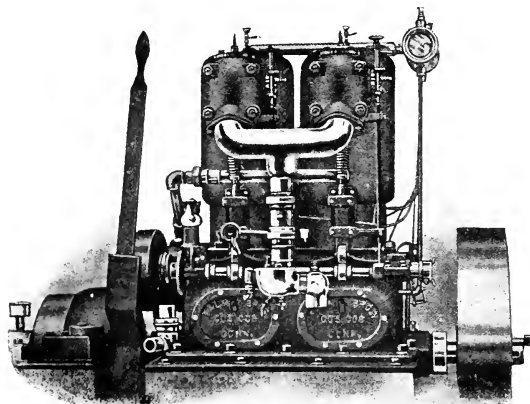
330 SEYMOUR STREET

-VANCOUVER, B.C.



An advertisement for B.C. Boat and Engine Co. Ltd. It features a central illustration of a motorboat on the water, enclosed in an oval frame. To the right of the illustration, the company name "B.C. BOAT AND ENGINE CO. LTD." is written in a large, stylized, serif font. Below the illustration, the text "AGENTS FOR" is written in a bold, sans-serif font. To the right of "AGENTS FOR", the text "THE 'FERRO', 'HOLLIDAY', 'AUTOMATIC' & 'THORNYCROFT' MARINE MOTORS. ALSO MARINE PRODUCER GAS PLANTS" is written in a smaller, serif font. The word "REQUEST." is written in a small, sans-serif font at the bottom right of the text.

Palmer Engines



The fuel bill of our
FOUR-CYCLE MOTORS will
save you one-half the cost
of motor in one season.

We carry a large stock
on hand, also engine fitt-
ings, shafting, propellers,
reverse gears, whistle out-
fits, and electric equipment.

Palmer Bros.

28 POWELL STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

V. M. Dafoe, Western Canadian Representative.

GASOLINE ENGINES

WE WANT YOU TO SEE OUR 1909 ENGINES BEFORE YOU BUY ELSEWHERE.



5 H.P. \$185.00 complete
3 H.P. \$250.00 complete

We build from 3 to 40 H.P.

WE MANUFACTURE THEM,

WE GUARANTEE THEM.

WE SEE THAT YOU ARE SATISFIED,
YOU RUN NO RISKS WITH US.

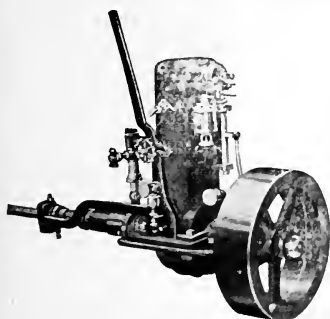
EASTHOPE BROS.

Manufacturers of Marine Gasoline Engines.
Builders Complete Launches.

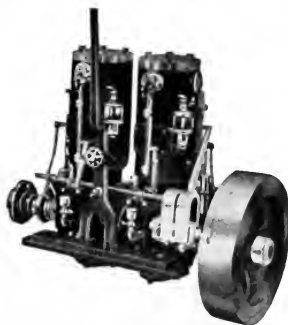
Office and Factory: 1705 GEORGIA STREET,

VANCOUVER, B.C.

ADAMS



Single Cylinder.



Double Cylinder.

Our engines go to you ready to instal at the following prices F.O.B. Vancouver.

2 H.P.	\$ 83.00	5 H.P.	\$198.00
3 H.P.	122.00	10 H.P.	500.00

ADAMS engines are simple, reliable and economical and will give satisfaction in any work. Write for free catalog.

ADAMS LAUNCH & ENGINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
108 WATER STREET, Vancouver, B.C.



41 CALIBRE REPEATER RIFLE-- SPECIAL PRICE \$6

We have just received a limited number of army rifles; the product of one of the best Arsenals in Europe. These rifles were made under the direct supervision of the Swiss government.

The stock is of a beautiful walnut with steel butt-plate; barrel is of the highest army steel. The rifle is fitted with swivels for sling straps. The magazine holds twelve cartridges with an extra one in the chamber—making thirteen in all.

THE RIFLE FOR BIG GAME.

A cleaning-rod and box of ammunition will be supplied with each rifle. Ammunition can be had at any sporting goods store.

These rifles are highly recommended. They originally cost the Swiss government \$25.

They are not old or obsolete and have had very little use and best of care. The Swiss government has decided to issue rifles with a longer range than this particular type of rifle.

We give this rifle to you with a guarantee that they are in perfect condition and that they will give good service for many years. They would sell, in the ordinary way in this country, at from \$25 to \$35 and are so simple in construction as to warrant us in saying that they will practically last a lifetime.

REMEMBER THE PRICE OF THIS RIFLE IS \$6, including a box of cartridges. Unless you order promptly we do not promise delivery, inasmuch as we have only a limited number. Send us a money order or cash with your letter.

J. A. FLETT, LTD., 111 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

Just the Present



Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase

with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Just the thing for a

X'MAS PRESENT.

WHAT COULD BE MORE SENSIBLE THAN TO OFFER A GIFT OF GLOBE-WERNICKE ELASTIC SECTIONAL BOOKCASES. We sell hundreds of these every CHRISTMAS. Those who have them add to them. Those who have not inaugurated a plan of keeping and protecting books that will be appreciated by the recipient for all time. Catalogues on request.

THE WEBSTER-HANNA CO.

426-428-430 Cordova Street West

VANCOUVER, B. C.

**A
Useful
Gift
is
Always
Appreciated**



**For Young
or Old
What Nicer
Than
a
Kodak**

Write for Catalogue and Prices
KODAK HEADQUARTERS
COCKBURN'S ART GALLERY
665 Granville St.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Nicola Valley Coal

**THE BEST DOMESTIC AND STEAM
COAL IN THE WEST.**

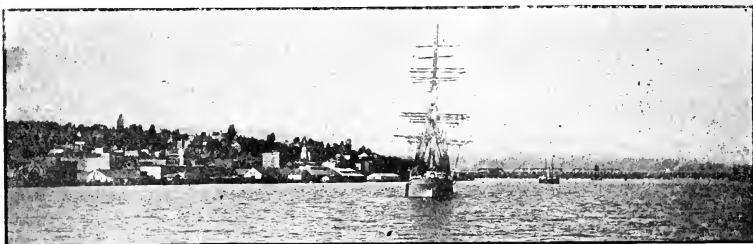
Agencies at:—

VANCOUVER, ASHCROFT, KAMLOOPS, REVELSTOKE,
VERNON AND OKANAGAN POINTS,
NELSON AND KOOTENAY POINTS.

Head Office:—VANCOUVER, B. C.
Collieries:—MIDDLESBORO, B. C.

Nicola Valley Coal and Coke Co. Ltd

NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

Real Estate and Financial Agents

The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

Westminster Iron Works

JOHN REID, *Proprietor*

Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences,
Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes,
and Iron Stairs.

OFFICE AND WORKS, 10TH STREET.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

Real Estate, Insurance and
Financial Brokers.

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

HALE BROS. & CO., LTD.

SPECIALIZE IN

5-ACRE FRUIT PLOTS

Box 100

New Westminster, B. C.

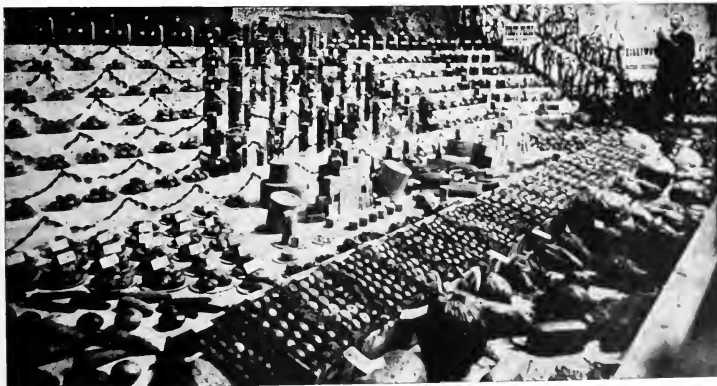
P. B. Brown

H. H. Lenni

The Settlers' Association of B. C.

Real Estate, Financial & Customs Brokers
Auctioneers

Opposite Windsor Hotel.



PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY

Mahogany

Every advance in the price of lumber means a corresponding profit to the timber owners.

Walnut logs advanced to such a figure that large profits were made by digging up and marketing the old stumps.

Mahogany bears the same relation to other varieties of timber as gold does to the other metals. It is already high, thus affording great profits to the owners of the standing timber.

This Company owns 91,610 acres of the highest grade mahogany timber in the world. It is an easy logging proposition and is located less than 1,900 miles from New York City, and only 840 miles from Galveston, Texas, by an all water route.

It is where up-to-date machinery and modern methods are just beginning to be introduced. It is a pleasant and healthful climate there and plenty of cheap labor is always available.

The soil is of almost unbelievable fertility and will yield a large and everlasting income after it has been denuded of its timber.

As additional funds are needed for operating and developing this property, a limited amount of stock is offered for sale at \$110.00 per share, payable in monthly instalments of \$5.00 each. Each share represents over two acres, and all stock is fully paid, non-assessable and equally participating.


Frederick Starr, Ph. D., Professor of Anthropology in the University of Chicago, refers to this immediate locality in the following language:

* * * "that wonderful fertile plain of black alluvial soil which makes the eastern end of Chipas and part of Tabasco. Here is the home of the mahogany and other famous timbers and of wild rubber. Here is the paradise of tropical agriculture. Here in this little stretch of precious black dirt are already located a full dozen American rubber companies. A few years will see the last foot of available land cleared and replanted with this most promising of orchards."

Your name and address on a postcard will secure literature and particulars.

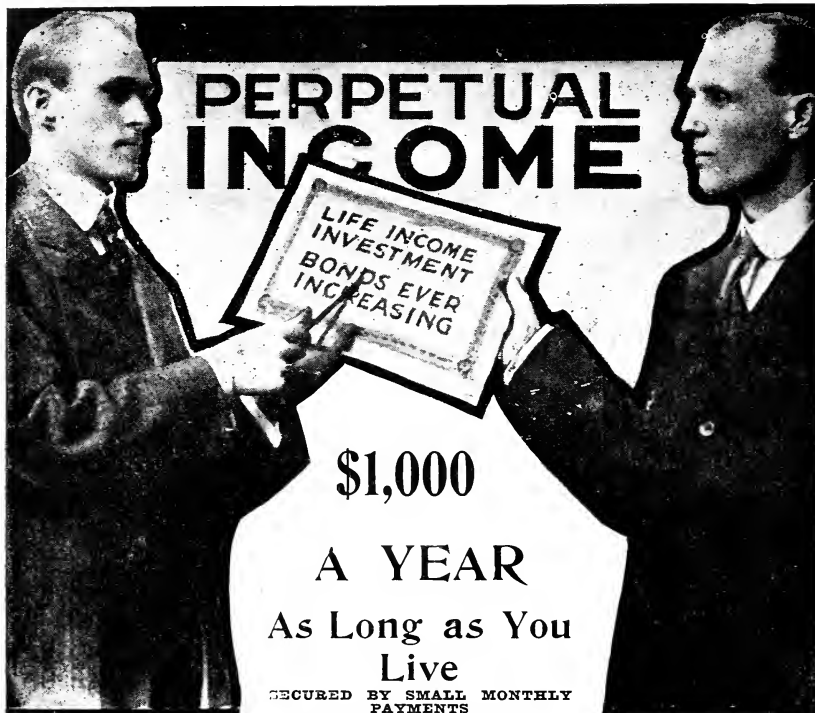
Chacamax Land Development Company

American Bank Building, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.



FOR
CUTS
ANGELL
ENGRAVING CO.
PHONE 3463 518 HASTINGS ST.
WEST.

VANCOUVER, B. C.



\$1,000

A YEAR

**As Long as You
Live**

**SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY
PAYMENTS**

The less money you have, the greater
the need to place it where it will
work hard and fast for you

Fill Out and Return Coupon Just Now

Do you want an income of from \$100.00 to \$1,000 a year for life? If so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If upon examination you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the **GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES** of your life to secure a steady, permanent income, as long as you live, you are under no obligation.

Name

Post Office

Province

Please reserve for me Life-Income Investment Bonds (value \$100.00 each). Send full information. If I am convinced that your enterprise is one of the **Soundest** character, and will prove **Enormously** profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of \$5.00 cash and \$5.00 per month on each \$100.00 Bond until fully paid. No more than 100 Bonds reserved for any one person.

THE UNITED SECURITIES COMPANY

1163 EMPIRE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

"BANNER" SPIRAL SPRING COUCH



Makes a Delightfully Comfortable Cosy Corner

This Couch is made for hard service and comfort, as well as for appearance.

It is made exactly like the well-known "Banner" Spring Bed, which is giving satisfaction to thousands of Canadians to-day.

The 50 Spiral Springs, mounted on rigid steel bands, are oil-tempered and jappanned, and will retain their "springiness" for years.

The width is 2 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. long, and makes a comfortably roomy Cosy Corner or Lounge and a luxurious "Banner" Spring Bed for night use.

The Pad is filled with buoyant layers of pure, new cotton felt, and covered with good quality olive-green denim, the pleated vallance being of the same material.

Your dealer can sell you the "Guaranteed Banner Couch" as cheaply as a poor sofa. Ask to see our trademark before purchasing. It is put on the side of every genuine "Banner" Couch for your protection and ours. Or, if he cannot supply you, write to us for full information and price.



THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., Limited

MONTREAL



INCORPORATED 1905

SECURITY \$21,710,821

CAPITAL
\$2,000,000

SUBSCRIBED
CAPITAL
\$505,000

PAID UP
CAPITAL
\$120,000

RESERVE
\$160,000

Real Estate

The history of Real Estate investment in Vancouver and British Columbia reveals individual instances of profit that read like fairy tales. Vancouver is pre-eminently Canada's natural port, and as such she has a wonderful future. British Columbia is the last West, and has only begun to develop. And it is an established fact that Real Estate values increase with increase of population. Our Real Estate Department is fully versed in all matters pertaining to profitable investment, and persons consulting our experts will find them able to place them in the most desirable sections of the city or country, and in the districts which are most rapidly increasing in value. Having their fingers on the pulse of the city activities they know where money can be placed to the greatest advantage. We have made large sums of money for our clients who have invested in Real Estate through our office. We can make you a safe and profitable investment in city property by purchasing vacant lots and erecting buildings thereon which will net you from 4 to 12 per cent. per annum, besides the increase in value of the property, which is very often in excess of the profits made from the rents. The combined profits of both rent and increase of value often making a very handsome profit.

If you are interested in Farm Lands we have always on hand a good selection of desirable farms, while our New Westminster office makes a specialty of farm and fruit lands in the rich Fraser River Valley, and has a thorough knowledge of values and a large list of desirable farm lands in all parts of the Province to choose from. These lists sent to any address on application.



IN OUR
FIRE AND
BURGLAR-
PROOF VAU
LT SPELLS
SAFETY FOR
YOU.....

DOMINION TRUST COMPANY LTD

HEAD OFFICE HASTINGS ST. W. VANCOUVER, B.C.



WESTWARD HO!

Magazines are like Men inspired to great achievements by the generous recognition of their worth; and Westward Ho! has during the past few months received such unstinted encouragement from the Canadian people that its efforts will be redoubled to contribute to their pleasure and edification, as well as to exploit the resources of their country. £ £ £ £ £ £ £

VOL. IV

MARCH, 1909

NO 3



BIRKS DIAMOND REPUTATION

Look for the firm with a reputation before you buy Diamonds. Your money should command the best possible value in both quality and weight.

We are the only Vancouver firm personally buying Diamonds direct from the cutters in Europe. This enables us to eliminate all the middleman's profit—that means a positive saving to you.

We show for your inspection a magnificent stock of Diamonds selected by our experts for their remarkable brilliancy—due to absolute perfection in the cutting.

**Birks are the Largest Buyers and Sellers
of Diamonds in Canada.**

This eminent position has been acquired only after a business career of thirty years. The sterling reputation for honest representation of goods has built this business into such a magnitude until today it is recognized as

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

Our superb quality of fine blue white Diamonds of the first water color are in a distinguished class by themselves. The constant demand for these diamonds is indisputable evidence of their superiority.

**HENRY BIRKS & SONS,
Limited.**

DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

Geo. E. Trorey, Man. Director.

VANCOUVER, B. C.



Drysdale's Superior Tailor-Made Suits

At \$25.00 to \$35.00

We have spring Suits at these prices that would astonish anyone who had never seen one of these exclusive models. The showing is large and has been selected with as much or even more careful consideration than that given to our expensive lines, for it requires more thought to produce suits that will look well and wear well at such moderate prices. And we will have nothing but the best. These Suits are shown in so many different styles that there is something suitable for everyone. They come in both plainly tailored and trimmed effects, in Cheviots, Serges, Worsteds and Broadcloths, and in all the staple and new spring shades.

Exquisite Millinery for Spring

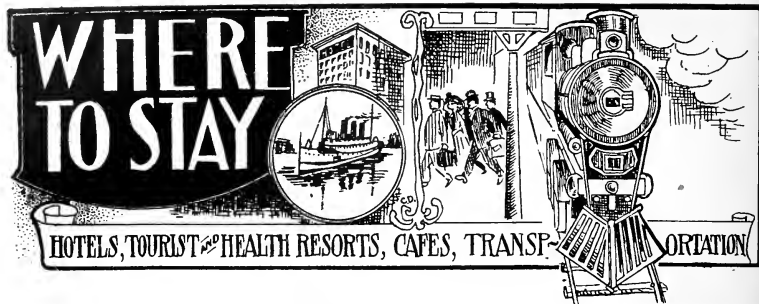
In the matter of style, the most critical expert must pronounce our exhibit correct. There is such a variation in size, such a variety of trimming that almost any desire you may have for the quiet, the subdued or for any model up to the dashing picturesque, may be gratified. You will pronounce our exhibit complete.

"The store whose chief study is the correct apparel for women."

Gordon Drysdale, Ltd.

575 Granville Street

VANCOUVER, B. C.



THE QUEENS HOTEL

ROOMS IN SUITES
HOT & COLD WATER
STEAM HEATED
ELECTRIC LIGHTED

J. C. GREEN, PROP.
GOLDEN, B.C.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

THE PLACE WHERE LIFE IS WORTH LIVING
A. MAULEY, PROPRIETOR
VERNON, B.C.

Rates \$2 a day and up.

The King Edward Hotel

BELL & MURRAY, Proprietors.
ENDERBY, B.C.

Newly Built and Furnished.
Rates \$2 per day.

Big Game Shooting. Excellent Fishing.
A Tourist's Paradise.

NORTONIA HOTEL

PORTLAND OREGON

MODERN COMFORT
MODERATE PRICES
ONLY ROOF GARDEN IN PORTLAND
The Tourist headquarters of Columbia Valley
Engage rooms early for the Alaska-Yukon Exposition

A. S. NORTON, Manager

Hotel Mount Royal

BANFF, ALTA.

Electric Lighted
Steam Heated
Hot and Cold Water
Private Baths

Centre of the National Park.
Rates \$2.50 per day and up.

D. McDOUGALL - Proprietor

Hotel Winters

Abbott Street, - Vancouver, B. C.



An elegantly furnished Family and Tourist Hotel in the heart of the business section.

Send for illustrated booklet.

AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.00 UP.
EUROPEAN PLAN, 75c UP.

WINTERS & STEVENSON
Proprietors.

HOTEL DUNSMUIR



VANCOUVER'S newest and most complete Hotel, having an unobstructed marine view and located in the fashionable shopping and theatre district.

American Plan \$2 per day up

United Wireless Telegraph Co's station.

D. GIBB & SONS, Proprietors

VANCOUVER.B.C.



Hotel Dominion

Is the recognized headquarters in Vancouver, B.C., for visitors from the Prairie Provinces. On arrival take your baggage to the large Brown Auto Bus which carries you to the hotel free.

Rates—American, \$1.50 to \$2.00.

European, 50c and up.

F. BAYNES, Proprietor.

Abbott Street - VANCOUVER, B.C.



BADMINTON HOTEL

of VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Leading Tourist and Family Hotel

Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

Special Rates by the Week.

Free Bus meets all trains and boats

GEORGE E. PARRY Manager.

\$ GEORGE HOTEL


GOOD
HUNTING
AND FISHING



**THE
TRAVELLER'S
HOME**



**HIGH RIVER,
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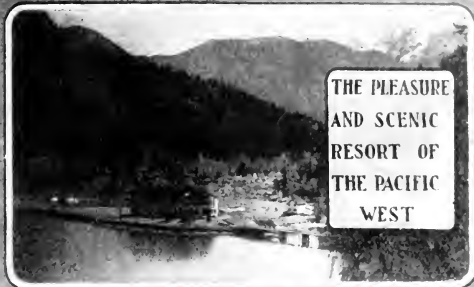
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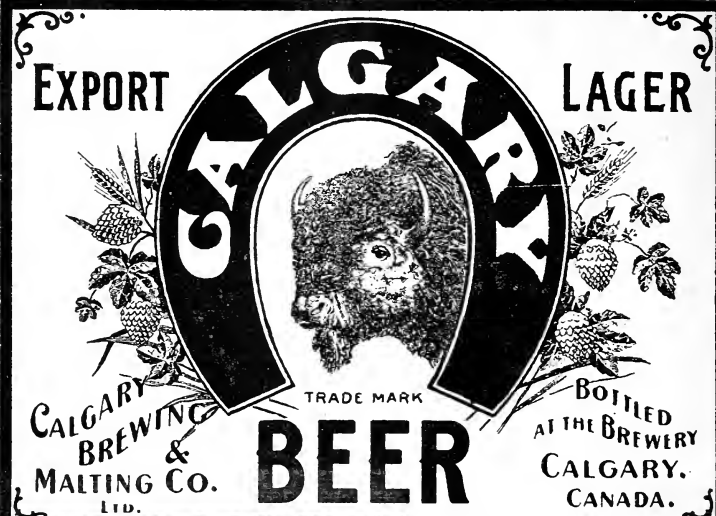
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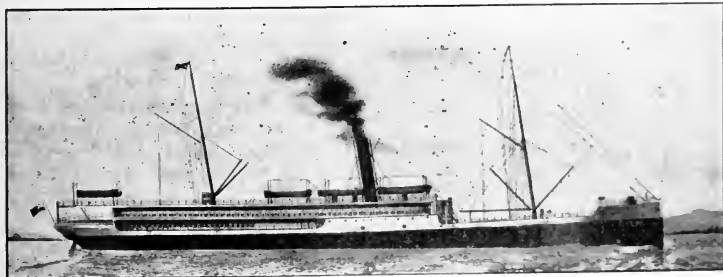
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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



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536 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Publishers' Announcement

will be more particularly devoted to the exploitation of the resources and opportunities of WESTERN CANADA.

Articles will be published showing present development, and also future possibilities.

Information of interest to capital and intending settlers will be made a special feature.

REAL ESTATE, both town and country, will receive attention, MINES and MINING, FISHING, LUMBER and AGRICULTURE are to be featured by expert writers.

Of course, good fiction as well as stories of real life in the West, will have their place—but the principal object of WESTWARD HO! will be the exploitation of WESTERN CANADA first, last and all the time!

Additional capital has been put into the enterprise, an entire reorganization of the management has been effected—and with "new blood" and increased enthusiasm, we believe that we can please all our old friends, and gain many new ones.

Western Canada Wood Pulp and Paper Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE - VICTORIA, B.C.

ASSETS.

The Company have acquired 55,659 acres of pulp land on Quatsino Sound, Vancouver Island, together with 20,000 inch water record and are now proceeding with the erection of a pulp and paper mill at Quatsino for the manufacture of newspaper and wrapping paper. The erection of the plant is under the personal supervision of Mr. Chas. B. Pride, of Appleton, Wis., one of the most distinguished authorities in the United States on the erection of pulp and paper mills, having built more than fifty of the leading mills of the country. The plant when thoroughly complete will have a capacity of 600 tons of news and wrapping paper per week. From present indications the directors are confident that they will have the first unit of the pulp mill with a capacity of 100 tons of wood pulp per week in operation by December 1st of this year.

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PROFITS IN PULP AND PAPER MANUFACTURE.

No industry, not even mining itself, has yielded as large and permanent dividends as the manufacture of Wood Pulp and Paper, and there is no reason why the mill which we are now erecting should not pay at least 25 per cent. annual dividends. Under much less favorable conditions, the Eastern Canadian and English mills are paying from 10 to 25 per cent. With our natural advantages, we should be able to make a profit of approximately \$15.00 per ton on News-paper, \$20.00 per ton on Wrapping Paper, and \$15.00 per ton on Box Board and Pulp Board. The Pacific Coast mills of the United States are now making a net profit, after deducting depreciation, operating expenses, bonds, etc., of approximately \$15.00 per ton on Wrapping, and \$15.00 per ton on Box and Pulp Boards, and this after paying from \$6.00 to \$8.00 per cord for wood. With our magnificent timber limits and splendid water power, we should be able to manufacture News-paper for considerably less than \$30.00 per ton, and Wrapping Paper at \$32.00 per ton. At present, News is jobbing on the Eastern markets at \$42.00 to \$45.00 per ton, and the freight rate to British Columbia is \$17.00 per ton. News is now selling in Australia New Zealand, China and Japan at from \$48.00 to \$60.00 per ton, and we are able to secure a freight rate to the above points at from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per ton. In 1908 the Laurentide Paper Co. showed a profit of \$251,458. The Kellner-Partington Pulp and Paper Co. showed a gross profit last year of \$1,252,205. The official United States Government Report, issued at Washington, D.C., July 25th, 1907, Bulletin 80, showed that the mills of the State of Oregon made a profit of 20-2-3 per cent. of the value of goods over all expenses. The three mills in the State of California showed the value of goods, over all expenses, of 19 per cent. The gross profits of the International Paper Co. for the year ending June 30th, 1908, amounted to \$1,635,918.

With our close proximity to the Oriental markets, there is no reason why we should not make, conservatively, 10 per cent. more dividends than the Eastern Canadian or American Mills. China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand alone import over \$10,000,000 worth of paper per year. In 1908, Australia imported over 60,000 tons of News, principally from Eastern Canada and Europe. Why should we let this great volume of paper go to Eastern Canada, Eastern United States, and Europe, when we are in a position to control it ourselves? Every dollar of paper used in the Orient should be furnished from Western Canada. With sufficient mills to produce the goods, what country is in a better position to control the trade of the Orient than British Columbia. Not only are we able to manufacture News and Wrapping Paper from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per ton lower than Eastern Canada and American mills, but we are from 2,000 to 3,000 miles nearer the great Oriental markets. The demand for News and Wrapping Paper is gradually increasing, and, within ten years, China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand will be absolutely dependent upon this Province for its supply of pulp and paper. We know the big dividends that the Paper Mills of the world are paying, and with our immense timber limits, covering 86 square miles, which assures a permanent supply of wood at a nominal cost, there is no reason why we should not pay even larger dividends than the present operating mills.

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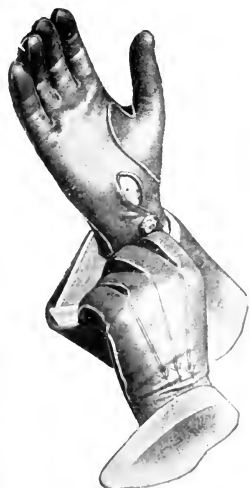
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Vol. IV.

March, 1909

Number 3

Vital Problems of Canada.

Bram Thompson, M. A.

THE vastness and greatness of a country are by no means synonymous terms or synchronistic conditions; for while vastness may be ascribable to extraneous events and creative powers, the greatness is attributable entirely to the inherent virtues of the race by whom a country is inhabited.

Vastness, indeed, may contribute to greatness or beget weakness according to the manner in which the opportunities presented by it are utilized for good or evil; and the determinate or dynamic force of the one or the other is supplied by the organic body of the people themselves.

Russia and China are two conspicuous instances of vastness without greatness. Space precludes, at present, an interesting sketch of the stagnation of the one, and the retrogression of the other. Russia gave herself over to autocracy, and her people to slavery and serfdom; while China became enveloped in slum-

ber, and the nox of Chimera and Utopian dreams.

Selfishness and sordidness and national self-complacency converted the one into a tyrant, and the other into a lethargic inanity; and these same vices to-day are producing a new national disorder called *strenuosity*—a disease so absorbing that the body, mind and spirit of each individual infected by it are converted into a triumvirate force to crush out the ideals of existence, the amenities of life, and to subordinate everything to *Sacra Fames Auri*.

Canada should take warning and not, at the behest of Gold or Mammon, crush out of her children the hero-spirit, the only material with which the greatness of nations is permanently constructed.

She stands in a unique and unprecedented position. Nothing in ancient or modern history is to be compared to it; and nothing in former or contemporaneous times can measure the splendour of the national epoch she may now unfold.

How magnificent are her heritages!

A language rich and splendid in which the sublimest of poets, and the most resistless of orators, have found adequate expression for their overflowing souls; a literature which has not only created its own ideals but has appropriated to itself all that is beatific, refined and ennobling in that of erudite Greece and classic Rome; a constitutional system of Government free, unfettered, almost independent, for the principle of which she has had no fight to make, no blood to shed, no years of paralyzed suspense to spend before entering into its enjoyment; a vast area laid off *in limine* by the hand of Nature and Providence, and whose resources are, as if impatient at the dilatory operations of man, obtruding themselves from beneath the soil into the very eye of every beholder; all the philosophic expositions of the human mind from the time when Socrates, Plato and Aristotle dazzled the ancient world with their almost superhuman penetration into its mysterious recesses, have been collected and sifted, the dross removed, and the pure elements not only retained but recast, remoulded and burnished anew by the no less profound and erudite men who have shed glory upon the Anglo-Saxon name and made clearer the way for that great elevation of man's moral character which in spite of purblindness and pessimism is now rapidly progressing.

All these are bestowed with the bountiful pride of a parent setting-off his favourite child upon the way of life. And there is more: This parent has said "Whosoever shall touch thee, or menace thee, so as to divert thee from laying the massive foundations of the greatness thou art destined to attain shall touch or menace me: my arm shall be above thee and about thee: and the forces both by Land and Sea that are at my command, are thine to ensure thy safety and freedom until that day when thou shalt be able to declare: 'I have attained the full vigour of Nationhood; I am able to stand alone, and to vanquish the secret or truculent foe.'"

With such a patrimony and with such auspicious *camaraderie*, can Canada fail

to make her greatness commensurate with her vastness? Only by perfidy to herself—only by selfishness and sordidness.

As the greatest of foes is not he who declares himself openly and from without, but he who insinuates monstrous wrongs and hellish projects from the very bosom of friendship into the ear of unsuspecting credulity, so the nation-degrading vices of selfishness and sordidness have their national lingo.

Canada stands aghast, if not positively angry, at the bare suggestion of any fate overtaking her, such as has extinguished or torporized other Nations and Empires in the past; but she must recognize that immunity from dangers which overwhelmed others, can only be secured by the operation of some force or quality that those others either did not possess or allowed to dwindle into desuetude.

The extinct or emasculated empires did not pass away or decline through want of vigour and energy. Their material and intellectual records tell us that they had calculated with much certainty and enthusiasm on their continuance to the end of time. Roman Laws and Institutions are studied to-day as models which, if not exactly adaptable to our own peculiar exigencies, are undoubtedly the germinal source from which our own have grown; and Roman Literature has contributed more to our language than all the dialects of the Angles, the Saxons and the Britons combined. But as soon as mercenariness—the lust of public plunder—in her leaders, and the apathy to, or tolerance of, that lust by her people, appeared, the knell of Rome was sounded; and her massive institutions, and subtle and scientific codes of Law toppled in a general confusion and ruin. Selfishness and sordidness had achieved for an envious world, all that the world seemed unable to accomplish for itself—the destruction of the Roman Empire.

Selfishness and sordidness exist to-day as they did in the days of Rome.

It is in no spirit of rancour that we touch this sore in Canadian National Life; and we do it only that it may be scientifically treated, and so radically removed that it may never again display

those pestilent humors which provoke the loathing of all beholders.

We speak quite outside the narrow region of party politics, and from the viewpoint only of patriotic supporters of the eternal principles of *Truth and Honour*.

The Charges that have been made, and the Commissions of investigation that have been appointed, time after time, by different parties and governments, are in themselves, and quite irrespective of their results, evidence of a state of public morality which winks at the grafter's vice until it becomes flagitious, and which only begins to erect itself into an attitude of righteous indignation when it beholds two antagonists lashing each other with furious charges and counter-charges, with retorts and revilements, not for the sake of public virtue, not to convict the one or exculpate the other, but to retain or regain the power to do the infamous things that each reproaches in the other.

These foils and fences—these personal contests for a public position that enables the possessor to plunder the people—are the most outrageous reflection on the political morality of the Nation that it is possible to conceive; and the base reflection is made more lurid by the system of tracing the crime.

Commissions of enquiry adopt the astute procedure of Courts of Law. Guilty men have escaped the gallows through the technical *finesse* that excludes private opinion and moral conviction; and many a jury have signed "not guilty" when they had no manner of doubt that the criminal was escaping by a technicality. But surely the malversation of public money and the spoliation of public resources are a moral charge and not a legal one—not a legal one at all events until it assumes the form of an Impeachment punishable, not with ejection from office, but with decapitation. As long as it is being morally investigated, moral evidence should be one of its determining factors; and the legal system ought to be abolished and something established in its stead analogous to the ancient system of compurgation by which the onus lay on the accused of vindicating himself from even an imputation.

We must, somehow, unmask the villainy that now cowers, now vaunts, behind the visor of legal chicanery; and in order to do this we leave both the accuser and the accused and appeal direct to the Sovereign People. It is for them we are in travail. It is their name that is tarnished in the eyes of the world; and if they will but arouse themselves and say: "This infamy shall not be done in our name and in our nation, nor shall the possibility for it under any sham or subterfuge henceforth be permitted," then the vultures will disappear and the nation will be saved from an awful doom.

The exemplification in the people of such a spirit as this involves the annihilation of that intent self-concentration which now prevails amongst individuals and classes of men. Many, very many, of these have had wealth thrust upon them, yet they care nothing for the countless, except in so far as it is capable of yielding more.

far as it is capable of yielding more.

They will not use their wealth to establish or promote a new industry or enterprise. With their money in their pocket, or loaned out at 6 per cent. to poor strugglers for the ownership of a house or farm, they wait until a new project aided by capital borrowed from the Foreigner has passed through its struggling period and is in the form of a dividend-paying concern, and then they will purchase it and forthwith proceed to paralyze its beneficent effect on outsiders—on the Nation—by monopolizing it amongst themselves. Narrow and selfish and sordid they are beyond description. Not a foot will they move, nor a hand uplift, to advance a public project or conserve a public right unless the money-guerdon for their act is dangled before their eyes.

O Patriotism! art thou dead? No, thank God, only selfified. Shrivelled thou art, having shifted thy habitation from the sublime soul of true manhood to the narrow purse of miserdorm. Burst the strings of thy damnable environment and come forth; and then, and not till then, shall thy country be what her vastness entitles her to be—great and glorious.

Canada has a position, an outlook and an imperative call to duty to-day.

As her first act of duty, let her arise and whip the rascals from east to west who in the name of her youth dare to plunder her people's resources. Let there go down with the same stroke the villain and his sponsor, as well as the blatant accuser who condemns only because he cannot perform what he ostentatiously reviles. They are all of the same ilk, and all equally reprobate.

Purged of their impious insincerity, to the Councils of the Nation will go men who now cannot face their contaminating corruption. They will bring with them the spirit of the people; and purity will prevail.

The position and outlook then will become delightfully clear, as if a mist that destroyed the perspective and obscured the nearest object had suddenly passed away.

The true march of the Nation—her transition from mere vastness to greatness—will then have begun.

Men will unfold the coils of selfishness; their hoarded capital will be unloaded into the coffers of national and industrial enterprises; their foreign securities will be exchanged for those of their own country; and great public and private undertakings will be carried through with Canadian wealth instead of passing, as they do now, into the hands of foreign capitalists who gather in their millions at the expense of the Canadian people.

And then for her National Life. It also must be great and noble, and willing

to assume the obligations that greatness entails.

The treaty-making power is the summit of Nationhood, and there is no higher or worthier National Ambition. "Treaties" is the name diplomacy has invented for contracts between Sovereign Nations; but just as the contracts of individuals require the sanction of the Law, so Treaties necessitate the sanction of a Naval Power; and until Canada possesses this Power, either by constructing a Navy of her own or imperializes Great Britain's Naval Forces, by contributing to their maintenance, the correlative power of making Treaties would not only be dangerous but an empty bauble, and quite as grotesque as Burke's famous "Preambulary Tax".

The way to Treaty Rights is not now obscured, but in reaching them we must take care that impetuosity does not land us in a whirlwind.

That Canada will attain her ideal greatness we have no manner of doubt. Nay, we are fervent believers that with the grafter and speculator eradicated, with the sense of personal participation in her future infused into every citizen, with selfishness dethroned and patriotism sitting in her rightful seat, with Truth and Honor the arbiters of her destiny, *Canada will not only become great among the Nations but be the central point—the centripetal and centrifugal force—of the British Empire itself.*

We can say no more: We can wish her no greater glory.



Nine Tides of Sron-Na-Boghar.

N. Tourneur

"STAY at home, my lad, stay at home. Better lay among the saft warm sheets, this night, than the ground weed round the Scaur Rocks." mumbled the White Witch of Drumore.

I looked earnestly at her as she bent over the peat and driftwood crackling on the open hearth. Against the blaze the stunted figure of her was silhouetted like a hunchback's. Dusting the top of the meal ark, I sat down on it alongside her.

"What will happen, mistress?" I asked. "As you know, I am going out on the night tide, over the Bay to the Isle of Whitern. Is there bad weather brewing?"

"Stay at hame, my lad, stay at hame."

"That I cannot do, mistress, without causing vexation to others, near and dear to me," I replied. "Is there any danger then?"

"Mair than you, or I, or most of us want. Gin ye go, it is a farther cry that's yours than owre the Bay. Rest ye ashore, my gentleman, till morning."

Vainly I pressed her for an explanation. Silently she continued to stir her porridge, her dull eyes now and again resting on me.

"Well Mistress, your porridge is done, and you're going to have your supper; I'll be off," I said, nettled at her obstinate silence. "Is it a burst of wind you mean? Crossing the Bay, tonight, is as safe as walking down the village street here! The breeze has westered, and is falling too. Tuts, mistress, I thought you could tell something!"

She reared up her meagre figure. "Ay, I can tell ye mair nor that. Three sailor laddies have I weaned in my days o' mitherhood. Nane o' them would listen to my tellings, and woe's me, the kirk-

yaird doesn' hap their bodies. The Nine Tides aye took them."

"The Nine Tides! What Tides are they? I've seen two tides instead of one, mistress, but never heard of nine."

"The Nine Tides o' Shron-Na-Boghar, as the Mull o' Galloawa' was ca'd in the auld times," she replied. "This I ken, sir, and ken weel—before the chap o' midnight the Nine Tides will be calling, calling, on you. And ye'll see the Spanish ship they beguiled. The Hand o' God keep ye."

"Sir, I ken it," she added fiercely. "My three weans they cry it in my ear. Guid sir, I am not mad."

I stepped out of the cottage and looked about. The sun was now sunk, leaving the west bathed in gold. The little fleecy clouds, amethyst and gold, seemed almost stationary. On the other side of Luce Bay, I could see Craignarget Hill, sixteen miles away,—a long ridge of soft blue against the azure of the evening sky. According to the weather-vane on the old flour-mill opposite, the wind was blowing from the south-west—steadily it seemed to me. With a laugh at the White Witch's fears, I said good-night to her, and took my way to the harbor.

Never better weather for crossing the Bay to the Isle, thought I; and whistling for my seaman, I gaily reached the seaward quay.

As we slid past Cairgarrock Bay, making southward, to gain the flow that runs strong in that direction towards the Isle, eighteen miles away, I let my eyes rove up the long bay behind us. Its smooth surface shimmered with the fading gold of the August sunset, which here and there was interlaced with branching stretches of faint green and silver, shot occasionally with varying blue where undercurrents disturbed the reflections. There was no sound save the gurgling of

the bow wave curling past the stem and body of the boat as we headed slowly southward. At long intervals a surge broke precipitately on the stony beach away to starboard, its silver notes echoed tremulously over the reaches of calm sea.

"Kirke, the White Witch, as you folk call Mistress McFaddyen, was against our coming," said I to my "crew."

The quiet went from his bronzed face; an uneasy look flashed over it. He shoved his quid into his left cheek, gave an uncertain look at Drumore, now vanishing into the distance, and scratched his head in perplexity. "What for is she agin' it, sir?"

"Tides! Nine Tides," I ejaculated laconically, "and a blow from west'ard."

He stared about him, wet his finger to feel the breeze, then shook his head.

"The glass, high; the wind just saft enough, the sky clear; she maun be wrang, she maun be wrang. No, sir, the witches 'll be quiet this nicht."

"Witches!" I exclaimed.

"Ay, sir, witches. The nine auld jades that begat these same Nine Tides—that run high when it blows hard—for the drooning o' Saint Medan when she was coming back from Mourue in Ireland wi' a witch-finder—Saint Patrick by name—to destroy familiars and a' them out o' the land. It fell aboot, though, the two saints drooned the jades themselves!"

I burst out laughing at his solemn face and matter-of-fact. Said I on getting my breath, "Why, I thought you folks only had white witches, like Mistress McFaddyen. She does not harm?"

"A gey queer lot, here, once-a-day, sir. Oh, ay, guid Mistress McFaddyen kens a lot; she kens a lot."

An hour later, on the breeze dying away, I chuckled in derision at the White Witch. Peace of mind was mine. Contentedly I pulled at my pipe, knowing we could safely make the Isle, fourteen miles away, on the flow and pulling for about an hour. But tragedy was swiftly heading down on us.

Kirke peered about, now seaward towards the Irish Channel, now at the Mull of Galloway, low and vague in the night and best indicated by the triplicate

flash from its light. As I watched him, the darkness between us deepened suddenly. A strong puff of wind gushed past.

"Here's wind, sir," cried the boatman, sniffing in the salty air. "An' it's comin' from west'ard, too!"

In the ensuing stillness I heard the roar of surf breaking round the Scaur Rocks. In some trepidation I peered away where they stood, in the southwest one and a half miles to leeward.

The boat heaved uneasily on the growing swell that as time went on increased in weight although the calm still held. The weak light from the little binnacle set into the sternsheets caught my knee right, and in the thickening air shone out in a little white wedge-shaped stream, to fall hazily on the lugsail and jib halyards. Not a star was now to be seen. The darkness was become an ever-receding, ever-encroaching woof, stifling and appalling. Through it flashed, wavering and feeble, the Mull of Galloway light.

"This is a sudden change, Kirke," I exclaimed.

"I'm fearing it'll be worse afore it's better, sir," he answered; "I misdoubt that ground-swell. Maybe, afore morning, you and me 'll be thinking the White Witch the wisest of us all."

A flurry of wind shook the sail, flapping it against the mast. The boat ran up the unseen breast of a great swell, then dropped with dizzying swoop into the deep hollow beneath. Frantically Kirke was tugging at the mainsail halyards: "Hard a port, hard a port!" he yelled.

With a wild screech the first of the squalls burst down. The small craft, pressed by the big jib, shoved her nose into it. Slowly she climbed the shadowy ridge of water. In the curve of the on-coming surge the mainsail lost the wind, and with it clapping like thunder we managed to top the heavy sea.

"In jib and mains'l. She'll drive under wi' them on," Kirke yelled in my ear. "Set storm trys'l. In the peak, in the peak, you'll find it."

I crawled forward, and loosening the mainsail tackle, snugged down the lug

by sheer main force along the gunwale; then hand over fist hauled in the jib, and at great peril, owing to the tumbling seaway, got the trysail set. Under it alone, the boat tore madly through the swirling waters.

A warning cry from Kirke startled me, but one glance ahead was enough, and flinging myself down I gripped the thwart, thinking our end was coming. With a cunning shove of the rudder the boat breasted the immense mass of roaring, frothing water, but the crest of it, breaking before the small craft swung over, swept in upon the bows. Snatching the baler from under the thwart, I began frantically throwing the water out of her. By now I was grown apprehensive, too, of the Scaurs, and strained my eyes over the inky seas; but the velocity of the squall blinded me.

"Where away are we?" I shouted.

"Sou'-sou'-west. Inside o' the Scaurs," the boatman bellowed back. "Weather the seas on no other tack God help us."

But the next minute or two the squall had passed, screaming down-wind, and taking the pitch darkness with it. A strange misty greyness spread through the air.

"Stand by for the change," Kirke cried. "Slack 'way sheets for'ad."

I did so, and sat quick and ready, the haliards in either hand. To my amazement a tall ship forged out of the night to windward, and stood down off our weather bow. Past us she drove up the bay, her tattered main topsail, square foresail and half-brailed jibs full-bellied in the wind. Tossing and scattering the seas with her bluff, high-pitched stern, she almost instantly was lost in the further smother of night and the spindrift.

"What the deuce is that?" I roared, turning to Kirke. He was staring before him like a man demented. When he swayed into the light from the binnacle, I saw fear stamped on his face. Scrambling aft, I seized the rudder in time to evade the next roller which was about to sink us.

Violently I shook him. "What's wrong?" I roared.

"We're lost, we're lost," was his husky cry. "Oh God, we're lost."

"What?" I flashed out in a panic, looking to see if the boat had sprung a leak.

"The ship—the Spanish ship, the Tides beguiled lang syne." And Mistress McFadden's augury surged into my recollection.

I jabbed Kirke in the side, but he only cowered the more—his face hidden between his hands. Putting up the helm, I hauled on the lee sheet of the story trysail. The boat paid off handsomely before the wind, and none too soon for our safety.

The waters about us were now heaving in confused runs. Little swirls broke against gunwale and bow. Heavy tufts of spray leapt up, to fall with a dull thud into the bilge water. I could make out a great stretch of yeasty seas, shooting up into the air like tongues, to fall back crashing. Clearly we were now in the meeting of the nine currents that run past the *Mull of Galloway into the gut between Luce Bay and Burrow Head. The small craft could not live in it for a minute.

"Stir about, Kirke, stir about," I cried in his ear; "be a man." But the next instant I had leapt to my feet.

Down on the gusty blasts came the clamor of wild voices—the voices of drowning women.

Swaying to the jumping of the boat, I scanned the waters just as if I expected to see some sinking vessel. Again the agonized voices rang out—sharper and more imperative. What could it be but the strange Calling of the Nine Tides as they swirled against each other.

Kirke sprang up. "Do ye no' hear them calling on us?" he shrieked, madness gleaming in his eyes. "Do ye no' hear the Cries?"

With an impetuous thrust he reft the rudder from my hold, and shoving it down brought the boat round, the trysail cracking like small cannon. But the boat lurched to leeward as the swell fell abruptly from under, and he fell forward on his side. I sprang on him, and in a trice had him bound fast hand and foot with his mackerel lines; then left him

lying between the thwarts cursing and blaspheming me, the bilge water swishing about him.

Putting the craft before the wind, I hoisted a strip of close-reefed mainsail, and setting my course west-south-west, steered for home. A little before sunrise, when the dark sky above the Machars to the eastward was changing into light purple and scarlet and blue, I sighted Drumore, and the first of the fishermen going out to haul their crab and lobster pots. Eager questions broke from them, for never again had Drumore thought to see us alive, so violent had been the squalls. A glimpse of Kirke silenced them.

"Ay, ay," quavered Old Murdoch McDouall, as he helped his stalwart sons to lift him out of the boat and up the quay

steps, "ye've heard the Nine Tides calling, and cam back alive to dry land. Few have done that. Thank ye God, young sir!"

He and his sons carried Kirke home. I turned up the steep little village street, and tapped on the White Witch's door, and walked in on her as she was blowing on her peat embers to rekindle her fire.

She nodded in triumph. "And so," cried she in her shaky old voice, "ye've heard the Callin' o' the Nine Tides o' *Sron-Na-Boghar, and seen the Ship forbye. Maybe ye'll think better o' this auld Scots spey-wife, noo, than that a' she tells ye be lies."

Old name for the Mull of Galloway, Wigornshire, Scotland: meaning 'The Hill of the Wild Goats.'

God's Dwelling Place.

George E. Winkler

Some seem to think that God abides
Beyond the farthest, faintest star,
And with His ether-piercing eye
Looks down upon us from afar.

Some think He lives in boundless space—
Illimitably high and wide—
And none may say 'twas *here* or *there*,
The Deity did once reside.

To me He ever seems to dwell
Where Beauty most enthralles the Soul,
And teaches in the Silences
From out the Vast Created Whole.

He's speaking in the dewy rose,
The gleaming stars, the mountain hills;
And in the pale-grey mists that creep
At eventide across the hills.

He speaks in yonier snowy peak,
So changeless, solitary, high;
And in the melancholy pines
That reach toward the wintry sky:

So when I hear my brother's God
Was seen or heard *there* Yesterday,
I will not haste to mark the place,
For lo! He's *here* with me Today.

The Worth of Remembrance.

Isobel Macdonald

"COME away, Ella, and make the tea. What's keeping you so long." It was a querulous voice and the old lady got up from her chair in front of the fire and moved to the window, drawing her shawl closer around her as she looked out at the rain. She did not remain long standing for it made her dizzy to look down from their four story window to the street below, where a milkman was jangling his cans and a drenched organ-grinder was just pulling his hurdie-gurdie round the corner.

"I wish Ella had never brought me here. Why couldn't we have stayed at Cairnook?" she muttered as she slowly paced the room, now and then looking impatiently toward the closed door of the bedroom.

"Ella, it's half past five and the fire's going down."

"Yes, mother, in just a few minutes," came the gentle answer from the other apartment.

Prospective of a near visit to Cairnook Manse for which she had just received an invitation by the afternoon post, Ella Maitland was seated on the bed with her sadly impoverished wardrobe spread out before her for inspection. She was a frail looking little woman with not much of either youth or beauty to her credit, but a sweet and winning expression when she smiled and grey eyes shaded by rich dark eyebrows which redeemed her otherwise plain features.

Miss Maitland had reached that stage of life when it is not charitable to venture a guess at a woman's age, and only the unkind and malicious members of her own sex would do so. She was one of those so often effaced in the world, whose characters are not sufficiently pronounced to force themselves upon other

people's notice and demand their sympathy. It matters not that they live out a fragrant existence in some obscure corner of life's arena the world does not recognize it, and those they bless are often unappreciative.

Having replenished the fire in the little sitting room and seen that her mother was comfortably settled in the big arm-chair she proceeded to lay the cloth for tea.

"I can tell you this Ella, you and I might be leading a very different life to-day if you had only possessed a grain of common sense," the old lady remarked watching her daughter reflectively as she set down the cups at the head of the table, "but you always were going about with your head in the air—just like your father. If William had only been thinking about what he was doing instead of dreaming all the time we would not have lost that money."

Miss Maitland knew when her mother was in a cantankerous mood and tried to get her veered off a subject so painful to herself. Above all things she hated to have her father's name brought into such discussions. Why should her mother not have more reverence for those that were dead and gone? True, he had not been so practical a man as he might have been—he had ruined their hopes and left them in poverty, but like many another he had been led away by the mirage of sudden wealth. Had he not felt sure that the copper mines would be a success, and was not all the risk taken for the sake of his wife and daughter?

Miss Maitland remained in the kitchen so long as she could make that excuse to escape from her mother's remarks, but further accusations were slung upon her as soon as she returned with the tea-pot and buttered toast.

"Couldn't you have married that man like any other sensible woman? And he asked you twice—how many men do that?"

"Mother, it can't be helped now," the daughter answered with impatience.

"Oh, yes, that's what you always say, Ella. I'd like to know what is going to become of you when I am dead and the pension stops. You never think of that. It's I that has all the worry—and to have to live on the fourth flat of a tenement at my time of life!" Here the old lady gave one of those little snorts that proclaimed her rightful station in life. "If a daughter would only consider it a duty to herself and her parents to get married when she has the chance. When a widow is left destitute it is because circumstances have overcome her, but why should a woman who has squandered her opportunities in life deserve support from charity funds in her old age?"

Miss Maitland watched her mother's aged and trembling hands as she steadied her cup of tea. Her mother had a way of striking the truth and driving it home with painful accuracy.

"Mother, you know I didn't love Gilmore."

"Stuff and nonsense woman!—sentiment at your time of life!" the old lady's voice rang out bitterly.

"But, mother, I had a right to both youth and sentiment ten years ago," the daughter replied, stung to self-defence by her mother's harshness.

"Yes, and much you made of it—that's what I say; and it was not for want of advice. The good Lord can never accuse me of not doing my duty to my children."

"Well, mother, I wish those who did follow your counsel had, in some measure, repaid you for it."

It was hard to parry words with her mother but, when driven to it, there was one thrust which always silenced Mrs. Maitland. From her heart Ella felt truly sorry for the old lady, the more so as she realized now that by a little sacrifice she would have been in a position to do much for her parents she had not been able to in their old age. And in the comfortable surroundings of her own home

and duty to a good husband would that old wound have healed; instead of forming a canker in her heart that was to ruin her whole life? So thinks many a woman who realizes too late that her life turns on a pivot, imperceptible to other people, but which has strengthened with time till it has become the very centre of her being.

Late that night Miss Maitland laid aside the blouse she had been stitching and glanced up at the clock with a sigh—she had been so absorbed with her own thoughts as not to have noticed the time pass. Stepping softly across to her mother's bedroom door she stopped and listened. Having assured herself that the old lady was asleep she opened the door and gently crossed the floor on tip-toe, feeling her way across the darkened room till her fingers found the drawer of a desk that stood in the farther corner. Taking out a small box she stole out of the room again, softly shutting the door behind her. A tiny key attached to her watch chain unlocked this case from which she extracted a small bundle of letters tied together with a blue string. Was it a school girl's fancy, one might ask. "Blue is for true," we used to say.

Tenderly she opened each yellow envelope and read the letters through till she had come to the last. The others were long and she had skimmed them over, but this had only one page written on in a man's bold handwriting, and the little woman with her head bowed beneath the gaslight pored over it as if each word pained or puzzled her. Once her lips quivered faintly and from beneath the drooping eyelids two tears rolled down and fell on the faded lines. This had been a hidden sorrow in her life. Not even her mother has suspected her secret engagement to a school-boy companion many years ago. No one but Lucille, her bosom friend, had known of it—and Lucille had married him!

Here was a double trial for Miss Maitland. They had both deceived her, yet she could not believe it to be a premeditated cruelty or bring herself to think ill of either of them. George had been her true lover in a soldier's uniform.

when she had seen him last—Lucille had embraced her with tear stained cheeks and protestations of life-long friendship when she bade her good-bye, on her way to India. Three months later had come an invitation to her wedding, preceded by George's brief note requesting a release from his old love. He had not even waited further reply, though like the brave girl she was there could be only one answer to give.

Had he been sorry for the lonely orphaned girl when she went out to that far-away land to live among strangers? Had Lucille been tempted by the prospect of a comfortable home and a stolen husband—or had her matchmaking uncle, Colonel Winthrope, arranged it? Above all, how did they feel toward her now? Was it remorse of conscience that had made them break off all communications, or had they in the happiness of their home and family forgotten her? These and many other questions vexed Miss Maitland's tender soul.

II.

"I have a choice of occupation for my visitors this morning," Mrs. More entered the diningroom in her breezy fashion. She had a smile which Bert Harding said reminded him of Pear's soap.

"My dear, are you aware that breakfast has been on the table for twenty minutes?" her husband remonstrated.

"Well, Mr. More, that is why I married you—a minister has no morning trains to catch. Guests," she remarked with a mock curtesy to the other ladies, "don't count—they take what they get and say 'thank you.'"

"Amy always is so sweetly domineering, but we usually find her plans just capital," Mrs. Dare responded, dropping into her place at table.

"May I remind my dear little hostess of my previous engagement," Miss Maitland smilingly apologized.

"There now, isn't that an old maid all over," the little widow laughed across the table. "Always declining new offers on account of some previous engagement—and ten chances to one the former is most impracticable. But let's hear about it before we decide."

"Yes dear, what is it?" her hostess solicited.

"Why, Betty has made me promise to pick snowdrops with her this morning, in the Ferndell woods—she wants them for the village children's tea tonight. May we go, Mrs. More?"

"Oh, certainly, my dear; Betty will be delighted—only, we have not had permission yet from the new tenant—though I suppose it is all right. They say he is a most disagreeable man—scarcely ever speaks to anyone. Never goes to church or anything of that sort. Of course, these are only reports but we are naturally shy of approaching him. My dear, would you have the courage to speak up, if you should meet him on the grounds, and tell him that we always had the flowers, and that Mr. More will call very soon?"

"Oh, Amy, how brave you would be yourself," Mrs. Dare interposed. "If you don't want your head snapped off, Miss Maitland, I guess you had better skidoo when you see him approaching. Why he's a perfect wretch—murdered his wife—at least she died of a broken heart, which is practically the same thing. There is an invalid little girl, and they say he never looks at her."

"How shockingly cruel!" Miss Maitland exclaimed.

"And if the fiend should set his dogs on you just scream loud enough for me to hear. I have never had the chance of rescuing a lady in distress and I want to act the noble hero before I die," the minister laughingly put in.

With a few more injunctions and merry jokes thrown after them, Miss Maitland and Betty set off with their basket for the flowers, after breakfast.

Right across the road from the Manse was a gate in the stone wall which let them into Ferndell gardens. Betty skipped on in front waving her basket at the old gardener who straightened his rheumatic back to look up and smile as she passed. They proceeded through an iron gate and down a flight of steps which led them into a secluded pathway. Along this they wandered for some distance till an opening in the bushes

brought them to a small stream with planks across.

"Oh, Miss Maitland, look quick!" the little girl exclaimed as if the vision would remain before her eyes, "aren't they too lovely?"

Miss Maitland echoed her appreciation of the scene before as she looked across at the opposite bank carpeted with dainty white flowers. They crossed the improvised bridge which afforded none too sure a footing and commenced to pluck the pretty white rosettes which studded the ground, Betty giving vent to frequent screams of delight.

Through the trees Miss Maitland had a glimpse of Ferndell House with its turreted roof and arched doorway and the big tennis lawn in front. It brought back to her, with an added sense of the present hopeless monotony of her life, the memory of those golden days she had spent with George Stanley before he left for India, when both their hearts seemed so full of life and love and joy. George had once said he would come back from the East with wealth enough to give her a home like Ferndell and she had chided him for the ambitious thought, though in her heart it pleased her and with a girlish fancy had pictured herself the mistress of the beautiful mansion. What secret wand had Fate waved over her to change her life's course in this ruthless manner, she asked herself.

"Betty, what do you say to our cutting across the meadow and going past that house on our way back?" It was a strange whim and she blushed at her own absurd sentiment, half afraid that even the child might laugh.

"Oh, Miss Maitland, I'd be too scared," Betty looked up in wide eyed astonishment, "don't you know the Man of Borneo might catch us?"

"Nonsense, child—no one would hurt you, and who is the Man of Borneo? There is a delicate little girl living there. Wouldn't you like to see her?"

"Well, I s'pose it's 'cause the Man of Borneo isn't good to her," the child answered with a precocious look in her big, brown eyes.

The trees above their heads formed the rendezvous of fluttering, noisy rooks. There was a sudden commotion among the garrulous creatures which caused them to take flight from tree to tree. Suddenly the report of a gun rang out and flocks of them rose and fluttered over head. Then the bushes parted and a man's figure appeared stealthily creeping up. The little girl noticed him and her frightened exclamation drew Miss Maitland's attention.

"It's the Man of Borneo," the child cried, running away.

"Who? Where?" Miss Maitland queried, looking after her, but in vain. The child had disappeared down a path that led farther into the woods, and Miss Maitland, forgetting her basket, followed her. Fright is infectious, and it was more than solicitude for the child's safety that hurried her on. She called after Betty but only the echo of her own voice came back. What if the child should get lost, she asked herself, with some anxiety.

Once she stopped to listen. The bushes obstructed her view but she could hear the man's footsteps crossing the planks over the brook. It made her heart beat nervously and she hurried on. In through the woods, picking her way beneath the bough of the trees she followed Betty till she caught up on the child, and taking her hand led her back to the path they had left. Once more they stopped to listen—again they heard that footstep. Betty had got over her fright now but Miss Maitland's heart still throbbed with nervous apprehension. She felt that the man was following them, and that footstep haunted her. It seemed to re-echo in her mind as if it bore some vague significance for her alone. Was it the shadowy depths around them or her own nervousness? Whatever it was she wanted to escape from it. Once out in the open and the feeling would vanish, she thought.

So they hurried on, following the tiny path that wound in and out through labyrinths of rhododendron bushes till an opening in the shrubbery suddenly brought them in full view of Ferndell. The murmur of voices attracted their

attention and Miss Maitland, on looking round perceived the object of her sympathy, the little fair-haired girl reclining under a tree with a book in her hand with the elderly woman beside her. Miss Maitland stepped forward and apologized for the intrusion.

"I am only a visitor here, but I used to know your beautiful home years ago and imagined that my brightest dreams would be realized if only I could live here."

"Do you know I have often thought that I could love Ferndell like that too, if papa were happy," the child remarked as she invited them to be seated.

"My father lived in the Manse over there, and when I was your age I used to wander through those woods and over the meadow till I knew every nook where the anaemonies grew and the rabbits burrowed in the winter time. I could show you, oh, so many pretty spots," Miss Maitland continued, indicating them with a dreamy, wistful look in her tender, grey eyes.

"And how sad that you never came to live here when you loved it so much. But you must stay with me this morning, Miss Maitland, and you, dear Betty. I will send Martha in for some lunch, and we will eat it out here under this darling big tree, and then you must take me with you and show me some of these lovely places you talk of and perhaps we shall meet papa. He has gone out shooting this morning. He leaves me so much alone and we never see anybody." There was a pensive sadness in the little girl's face that made her look older than her years. Even Betty noticed the yearning in her eyes and impulsively the child ran and threw her arms around her. "Is your papa the Man of Borneo?" Betty's big eyes looked up with a frankly questioning gaze. "Cause he's wicked, but I love you and you shan't ever be alone again."

A hot flush spread over the little girl's face.

"My papa does love me, Betty dear. It is only since we came here that he has been so strange and doesn't like to see people. One day I found him standing over there looking at that old beech tree.

I went over and asked him if he were looking for bird's nests, but he couldn't speak to me. I never saw papa cry before, but he has been, oh, so sad since we came here. When he had gone I went over myself and looked at the tree, but I could see nothing peculiar about it—then it struck me that those beautiful old beech trees are all curiously alike on either side of the avenue. But I used to go to that special one and look and look till one day I saw, in a little spot where the bark had been worn away, two people's initials carved. They were very indistinct, but you could just make out the first letters—G. and E."

That beech tree? What was the child babbling about? Miss Maitland's eager, earnest gaze seemed to drink in her every word and gesture, to pierce her very soul and body as if looking for something hidden therein. Did she dream or was that curve of the chin and flicker of the eye-lid his, and had she not looked into those velvety blue eyes before with love and confidence? Or was it her own ridiculous fancy? Why should not scores of other lovers have met beneath the paternal shade of that same old beech?

"Tell me, child—your name—it is not—Lucille?" Her pleading eyes looked into the little girl's with a deep, burning light in them. The child trembled beneath her ardent gaze and the hot clasp on her thin little hands.

"No," she murmured in a frightened tone, "it was my mother's name, but mine is Ella."

"Ella, has my dream come true—is it you? And do you care that we called her for you?"

A man's hand fell gently on her shoulder, sending an electric quiver through her. Kneeling before the little girl she lifted her white face with parted lips and eyes seeming to deny their vision. It was he—or was it only an apparition?

"George!"

"They told me—the village people—that you were gone from here long ago—married, they thought."

"No, George, there has been no change but misfortune in my life. I

have not lived—I have existed, since—since the old days.”

“Ella, have you forgiven—the past—or do you care still? It is a long story—look at my hair, my face, dear—it was

not the withering sun of the tropics that did that—I have been buried in a premature grave. Do you think, my darling—we could blot out the years that are gone?”

The Mark of Cain.

Henry Morey

IT was a hideous, liver-shaped scar; about an inch in diameter and shaped like a heart. It occupied a most conspicuous position—the centre of Aunt Mary’s pale forehead.

For years we had been speculating as to how Aunt Mary came by it; and although she was perfectly aware of this fact not a word as to its origin had ever escaped her lips. We should still have been in ignorance as to the circumstance had it not been for Ignace, our Polish cousin.

Ignace came to spend the summer holidays with us. He had never met Aunt Mary before, and knew nothing of the scar on her forehead until he saw it.

“How ever did Aunt Mary come by that dreadful mark?” was the first question he asked of us.

“We don’t know,” replied my sister Alice.

“And she won’t tell us,” pouted my sister Kate, vexedly.

I said nothing, but watched Ignace, whose face was a study. A determined light had come into his eyes. His lips were set, and I felt sure that he was meditating on a battle of some kind. The battle began that very day, although we did not know this until a week after.

“Girls,” said Ignace, one evening when we were resting on the lawn, “would you really like to know how Aunt Mary came by that awful scar?”

“Indeed, we should!” we exclaimed in concert.

“Well, she’s going to tell us all about it tomorrow morning.

“Never!” I quavered, incredulously.

“Did she say so?” queried Alice, eagerly.

“No, not exactly,” replied Ignace.

“Then how do you know?”

“You are all aware that Aunt Mary spends an hour in the library every morning after breakfast?”

“Yes.”

“Be there yourselves at ten o’clock tomorrow morning and I believe your curiosity will be satisfied. I’ll open the library door precisely at ten o’clock and you must be ready to enter at once.”

We girls looked at each other, mystified and rather inclined to be sceptical. We were all in the hall next morning, however, a minute or two before ten. The hall clock chimed the hour; the library door opened and Ignace appeared. His face was as pale as marble. He held up a finger for silence. We filed past him, noiselessly, into the library.

“Oh! Aunt Mary’s ill!” I gasped, catching sight of a limp figure propped up in the large easy chair.

“Hush!” whispered Ignace. “She’s not ill.”

“Then you’ve hypnotised her,” I ventured, “and it’s cruel.”

“Not at all,” parried Ignace. “I believe Aunt Mary will thank me for doing so. It will do her good to unburden her mind. Now, you must keep perfectly quiet if this experiment is to be successful. You can all help, too, if you will, fixing your gaze intently on Aunt Mary’s face and concentrating all your thoughts on the thing we are aiming at.”

We did as we were told. We were afraid to do anything else.

Ignace approached Aunt Mary and stood directly in front of her. His face assumed the same expression I had noticed on it a week before. He raised his hands and made slow and regular motions with them. The scar became more livid and seemed actually to stand away from the chalk-like forehead. Aunt Mary's face began to twitch. She opened her eyes and the expression in them frightened me. She began to speak and the mysterious quality of her voice awed me. By listening intently we were able to understand every word she said.

"It happened just twenty years ago," began Aunt Mary, "yet the remembrance of it still makes me shudder.

"You must not think that because I am still Miss Foster I never had an offer of marriage. I was engaged to Will Carrington when this dreadful thing happened.

"Will was a splendid specimen of manhood—at least I though so. He was of medium height and broad-shouldered; his hair was dark and just the least bit curly; his eyes were blue and were never afraid of looking straight into your own. His picture is in this locket. I'll let you see it some day. Will certainly was handsome, but he was quick tempered and of a very jealous disposition.

"I was something of a flirt, I admit, but I loved Will dearly for all that. Will seemed, however, to be very often doubtful of my love and showed signs of jealousy if the least attention was paid by me to any other man. I was very fond of teasing Will and took advantage of this trait in his character to do so.

"Herbert Graham, a young bank clerk, was Will's professed rival. I didn't care a button for Graham, but Will thought I did. I humored Graham just to tease my sweetheart.

"Will Carrington was a Civil Engineer by profession. A wooden bridge was being constructed across an arm of the river and Will was superintending the work.

"It was a beautiful spring day, and I was out for an afternoon walk. I decided to go down and see how Will and

the bridge were getting along and directed my steps towards the river. I had not gone many paces, when, quite by accident, Herbert Graham met me.

"'I'll escort you down to the bridge, Miss Foster,' he said; 'that is, if you'll allow me. It'll be a fine joke on Carrington.'

"I thought it would, too, fool that I was, so we started off. I tried to look my prettiest and sweetest, and Graham was all attention, alive to my slightest wish or remark.

"We reached the river bank shortly, found the bridge nearing completion and walked jauntily over the finished portion to where the work was going on. An extra large pile-driver was being used. It required a very heavy weight to drive the piles into the solid bed of the river. The large mass of iron which does this work must have weighed two tons. Up and up it went as we got nearer, and down it came with a clatter and crash; splinters flying hither and thither as it struck the top of the pile with a dreadful thud.

"'A man would feel pretty flat if that thing came down on him, wouldn't he,' remarked Graham.

"'Indeed, he would,' I replied; and we stood there laughing and talking nonsense as the work went on.

"Will Carrington was standing with his back towards us and had not noticed our approach. We were talking loudly on account of the noise made by the hoisting engine. Our voices attracted Will's attention. He turned suddenly towards us and I saw his countenance change, poor fellow, when he took in the situation.

"I have never been able to understand my actions on that day. Not content with what I had already done, I drew closer to Graham, put my arm caressingly through his and smiled sweetly at him. Then I turned to see what effect this was having on Will.

"I had not long to wait. Will was standing quite close to the pile that was being driven into place and his appearance alarmed me. His face had become as pale as death and there was a look of fierce determination upon it—a dreadful

look which haunted me for years afterwards.

"Slowly the two-ton weight reached the top of the ladder from which it would presently be released for another plunge. Will Carrington watched it until it reached the top. Then he suddenly sprang forward and placed his head on the pile that was being driven home. At the same moment the huge weight came thundering down to do its dreadful work.

"I screamed. What else could I do! It all took place so quickly there was scarcely time for thought and none for action.

"I was aware of a horrible, crunching sound and felt a stinging sensation on my forehead. I saw something roll on to the deck of the piledriver and then I fainted.

"When I recovered my senses I was lying in bed with my head bandaged up. A portion of Will's skull had struck me violently on the forehead. It made a nasty flesh wound. This healed quickly enough, but in doing so it left an ugly, tell-tale mark; a mark which I fully deserve; the—mark—of—Cain."

Aunt Mary finished her story remorsefully.

Ignace continued the mysterious motions for a few seconds longer and lowered his hands. Then Aunt Mary's

face began to assume its normal expression. She started and looked about her in alarm.

"Why! I've been dreaming!" she exclaimed. "I dreamt that I told you all about this dreadful scar."

"So you did, auntie, so you did," we declared, sympathetically.

Aunt Mary covered her forehead with her hands and began to cry. We put our arms about her, consolingly.

"Don't cry, auntie," I pleaded, though my own eyes were full of tears. "I, for one, can say that your story has done me a great deal of good. I'll never tease Tom again."

"And I'm sure you'll feel much more contented yourself for having told us," suggested Alice.

"Perhaps I will," replied Aunt Mary.

Ignace had retired to a corner of the room during this conversation. He came forward when it was ended and laid a hand caressingly on Aunt Mary's shoulder. "And I shouldn't wonder," he said, cheerfully, "if that scar disappears entirely, after a week or two."

Aunt Mary looked up, querulously, and, to our astonishment, the scar was much paler in color than we had ever seen it before.

"Yes," continued Ignace, confidently, "in ten days' time there will scarcely be a trace of it."

Hawking Song.

Herbert W. Lees

I don my gauntlet and take my frame
 And far afield I wend
 Where my hawk may strike a quarry of game
 And the greenwood stand my friend:
 For tho' unhooded he clutches me close
 This tiercel, this "Love Declined":
 So I whistle him off and away he goes—
 I whistle him down the wind.

No drinking of ale will mend my chance
 Nor dancing bring me ease;
 But ever and oft there are wars in France
 So I'll ship me overseas:
 Though the maid be fair and as sweet's th' rose
 Yet I be not to her mind
 So I whistle "Love" off and away he goes—
 I whistle him down the wind.

Old Wood to Burn.

Margaret Erskine

“OLD wood to burn, old wood to burn. Ugh! Just listen to the wind, I wish that we had some old wood to burn.”

“Don’t worry about a trifle like that, Janet; that last gust nearly blew me off my chair, another one like it will blow the house about our ears, and then we will have all the old wood that we want to burn.”

“Yes, and nothing to burn it in. Did you ever see in the whole course of your life, Tabs, such delapidated furniture, or such a ramshackle, on it’s last legs house as this? Now think hard before you answer.”

“No,” answered Tabitha, “I never did, and as you happen to be the nearest, Janet, you might put another peach basket on the fire, a whole one, mind, thanks to the wind, we will soon have all the wood we want, so I feel that we can afford to be extravagant in the matter of peach baskets, and —Oh! my glory! what’s that?”

“I—I—think it must be a door banging,” answered Janet, “in fact, I’m—I’m—sure it is a door.”

“So am I, Janet, but it is not banging, it is being banged on. There it goes again; I wish Martha would go to the door and see who it is.”

“Who, Tabs? You don’t mean to say that you think it is a ‘who,’ out there, a night like this? Oh, why did dad go to town a day like this? Couldn’t he see that there was going to be a storm, and people coming knocking at the door to murder——”

“Janet, stop!” Tabitha flew at her sister and shook her till her teeth rattled. “I am going to the kitchen to sit with Martha, I won’t stay here, where all sort of dreadful things are happening—Oh! oh! oh!” she shrieked. “Look! Janet!”

Janet turned and looked in the direction of the door; her knees gave way under her, and she dropped so suddenly into a chair, that it in turn gave way under her, and they both came to the floor with a crash.

“Oh, I say, I hope you are not hurt?” And the man, who had been standing in the door, ran forward, but Janet waved him away in a frightened manner. He turned to Tabitha, who was clinging to the mantelpiece for support, “I say,” he repeated, “I didn’t mean to frighten anyone, but it was so infer—— so awfully cold out there, and I couldn’t make anyone hear, so I just opened the door. I am really quite harmless.”

Tabitha looked at his handsome face, and doubted the last assertion. “My name’s John Taylor,” he added.

At the sound of his name, Janet looked up suddenly, and then turned her head and gazed into the fire; there was a minute or two’s silence, “I—I—,” his teeth chattered so he could hardly get the words out, Tabitha looked at him and saw that his lips were quite blue with the cold.

“Gracious!” she exclaimed, “you must be nearly frozen. Janet run and ask Martha for some whiskey and hot water while I stoke up.”

Janet scrambled to her feet and departed in search of the whiskey, which their self-invited guest accepted with alacrity when it came, and the three were soon sitting over the fire on which Tabitha had recklessly set three peach baskets, “one for each,” she had said, as if they had known each other of their lives.

“This is great,” said John Taylor, spreading out his hands to the fire. “You have no idea what it’s like outside, the breath freezes before it leaves your

mouth, and hangs in little icicles in the air to mark your path."

"Whatever induced you to go out a night like this?" asked Tabitha curiously.

"It was quite fine when I left town and it wasn't blowing so hard when I left the station, the snow was so blinding that I must have missed the way that the man told me my friends lived."

"Oh, have you friends here?" asked Janet.

"Not exactly friends," answered John in a hesitating manner, growing red, "I had to look up some—that is, I had to make a—came on business, you know." Janet and Tabitha exchanged looks. "You don't know," he went on, "how glad I was to see a light, I began to fear that I would be frozen to death before morning came, I never expected to see a glorious fire like this again."

"Oh, peach baskets make a fine fire, while they last," said Tabitha; "only," she added gloomily, "they don't last long."

"Well, why don't you burn something else instead, coal or wood? Wood makes a fine fire; haven't you any wood?"

"Lots of it," answered Tabitha; "or we will have soon. There did you feel the house rock that time? Well, just have patience a minute or two, and then we will have all the wood we want, only as Janet wisely remarked, just before, or rather on the eve of your arrival, that under those circumstances, we would have nothing to burn it in."

John Taylor looked at the girls, and then glanced furtively around the room, and said nothing.

"I do wish," said Janet, "that Martha would bring the tea, in the meantime, that leg nearest to you, and the arm furthest from you might go on the fire, please Mr. Taylor," and Janet pointed to the broken chair; "and, thank goodness, I hear the rattle of cups, Martha," she went on, to an elderly woman who entered the room with a tea tray in her hands, "this is Mr. Taylor, who got lost in the storm, you might bring him a cup and plate, and some extra toast, please, I expect that he is as hungry as we are."

Martha executed an old fashioned curtsy, gave a sharp glance at the young

man, and went in search of the missing articles.

"Now I wonders," she muttered over her own tea, "if he's the one, he's a likely looking one, and there beant no reason whys one of them shouldn't take a fancy to him. I'll look in my cup and see." Martha turned her cup over into the saucer, turned it gravely round three times, and then taking it up peered into it.

"A stranger," she muttered, "and a wedding, I sees a crowd." She went to the parlor door and called: "Miss Tabitha, will you come here a minute?"

Tabitha got up from the table and walked out into the hall. "Yes, Martha, what is it?"

For answer Martha drew her into the kitchen, and pointed to her tea cup, "Hims the one," she said, nodding mysteriously in the direction of the parlor.

"He?" asked Tabitha, "What he? And what one?"

"The one," answered Martha solemnly, "Now, mark my words, Miss Tabitha, I turned my cup and it said a stranger, and a wedding. Ain't he a stranger?"

"He is," answered Tabitha, with equal solemnity, "but how did you find that out, Martha?"

"Then," went on Martha coaxingly, "either you or Miss Janet will do it, won't you now, dearie?"

"We will," answered Tabitha.

"What did Martha want?" asked Janet when Tabitha joined them again.

"She merely wanted to show me a stranger that was coming knocking on our door, and I was explaining to her that he had already come, and some other thing is in her tea cup."

"Tea cup," cried John, "does she tell fortunes in tea cups; I wonder if she would tell mine?"

"Better not ask her," replied Tabitha, "she might predict that the house would come tumbling about your ears, and bury you in the ruins, stick to the evil you know of, and please put that back on the fire."

Promptly at ten o'clock Martha appeared, lamp in hand at the parlor

door, to show Mr. Taylor the way to his room.

"Good night, Mr. Taylor, and good luck," said Tabitha, "I hope you won't be quite frozen, however, the seat of the chair and two of the peach baskets are your share of the spoils, you may take them with you, and should any of the woodwork in your room give way during the night, don't hesitate to cast it into the flames."

"Heigho," she yawned, stretching her arms above her head, as John followed Martha up the stairs, "how tired I am. If you think for one moment, Janet, that I am going to sleep up in those arctic regions tonight, you are mistaken, I will make you a present of the whole chilly bed, as long as those three legs and one arm remain, I remain. Just wait a minute——"

She ran out of the room before Janet had time to say a word, and in a minute returned with two dressing gowns and some blankets trailing behind her.

"I brought your gown, too, as I found that the furniture was holding a dance tonight, and I was afraid that you might interrupt the party if you went up."

"How thoughtful of you," answered Janet, and then both the girls laughed.

"Tabs," said Janet, when they had got into their dressing gowns and were lying wrapped up in their blankets in front of the fire, "He's the man; Aunt Annie's, you know."

Tabitha nodded. "I wonder what brought him in this direction," went on Janet.

"Fate," answered Tabitha, "and Martha's tea cup, she saw it all there, stranger, orange blossoms, everything. My! How Aunt Annie would be rubbing her hands if she only knew."

"Thank goodness, there isn't any telephone where she is," answered Janet, "and I won't, so there, no, not for fifty wills, and a hundred Aunt Annies, I won't be left like a parcel of old clothes to anyone. You can have him."

"But the money doesn't go with me."

"Oh bother the money——" began Janet, then, "Oh! my goodness, what is that?"

Both girls had sprung to their feet at the sound of the crash overhead. "It's your John's bed," said Tabitha solemnly, "but I hope he won't cast it to the flames, we may need it again."

"I wonder if he is hurt," said Janet.

"Hurt! Not he," cried Tabitha gaily, "he is swearing up there as cheerful as a cricket."

"I don't know about that, Tabs, it was a pretty loud crash; we'd better call Martha and have her see."

Martha was called and sent up to their guest's room to find out the extent of his injuries, and returned with the report that it was nothing but a sprained ankle, which he had bound up in wet towels.

"Nothing," gasped Janet; "oh, Tabitha!" But Tabitha only shook her head.

As soon as it was quite light Tabitha wrapped herself up well and went in search of the doctor, and Mr. Lane returning from town four hours later was not over pleased to find that he had to play host to an uninvited, unexpected guest, for a month or so, even though he was the John Taylor.

Martha, on the other hand, was delighted, especially as during the summer, there was a wedding and orange blossom, and Janet and John Taylor played the principal parts in it.



The Foxglove's Story.

E. Archer

IN a lonely part of the wood, just a little way off from the mossy path, there stood a tall, purple foxglove.

There was something striking about it. It was so very tall and lonely. All around were ferns and moss, and even bluebells, but there were no other foxgloves. You felt at once how different the place would look without it. In fact it would not be the same place at all.

It was here the princess and the poet used to meet, while the wood was guarded by her naughty ladies-in-waiting and her saucy pages, who were all very young and took great delight in the office. The princess was very young too, and as full of whims and fancies as a princess could possibly be, and her latest fancy had been all for poetry and the poet. Positively she would speak to no one else!

It was quite shocking, and was becoming a court scandal.

Of course this could have but one end. The poet was banished from court on pain of death. And how delightful that was! Now he was really poor and might be thought to deserve death if found loitering about the wood, for his disguise was of the flimsiest. And it was at this identical period that the princess started a perfect passion for wild flowers and ferns and mosses, and spent so much of her time collecting them in the wood. No one was surprised. "It was only a fresh whim," they said.

So the princess and the poet wandered about the sweet tangled pathways, hand in hand, and gathered wild flowers and talked poetry.

But it was the poet who knew where the sweetest flowers grew, and the reddest wild strawberries. And it was he who showed the princess the little shallow pool where the spring rose, and where the forget-me-nots grew so thickly

that they were like a blue rain to a basin full of clearest water. He knew where the shy king-fisher would cross the stream like a blue flash, and farther on where the water ran secretly under a dark thicket of bushes, and sobbed like a human voice.

And he would tell beautiful stories about it all, so that the princess began to think she had never seen the woods before.

But they always came back to the foxglove's bank to rest. It was like their home. Once the princess had stretched out her hand to gather the flower, but the poet had held her back.

"No, no," he had said. "Do not kill our faithful sentinel, lest every thing should instantly vanish."

The princess had laughed at this. Yes, it was a wonderful time! The princess seemed to live in fairy-land, but the poet lived only in the princess, for he absolutely worshipped her.

It is true he did not know much about her, but he wrapped her up in all his most beautiful dreams, so that he really did not know where the princess began and his dreams left off, and that often leads to great confusion.

Now, one day a new foreign prince came to the court. He was very strong and handsome, a wonderful fencer and rider, and a lover of all sport, but he hated poetry or anything at all fanciful.

The poet smiled when he heard of it.

"How my princess will detest him!" he thought—"she whose very breath is beauty, and whose every word is music."

You see he was very much in love indeed.

But the days went by, and the weeks went by, and the princess came no more to meet the poet by the side of the foxglove.

Oh, the long summer days of waiting—waiting!

There he would sit with a strained white face, and wide eyes, and parted lips, listening for the light step on the path, looking for the fact that would bloom out of the fresh green like a wild rose.

Sometimes he started up with a cry of joy.

"She is coming," he said.

But it was only a passing bird, or a little light breeze stirring the leaves.

Then he would sit down again, and cover his face with his hands, and sometimes there were tears trickling through his thin fingers.

The only thing he took any notice of was the tall foxglove. He seemed to took on it as a kind of friend, and would even talk to it.

"Are you waiting for her, too?" he would say. "Shall we both stand here for ever—waiting, waiting, till the end of the world?"

But the foxglove could not answer the poet.

At last he could bear it no longer, so he disguised himself as a beggar, and went into the town to collect the news.

Here he heard to his amazement that the princess had started a new whim. She was tired of wild flowers, and had taken a great dislike to poetry, and now she cared only for riding and the chase.

The poet staggered against the wall when he heard this astonishing piece of news. He was faint, too, for want of food. Could it be true? Surely it could not be true!

At that moment, as if in answer to his cry, there came the sharp click of horses' feet, and a gay court party of horsemen came down the narrow street, with the foreign prince and the princess at the head of them. They were going a-hawking. The little princess was laughing. She had cheeks like pink roses, and rode her spirited horse superbly. It was a joy to look at her. The poet could not even feel angry.

"Everything she does is beautiful," he said, "but I shall never do anything beautiful again. Well, it's all over! It was in her I blossomed, in her I lived.

I can never live again." He was almost without money too.

"I will hire myself out as a field laborer," he said bitterly. He had been the court poet.

"I will sleep for the last time by the side of the foxglove," he said, "and then I will go to some far country."

At one time he had thought of sleeping the long sleep on the mossy bank, but something in him seemed to fight against that.

"One may as well see the end of it all," he said wearily. So he went back to the foxglove.

"You are all alone, too," he said to the flower. And he flung himself down with his face to the moss, and wept passionately. He really was very boyish!

The sun began to go down, and the wood was glowing with a strange dusky beauty, but beauty was nothing to him now. He had one hand round the stem of the foxglove. How he shook and swayed with his grief!

The sun went down. The wood became black as ink, with here and there just a little patch of clear green sky. And now that faded, too, and the sky could hardly be seen; but there was one star right over the poet's head. And sweet it looked, and kind and steadfast! But the poet could not see the star for sorrow.

After a time he slept, for he was worn out. The wood was as still as death now. He had moved in his sleep. There he lay with his white face turned up to the star, and the foxglove stood at his head, like a tall sentinel. And he dreamt all night, a long beautiful dream. But in the morning he had forgotten all about it.

He woke at dawn. How pale and wan and chill it was! He sat up and shivered. Then he remembered, and the coldness was in his heart too. The sight of the foxglove seemed to remind him of something.

"I must have been dreaming," he said wearily. "Dreaming about a—No, that was not it—was it a foxglove? No—I thought I was—"

Then it all faded away like a dawn mist.

"What does it matter?" he said; "what does anything matter now?"

Yet before he went he remembered the foxglove.

"Good-bye, old friend," he said. And he knelt on one knee and just touched the flower with his lips, for he was a fantastic fellow.

Did the foxglove really bend over so slightly towards him, or was it only the dawn, stirring the wood with a faint breeze?

He went in a slow dazed way down the mossy path—he who had always held his head so proudly and walked with such a joyous step. He stooped now, and dragged his feet along. He looked almost old. Soon he was out of sight.

The foxglove was all alone again.

* * * * *

Many years after, one midsummer day, the poet came again through the wood.

The little princess was now married, but not to the foreign prince, as everyone had expected, but to a neighbouring king. She now affected great dignity and was seldom seen abroad, having been taken with a perfect passion for tapestry and embroidery, and she looked very quaint and charming, working among her maidens.

The poet had altered too! There was no look of pain in his face now, but there was no look of joy either. He was comfortably dressed and seemed to have made a living somehow, but he had never written poetry again. He had worked hard by, and had come to look at the spot in the wood, where he had once lived so passionately; but he had passed it long ago.

"It is very strange," he said, "I never had any trouble to find it."

It was not at all strange, because he had always looked for the foxglove.

And the foxglove was dead. But he had forgotten the foxglove.

After much searching, and walking to and fro, he at last came to the place.

"I think it must have been here," he said, "but it looks quite different. Surely there was a—yes—a foxglove—a remember now. A tall purple foxglove." And then he stretched himself on the

moss, and buried his face in it, for he was hot and tired.

The sun began to go down, and the wood was all glowing with a strange dusky beauty. But he did not notice it. He seemed to be holding something in his hand—something that was not there.

The sun went down. The wood became black as ink, with here and there just little patches of clear green sky. Now that faded too, and you could hardly see the sky, but there was one star right over the poet's head. And sweet it looked and kind, and steadfast. But the poet never looked at the stars now.

After a time he slept, for he was very tired. The wood was as still as death. He had moved in his sleep, and now lay with his face turned up to the star.

And he dreamt all night, a long beautiful dream.

He woke at dawn, but he looked changed somehow. He stretched himself lazily, and smiled, and seemed to be looking for something at his side.

"It is very strange," he said. "I must have been dreaming. I could have declared that a tall purple foxglove stood all night at my head, and told me—told me——"

Then he sat up suddenly and felt in his pockets. He took out the stump of a pencil and some odd pieces of paper, and began to write very fast, and as he wrote he smiled. His face altered more and more. An almost boyish joy seemed to be coming into it.

"But this is beautiful," he said. And there were tears in his eyes.

At last he had used up every scrap of paper, and he started running through the wood, talking to himself all the way.

The sun was up in the heavens now. It would be a glorious day. His step had grown light as of old, and his face was full of joy. When he came to a boulder or low bush, he leapt over it in the most amazing manner. Only once he stopped, but that was because he struck his head against a lime bough. It made him look up into the delicious tender green. It was full of blossom and scent, and the song of bees.

"Yes, yes," he cried, "I will take you all with me. All of you. All of you." Then he ran on.

And the brook ran beside him singing, and the birds sang over his head, and blossoming brambles clung to his feet.

"Take us with you. Take us with you," they cried.

Even the trees bent their broad boughs to bless him, and all the wood was

stirred with a faint murmur like music. It was as though they knew he passed.

So he passed out of sight.

He wrote a beautiful story, and he became the world's poet, which is better than being a court poet. No. I cannot tell you the story. It was so very long ago.

But I think it was the foxglove's story after all.

Stevenson's Philosophy.

Robert Allison Hood

I ONCE heard a prominent preacher discoursing from a text in the Proverbs say that every business man should carry a pocket edition of them and read it in the cars or on the boat while going back and forward to his place of business; for the man that would follow its teachings, he declared, would be sure of business success. While heartily endorsing the reverend gentleman's recommendation, I would like to draw the attention of those who are not already acquainted with it to a more modern book which I believe would prove just as great a boon to the man in the street if he would thus make it his daily companion, I mean "The Pocket R.L.S."—a little book of favorite passages culled from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Not necessarily would it prove a guide to business success—perhaps, rather the contrary, indeed—but I am sure that it would be a help to successful living. To quote one of its passages, "It is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do"; and if not, it is well worth considering and finding out what is. This little volume, I believe, can help us to do so.

As Emerson says, "it is the sign of a great nature that it opens up a foreground and invites us onward," and this is surely so with Stevenson. His works,

too, are all the more instructive that he believed the province of literature is to amuse rather than to instruct; for the natural man is instinctively antagonized by any conscious effort to direct him in the way that he should go. He resents the implied superiority of the man who would set up to be his mentor.

Stevenson, however, by his manner, does away with this antagonism, for he addresses his readers, not in the tone of a superior being laying down rules for them to follow, but as an equal, discussing, as if in friendly chat, the problems that he has met with and his impressions with regard to them. It is not the preacher from the pulpit or the teacher from the desk that is speaking, but the fellow-mortal, comparing notes around the fireside. "Literature," he says, "in many of its branches is no other than the shadow of good talk"; and with him, the shadow comes very close to the reality for he has all the naturalness and spontaneity of talk.

Perhaps one of the most helpful of the teachings that come to us from this little book is that of individual independence both of thought and of action. Follow the dictates of your own conscience whatever the verdict of the world may be. What is respectable is not necessarily right and if a man is ruled by the voice of the crowd rather than his own

soul he may pass for a success among his fellows, but he has sold his birth-right all the same. "He may be a docile citizen," Stevenson says; "he will never be a man. It is ours, on the other hand, to disregard this babble and chattering of other men better and worse than we are and to walk straight before us by what light we have. They may be right; but so before heaven are we. It is good, I believe, to be respectable, but much nobler to respect one's self and utter the voice of God."

These are the clarion notes of no uncertain sound with which he voices the freedom of the individual, words that cannot fail to awaken, even in the weakest's breast, a thrill of exaltation.

To the Marthas of the world, those that are burdened with much serving, he has a message too, that might help them to take their responsibilities more lightly. "The services of no single individual are indispensable," he says; "Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare." What a pin-prick a sentence like this is for those well-meaning, bladder-like people who go about puffed up with their own philanthropic exertions, full of the merit of their toil, and determined that the world shall know of it. It is the happy people that are the true missionaries, he would say, the people who radiate sunshine, wherever they go as a rose imparts its fragrance. "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties—If your morals make you dreary, depend on it they are wrong. I do not say give them up, for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

He believes in no hard and fast rule of right and wrong. "We shall always shock each other both in life and art," he says; "we can not get the sun in our pictures nor the abstract light (if there be such a thing) into our books; enough if in the one, there glimmer some hint of the great light that blinds us from heaven; enough if in the other, there shine even upon foul details, a spirit of magnanimity." This is from the artist's standpoint, perhaps rather than from

that of the British matron, that bug-aboo of our literary men; but after all, it is not the most correct one, is it not the Christlike as opposed to the Pharasaic?

There is no room for cant in the gospel of Stevenson. The dictum, "Be good and you will be prosperous" as set forth by those who would advocate goodness for "the cakes and ale" that follow from its exercise, his common-sense scores as a fallacy and he has no hesitation in condemning those who promulgate it. "There is a certain class," he says, "professors of that low morality so greatly more distressing than the better sort of vice to whom you must never represent an act that was virtuous in itself as attended by any other consequence than a large family and fortune." At the same time, he would probably not agree with Mark Twain's, "Be good and you will be lonesome," for the catholicity of his ideas gave him the ability to see the good side of every one. Thus he has even put in a plea to justify the habitual idler: "If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but, thanks to hunger and the workshop, one not easily to be abused." Thus, this modern Epicure would seem to make happiness the chief, at least, if not the whole end of man. The same note recurs again and again. "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy." "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note;" and for the fellow who lets his industry spoil his temper, he has nothing but the most biting sarcasm. "He sows hurry and reaps indigestion," he says; "he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return—I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other peoples' lives." We get something of the same idea too, most beautifully expressed in that excellent little poem of his, which he entitles "The Celestial Surgeon":

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race

And shown no glorious morning face,
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake."

When we think of the writer's own life shadowed so long by disease and pain, yet brimming over with kindness and good cheer to his fellows, when we see him exiled on a lone isle in the far Pacific, yet still bearing up bravely and beloved even by the natives for his kindness and winning personality, we can recognize how consistent was his own life to this his favorite tenet. It was not by any means a new doctrine. His fellow countryman, Burns, to whom he gladly avows apostleship, in "A Song of the Road," has exquisitely proclaimed the same truth:

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
O' human life."

But alas, how far short fell the later poet's performance from the earlier ones.

A great part of the charm that men find in the work of Stevenson consists in this faculty of imparting happiness which not only extended itself in his lifetime to all around him, but also lives in his works as well, so that his readers too are made partakers in the exuberance of his cheerfulness. No shadow of sickness or suffering was ever permitted to darken the outlook of his writings. "The shades of the prison-house" that Wordsworth talks about never closed in on his perpetual boyhood, for his soul never outgrew the glamor of youth. Thus, when we would pass from the harassing realities of our treadmill existence, with him we may ascend to that cloudy land of the ideal where old age never comes. We come under the spell of the enchanter and eyes that before were purblind are opened to a world all *couleur de rose*, ears that before were dull are now awakened to hidden harmonies of which they never yet dreamt. It is to taste the elixir of youth.

He is the priest of nature. She is the only study that he finds inexhaustible. "It is not like the works of Carlisle," he says, "which can be read to an end.

Even in a corner of it—the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something to startle and delight us." Pan, he declares, is the only god of all the classic mythology that has survived, but to the devout alone is he in evidence. "In every wood, if you go with a spirit properly prepared, you shall hear the note of his pipe."

Truly he himself heard it often enough for he had a spirit that was in harmony with it. Yet his delight in nature is not at all that of the sentimentalist. He loved and admired it in its relation to humanity, as the scenic environment set for the great play of human destinies; but he loved Mankind more. For the misanthrope who draws himself apart from his fellows to live the hermit's life close to nature he has a mild contempt mixed with pity. Witness his masterly essay on Thoreau, a man whose writings charmed and yet antagonised him and called from him at times the most sarcastic comment: "I suspect he loved books and nature as well and near as warmly as he loved his fellow-creatures—a melancholy, lean degeneration of the human character," he says of him.

Such a sentence sums up in a nutshell the secondary place that nature took to his fellows in Stevenson's interest. Yet he had perhaps as close a sympathy and communion with Nature as Thoreau had, had slept "*sous la belle étoile*." Listen how gracefully he describes it in his "Travels with a Donkey":

"The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran;
No need there was for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green Caravanserai."

Here the fancy is a very pretty one and is fairly representative of the writer's attitude towards nature. It is her romantic and not her scientific side that appeals to him. "Science," he says, "writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; it is all true; but what is it when compared to the reality of which it discourses? Where hearts beat high in April and death strokes, and

hills totter in the earthquake—and Romance herself has made her dwelling among men?"

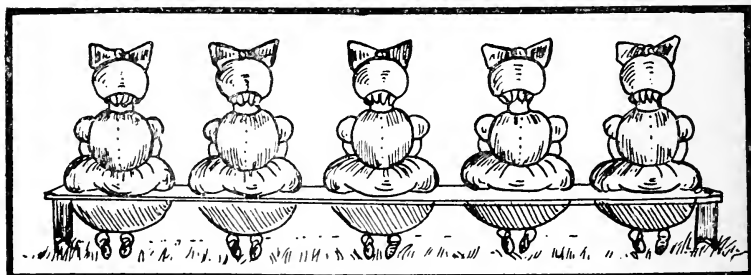
Life, then, its phases and its problems is his never-palling study; and the justice of his comments on it come home to most men's experience and touch responsive chords. As he himself has said: "A knowledge that another has felt as we have felt, and seen things, even as they are little things, not much otherwise than we have seen them, will continue to the end to be one of life's choicest pleasures; and this pleasure we taste repeatedly in this little book. Childhood, youth, or old age, with the viewpoint of all alike he seems to be familiar. The purity and pathos of childhood, the impulsiveness and restlessness of youth, the conservation and caniness of old age, he touches all with the same deft truthfulness. A few bold strokes of the pencil and the picture stands before us clear-cut and candid, too like to be gainsaid, and we wonder at the insight of the artist. For instance, what could be more graphic and yet more terse than this, "Age asks with timidity to be spared intolerable pain; youth taking fortune by the beard, demands joy like a right."

Again he says, "We advance in years somewhat in the manner of an invading army in a barren land; the age that we have reached, as the phrase goes, we but

hold with an outpost, and still keep open our communications with the extreme rear and first beginnings of our march—and Grandfather William can retire upon occasion into the green enchanted forest of his boyhood."

Thus, each stage of life, he finds has its compensation; "and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost appetite for playing at soldiers."

The code of Ethics that Stevenson would advocate is a simple one but replete with sound, practical, common-sense. Cheerfulness, as said before, is his cardinal virtue, with honesty a close second. We have but to read one or two of his prayers to appreciate the true religiousness of his nature. Gentleness, courage, long-suffering and humility, these are the things he prays for: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry." Here we have the keynote of his creed. And while, like most of us, he was often perplexed by the mysteries of life, its inconsistencies, its pain, its injustices and its awful weight of sin, yet his faith in Divine mercy remained constant. Thus he says: "He who shall pass judgment on the records of our life is the same that formed us in frailty."



The Expiation of John Reedham.

Annie S. Swan.

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CHAPTER VI.

A BUSY EVENING.

WHO is that man?" inquired Lidgate bluntly.

The unusual question naturally surprised them, but Mr. Currie replied frankly enough.

"One of my clerks, of whom I wished to know a little more than can be learned in business hours. His name in Charlton."

"Charlton!" repeated Lidgate musingly. "I thought I knew him, I must have made a mistake. Pray excuse the question."

"Why, certainly, and how are you after your American trip, Mr. Lidgate? You look very fit."

"I am all right, thank you."

"I hope you enjoyed it?"

"Yes, I think I did, but I am not a keen traveller. I am afraid London has got me body and soul, I am restless away from her, and she quickly lures me back."

The elder man shook his head.

"That I can't understand. Has my brother mentioned that I have serious thoughts of retiring one of these days?"

"Don't, Mr. Currie. Recall to your remembrance all the men you have known who have quitted active life at your age, and the results. I think that you will find that these results have been almost without exception disastrous. Slacken off a bit by all means, and take this young lady to see a bit of the world, but don't retire."

"Do you hear that rank heresy, Kate?" inquired Mr. Currie with a smile, which had a certain amount of triumph in it. "Yes, she is the culprit."

"Women usually are," answered Lidgate with an answering smile. "And

very often they merely prepare a rod for their own backs."

"Oh, you wicked man!" cried Katherine, shaking her finger at him. "Just when I had got Uncle Archie nearly persuaded you come in with your horrid warnings! Don't you see how he is pining for the country and fresh air and quiet occupations?"

Lidgate laughed outright.

"I don't see anything of the kind, I am glad to say, Miss Wrede. I gaze upon a remarkably hale and handsome man, with more energy in his little finger than most men, and myself, perhaps," he added with a touch of gay banter, "have in my whole anatomy."

"That may be true of you; I could very well believe it," she replied demurely. "But by admitting it you damage your case. He ought not to be so full of energy. If he could rest more and take it easy the necessity would not be so urgent. But, as you know, he simply lives every moment of his days with his whole might."

"The only way to live, believe me, Kate. A short life and a full if not a merry one, is surely the most satisfying for every man."

"And he fills up the very scanty leisure he permits himself with doing things for other people. Even you, Mr. Lidgate, would be astonished at the sum of them."

"Perhaps not; I hear of them too often," he answered. "And I am afraid you will look askance at me because I have come to ask him to do one more."

"You may regard it as done," she said with an affectionate glance at her guardian. "Well, if you will excuse me, I shall go to the library; I have two notes to write. I shall see you before you go, Mr. Lidgate."

Lidgate's eyes followed her to the door.

"A most beautiful creature," he said with a faint, involuntary sigh, which seemed to embody regret over his lost youth.

"She is indeed, and all heart. The combination is rare; so often the beautiful casket is empty of soul. I bless God for having sent her to me at a time when I must necessarily have begun to feel more acutely that sense of personal loneliness which is the cross of the solitary man. You ought to marry, Lidgate, before it is too late. Why have you never married?"

He leaned back in his chair as he put the question with that kindly solicitude which so often compelled confidence, and which could never be in any circumstances offensive.

Lidgate's face flushed a little.

"Well, sir, since you have asked the question, I will be frank. The only woman I have ever cared about married another man."

"Ah," said Archibald Currie with an understanding nod. "Pray excuse me, I did not pause to remember that perhaps I might be probing an old wound. I am very sorry, but doubtless you have had your compensations?"

"No," said Lidgate with a sudden fierceness, "I have not had any compensations. And of late I have had to stand by and see her suffer acutely, and know myself powerless to help precluded, indeed, by my position from offering any help."

"A trying experience; very trying. I had no idea of this, Mr. Lidgate; I offer you my sincere sympathy. You bear it like a man."

"I doubt it very much," said Lidgate gloomily. "May I now tell you what I have come about?"

"Surely, and as Katherine said, if to help you, or any protege of yours is in my power, you may look upon it as done."

"It is about John Reedham's boy I have come. He wants to be taken by the hand; I would like to do it myself, to take him in at London Wall, but you

can appreciate the difficulties in the way."

"Ah, surely of course I can," replied Archibald Currie, as the vision of his brother's stern face rose up before him. "What age is the lad? Bless me, I had forgotten about him. I have often spoken to my ward about his mother, but I might have done something for the boy before this."

"He has not required it. Up till June of this year he was at school in Surrey with some friends of his mother, the school he has been at for the last four years. He was very loth to go back, the youngster had the chivalrous desire to help his mother, and it was only when it was pointed out that another year at school would better equip him for his purpose that he consented to remain. When he came home at midsummer, three weeks before the usual time on account of an epidemic that had broken out in the school, I was in America. There was no one to hold him back. The young rascal went out on his own, so to speak, and took a bookkeeper's place in a petty tradesman's shop out Clapton way."

"I like that, it showed a manly spirit," said Archibald Currie with a well-pleased look on his face.

"It was not a suitable place for the boy, however, and he has never been happy there. Last night I saw him, and he had been paid off."

"Ah, poor lad, then he is in immediate need of a situation?"

"Yes. He is almost fifteen, I believe, but he is very well grown for his age; a fine, intelligent, handsome boy, though he has inherited his father's impulsive temperament and quick temper."

"These may help him, if they are properly guided," said the old man musingly. "They go hand in hand usually with other and more valuable qualities. It was a tragedy that! Poor Reedham! Have you any theory about him?"

"My theory can be put into few words. I believe him to be dead."

"But how? when? where?" inquired Currie, struck by the confidence with which the words were spoken.

Reedham shook his head.

"These questions of course, I can't answer, but I have the conviction. There are many suicides in London in the course of a year that are never identified, and some even that never come to light at all."

"It sounds ghastly. How is his poor wife bearing up?"

"Not well; she has had a hard year. If you can do anything for the boy you will lighten her burden, Mr. Currie. If you should take him to Old Broad street I should be most grateful. I hardly like to suggest it, but if it is the custom of your office to take premiums I should be only too glad to pay, because I can't take him as I should like to do at our own place."

"Tut, tut. I am the head of my concern. I can do as I like, and Reedham's boy shall come most certainly. I'll hand him over to Charlton, and tell him to keep a special eye on him."

"Thank you very much. I felt sure you would be willing to do something," said Lidgate, in tones of relief.

"The longer time goes on the more inexplicable appears Reedham's defalcations," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Have you any theory about that, then?"

Lidgate hesitated a moment.

"At first I was dumbfounded, and naturally leaped to the conclusion that he had been living a double life. But I have parted with that belief. I think there are two explanations which, when put together, may suffice. Reedham had several impecunious relatives, one of them most disreputable, and who was a constant drain upon him. Part of his defalcation may have gone to cover some disgrace into which this person got himself. That is the only surmise, suggested by various things Mrs. Reedham has said to me from time to time. The other is the extraordinary jealousy and antagonism that existed between him and your brother James."

The old man knit his brows, and nodded understandingly.

"I do not know Reedham well; in fact, I don't think I have met him more than half a dozen times, and then it was in the most casual way. But putting two and two together, the thing becomes

plainer. I can easily understand how my brother would act upon a warm, impulsive temperament. Between ourselves, Lidgate, I have felt it myself, and we could never have been in business together."

Lidgate continued, finding his task of explanation much easier than he had expected.

"Reedham was very jealous of his position in the firm, and he constantly made himself wretched imagining slights were being put upon him, especially by Mr. Currie. Then he thought that Mrs. Currie and her daughters were offensively patronising to his wife. The very idea of it maddened him. My own belief, in view of all these side-lights, which have become clearer with lapse of time, inclines me to think that Reedham was ambitious to make a clever coup-d'état on his own account, to force recognition, as it were, from the senior partners. When he discovered that disaster had ensued, he could not face it, of course."

"Ay, ay; a most feasible explanation. I believe it is the true one," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Poor, poor chap. It was not worth it. He was happy in his home; he had enough for his needs, and what else mattered? He had lost his sense of proportion. Ay, ay; what a number of catastrophes there are in life which the exercise of a little common sense could avert."

"You are right, sir; but I must not keep you longer. Then I may tell Mrs. Reedham to send the boy to you?"

"If you will leave me her address I will write myself tonight. I am glad you came to me. The boy is evidently worth saving, and I am only too pleased to be able thus indirectly to be of service to his mother."

Lidgate took a card from his case, wrote Mrs. Reedham's address on it, and almost immediately took his leave.

Archibald Currie sat still, pondering in his mind the thing he had heard. His face was wearing its most preoccupied expression. When his ward returned to the room she glanced at him anxiously.

"That man hasn't worried you, Uncle Archie? He looked so preternaturally grave, I was afraid of it."

"Oh, no; he was merely talking about the Reedhams."

"And will you take the boy?" she asked interestedly.

"Most certainly. I can hand him over to Charlton. He has a sympathetic nature, and, like those who have suffered, he can feel for the troubles of others."

"I could not make him out exactly to-night, Uncle Archibald."

"I should like to hear what you think of him; indeed, that is why I asked him to dinner. I feel disposed to trust him a good deal, and I would not wish to make any mistake."

"Oh, I think him trustworthy enough. A man with a past, I should say. There is something furtive and shadowy about his eyes."

"But it might quite well be a blameless past, child. There are men in this city thousands of men, who never have a chance. Charlton strikes me as being that kind of man."

"Quite possible. He is, undoubtedly clever. He interested me very much. He is like someone I have seen, but clean shaven faces are deceiving. They are so much alike."

"I am surprised to hear you say that. Now Lidgate is clean shaven, but you would not say there was the smallest resemblance between him and Charlton."

"Oh, no, nor any comparison. Lidgate is a fossil, one of those dried up young men, who have never lived."

Archibald Currie leaned back in his chair and silently laughed.

"You are very hard on men, child, I wonder where you will find one to suit you."

"I don't want one, thank you, Uncle Archie. So long as I have you, matrimony doesn't attract me. It's limitations are too obvious."

At that moment the butler knocked and entered the room.

"Mr. Stephen Currie, sir. Could he speak to you for a few moments? I have put him in the library."

"All right."

When the door closed they looked at one another, and Archibald Currie laughed again rather softly, as if some joke occurred to him.

"Perhaps matrimony will be forced on you, dear child, sooner than you think."

She pursed up her pretty mouth into a grimace.

"Not by Stephen Currie, thank you very much. If he has come to talk about me you may nip him in the bud."

"But Katherine, Stephen is a very estimable young fellow, and he will be very well off."

"I wouldn't marry him, Uncle Archie, if he were a millionaire twice over."

"Shall I tell him that?"

"I don't suppose he has come to talk about me. He ought to have more sense, for I have done everything to show him I don't want to have anything of that kind to say to him. And his assumption of proprietorship is intolerable. That is why I wouldn't go to the garden party this year, and why I refuse every invitation I dare refuse to Fair Lawn."

When he made no reply she came to the side of his chair and looked anxiously into his face.

"Uncle Archie, don't for Heaven's sake tell me it is the dream of your life that I should marry Stephen Currie! I am quite sure if you say that it will be the end of all things for me."

"I have no such dream, child. Marry whom you please, only don't be in a hurry, and remember that the day I have to part with you will be the darkest day the old man has ever seen."

Her eyes filled, she bent down and dropped a kiss on his cheek, and he rose to leave the room quite conscious of his own emotion.

He proceeded in a very leisurely fashion to the library, and as he entered it the clock struck ten, which caused Stephen Currie to apologise for the lateness of his call.

"I was dining with a chap at the end of your Square, and I wanted to see you privately for a few moments, so I took the opportunity of leaving early. I hope you don't mind me coming at this hour, uncle?"

"Oh, no, though we are rather early birds. How are you, Stephen?" said the old man cordially. "All well at home, I hope?"

"Oh, all right, thank you. Well, I needn't beat about the bush. I've been trying to get my courage up to sticking point for ever so long. It's about Katherine I want to speak. Of course you know that—that I've had hopes in that direction for a long time, ever since she first came from Bruges, in fact, I thought her then the most absolutely charming person I had ever met."

"I've got my own thoughts about it, of course, but you haven't come here very much lately, and I thought you'd cooled off a bit, Stephen," said the old man with a good-humored smile.

"Ah, but that's entirely Katherine's fault. She—she behaves abominably to me, Uncle Archie, snubbing me at every turn. But it doesn't make any difference. It makes me keener if anything. You see that's where she differs from most other girls. They're all so ready to be made love to, but she's stand-offish."

"She wouldn't be with a person she cared about, lad. Perhaps it will be better for you to take it like that."

"But why shouldn't she care? There's nothing wrong with me. I can give her a good position. I'll be a partner next year. They've never filled up Reedham's place, and Sir Philip as good as said it would be mine after January. There's absolutely no reason why she shouldn't have me, and I'm sure, Uncie Archie, if you'd put in a good word for me it would go a long way."

Archibald Currier shook his head.

"I am afraid that the love affair that depends upon another man's good word is not in a healthy condition. The usual order of things is that the old man is only consulted after everything is settled. Understand that I have no personal objection to you, Stephen, indeed I could not possibly have, and if Katherine cared for you it would make me very happy to see you man and wife."

"Then I have your permission to speak to her seriously? I have often broached the subject, though not with much suc-

cess. But it will be different now I have something definite to offer her."

Archibald Currie looked doubtful.

"Katherine does not care for the things most girls prize. I am sure she would not at all mind being married to a poor man. And she has an astonishing faculty of being able to make the best of everything."

"She wouldn't be a successful poor man's wife," said Stephen emphatically. "She is the sort of woman who needs expensive clothes and who knows how to wear them."

"That is where you are mistaken, Stephen. She does not spend the half of her allowance on herself. She knows how to wear clothes, that is all the difference," said the older man good-humoredly.

"Ah, well, so much the better if she can achieve that result on little money. The finished product is always perfect. But we are away from the main issue, Uncle Archibald. When am I most likely to find her at home? I have often called, and have never been so lucky as to find her, and she goes so little to Fair Lawn I have precious few opportunities especially lately; I really can't go on like this. It's making me ill, and I can't attend to business. My father told me this morning I had better get it settled."

"Is your father quite pleased with your choice then?"

"Well, not as pleased as he might have been. Katherine doesn't conciliate them much, you know, and they think she mimics them. What would please the governor would be to see me make up to Sarah Bracebridge, but I have told him my mind is made up, and he understands that a man must have his own way about this, the most important act of his life. He's kept me in leading strings pretty well up till now, but I think he sees that it won't do any longer. Anyway, he hasn't made any insuperable objections to Katherine as a daughter-in-law."

Archibald Currie smiled drily.

"Katherine won't shine in an atmosphere of sufferance, I warn you, Stephen. She needs warmth and appreciation."

"Oh, well, she'll get plenty of it from me, and, of course, we won't settle in

Hampstead. I have a leaning to the country myself, and I saw a little place at Mitcham that would suit us down to the ground. But first I've got to get Katherin's consent. Could I see her tomorrow afternoon on my way home from business. I'd leave early on purpose, and if you'd put in a word for me meanwhile, I'd be grateful."

"I don't think I can promise you that, lad. Katherine would resent it, I am sure, and as I said, a love affair that wants bolstering is in a bad way. Better trust to chance. I can come home to an early tea, if that'll do you any good. Katherine won't go out if I get home early."

"Very well; perhaps I'll write to her tonight after I get home. It all depends on how I feel. You see Katherine's so different from all other women, you never know where you have her, but I'm awfully fond of her, and if she won't have me I really don't know what'll be the upshot, shouldn't be surprised if I went to the dogs altogether."

He wore such a woe-begone expression, and spoke with such sincerity, that Archibald Currie, albeit he was not specially fond of his brother's son, felt a passing pang of pity for him. For he was perfectly assured that Katherine would not listen to him for a moment.

"I mustn't keep you up, then, Uncle Archibald. I'm glad you know how the land lies, and that at least you're not hostile to me. Give Katherine my love, and if you can see your way to put in a good word for me I'll not forget it. And I'll call and take my chance tomorrow afternoon if I don't write in the interval. Good night, Uncle Archibald."

"Good night, lad, I wish you well, but I don't think you ought to build your hopes too high. Katherine is not thinking of matrimony, meanwhile, at least, and I'm afraid her answer will be 'No.'"

"Well, if she has no thoughts of matrimony, at least I've the chance of being the first to suggest them to her," said Stephen with one of his shrewd gleams. "It's a great relief to me that you're not hostile, anyway. The governor said you'd sure to oppose it; that you had ambitions for Katherine."

"They exist only in his imagination. My only desire is to see the child happy," replied Archibald Currie, as he opened the door to show his nephew out.

Katherine was waiting for him with a little mischievous smile on her face, which augured ill for poor Stephen's suit.

"I've been sitting here with cold thrills running up and down my back, so don't pretend that you haven't been talking about me."

"I don't want to pretend. We have been talking about you. Stephen is very much in earnest, my dear, and you will have to be in earnest, too, and answer him definitely."

"Why, I have never been indefinite, quite the reverse. He knows perfectly well I never permit him to make love to me, and that I have avoided him almost entirely. I never answer the letters he writes asking me to go to concerts and things, and I always try to be out when there is any possibility of his calling. What more definite does any man want?"

"It would be enough for the average man, I admit, but you will have to put it in black and white to Stephen. He is coming to ask you tomorrow to marry him, having previously obtained my consent in the orthodox fashion."

"You gave your consent, Uncle Archibald, but you don't expect me to marry him!" she exclaimed with a little stamp of her foot. "You know I have never hidden from you how I feel about the Fair Lawn people. They are not my kind, and I would honestly die rather than marry him."

"Then be quite frank. Give him his dismissal explicitly, but don't hurt his feelings. He is quite sincere, my dear, and I was surprised at the depth of feeling he exhibited."

"I can't let him come. There would be a ghastly scene, for, of course, he would keep on arguing, even after I had spoken with the utmost definiteness. They're all like that at Fair Lawn. They wrangle over the smallest detail. I've heard them. May I write to him tonight, dear, and tell him you have warned me that he is coming, and that it is quite

useless, that I am much obliged, but I will never marry him?"

"As you like. Perhaps it would be better. I will go upstairs now, my dear. I've had an uncommonly long day, and three callers in one evening is a little unusual."

"Three exciting and exacting callers, too, all wanting something out of you! That comes of being a philanthropic angel, dearest. Now nobody ever wants to ask anything of Uncle James Currie. He is left severely alone."

He smiled indulgently upon her, bade her good night, and left her to write the momentous letter. She addressed it to the office at London Wall, and marked it "Private," thinking with fine consideration that it might be better for him to read it at his private desk in the City than under the curious eyes at the family breakfast table. They all knew her handwriting and as a family prided themselves on having no secrets from one another, that is to say, there was no privacy of thought or action allowed in the family circle. Everything was discussed and dissected and settled in conclave, which they considered indicative of their united family front.

Archibald Currie did not sleep well. His mind was too full of the individual and differing experiences of the evening. He thought longest and most continuously about the Reedhams and the story Lidgate had told him, and remembered with regret that he had not written the note to Mrs. Reedham. The conversation with Katherine had driven it from his mind.

He stopped the brougham at the first post-office and wired to Mrs. Reedham to send the boy to him at Old Broad street in the course of the morning, and after he had been over the more important correspondence he sent for Charlton to come to his private room.

The signs of growing favor in the master to the new clerk had, of course, been noted by the other members of the staff, but so far they did not resent it, partly because their trust in the justice and generosity of their master had already been proven, and most of them felt that their own positions were

assured. Moreover, Charlton was entirely inoffensive. He spoke so little, indeed, that it was not easy for him to give offence.

There was one man, however, who resented him and all his ways. He was the only unsatisfactory member of the Old Broad street staff, a man named Richard Turner, and but for the fact that he had a wife and large family dependent on him, Archibald Currie would not have kept him so long. There was an antipathy between them, the natural antipathy that would arise between an honest, straightforward man and a shifty, unreliable one. It was to Turner's department that Charlton had come, and that worthy, seeing him growing in favor at court, as he expressed it, began to cherish a slow and deepening resentment. The determination to get even with him grew in proportion as he imagined himself deeply wronged. The head of the firm, unaware of these undercurrents, and early drawn to his new employee, who on more than one occasion had exhibited unusual powers of acumen, continued to follow his policy of recognition and encouragement which usually marks the master's sympathies and catholic outlook. He determined to place Leslie Reedham under Charlton's immediate eye, and in order to enlist his sympathies, to tell him some, at least, of the circumstances.

"Good morning, Charlton. Yes, the letters were right, quite right, and I see where your suggestion was valuable. Sit down a moment. I want to speak to you about another matter. There is a lad coming here this morning, he may be here at any moment, whom I wish to place under your care. I don't know if you remember the case of Mr. John Reedham, who was a partner in Lowther, Currie, and Co.'s. He got off the straight, somehow, and there was a serious defalcation. He disappeared. This is his boy. He must be helped. He ought to have brains; his father was a clever man, though I fear unscrupulous. You follow me?"

He turned to look at Charlton, but at that moment an interruption came to the door, mercifully for the man he addressed.

"Yes," Badderley, you may show Leslie Reedham in in five minutes' time."

CHAPTER VII.

PAYING THE PRICE.

The lad entered a little shyly and shamefacedly, his cheeks flushed, his eyes bright with excitement. Archibald Currie turned to him with a kindly smile. Charlton gazed out of the window, with his face turned resolutely away. It is certain that had Currie seen his expression at the moment this story must have had a different ending.

"Good morning, my lad," said Mr. Currie, extending a kindly hand. "I hope you are well, Leslie Reedham. How is your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir," replied Leslie promptly. He was shy, and the ring of his clear young voice sounded almost sweetly through the quiet room. The agony in the soul of the man called Charlton was beyond all telling. Surely in that awful moment he expiated in full the misery he had wrought! The boy merely bestowed a casual glance on him as he entered, his whole interest being centred in Archibald Currie, the arbiter of his destiny. And the lad's sore heart was mightily comforted by his kind face and reassuring, almost fatherly, manner.

"I am glad to hear that. So you are anxious to begin a business life, eh, my boy?"

"Well, I will give you a chance. Mr. Charlton here will find out what you are good for. I have not very much to say to you. It can be put in a nutshell. Pay close attention to what you are told. Be obedient, punctual, conscientious. Use the brains God has given you, and don't be a faint copy of someone else. The only things worth imitating in this world are the good qualities, Reedham. Remember that."

"Yes, sir; I'll try."

"Well, you can come tomorrow. Nine o'clock, isn't it, Mr. Charlton? If our young friend comes at nine he will be in good time for the work of the day."

Charlton stood up, and faced them. His face showed grey and ghastly in the clear light. Currie was conscious of some subtle change in the man, and the

sense of spiritual suffering seemed to fill the room. His intuition, always keen and sympathetic, suggested that the sight of the boy had perhaps struck some painful chord. But Charlton had not, so far, entrusted him with any portion of his private life, and he could not intrude.

The boy gazed now at the face of Charlton with deepening interest, realising that in this man's hands his future destiny might really lie.

The face, with the light of the morning upon it, wore a puzzled look, his big, eager eyes, so like his mother's, were wide with questioning. Charlton essayed to speak, but his voice seemed to choke and die away in his throat. A second more of that agonising strain, and there must have been a revelation made. Currie, however, intervened.

"If you like, you can take the boy to Mr. Willett's room, and put a few questions to him, Mr. Charlton. It will save time in the morning. Remember, lad, that an hour in the morning is the core and kernel of the successful day," he added, rolling another business axiom out with his pleasant smile. "Remember me to your mother, and tell her we shall hope to report progress as we go along."

The boy tried to murmur his thanks. Charlton turned to the door, and opened it, passing so close to the lad that his coat brushed his shoulder.

What an ordeal that was for the man with whom fatherhood had been a passion, was a passion now! Something swept over him—the mad desire to brave all and crush the boy in his arms, and dare fate to do its worst.

"How kind he is," murmured Leslie's voice at his elbow, as they stepped out into the passage. "Don't you think he is kind? I was quaking when I came. I couldn't really eat any breakfast this morning before I came out. But I needn't have minded."

"He's the best of men, the very best," murmured Charlton, as his shaking hand went forth to open another door in the long passage. It was a room that had belonged to one of the old partners of the firm now dead, and was still called Mr. Willett's room. No one had occupied it since he left it, and it was found

most useful for people waiting in, or for interviews not suitable for the private room of Mr. Currie. Charlton let the boy pass in, and closed the door when he had entered himself. The yearning in his eyes might have betrayed him, and for a second or two it was touch and go.

The boy unsuspecting and unconscious as youth is, and should be, began at last to feel that there was something odd about the man, and looked at him more attentively. Charlton unable to stand the vision of these clear eyes went to the window on pretence of drawing down the blinds for the sun.

"You spoke of your mother a moment ago. How is she? Tell me about her."

"Oh, she is quite well, there isn't anything much to tell. She is never very well now, so often tired and anxious. Of course, we've had great trouble, I dare say Mr. Currie may have told you."

"No, what is it?" asked Charlton as if moved to torture himself.

"My father has left us, he was obliged to do it. Oh, no, there was nothing so very wrong, nothing he will not be able to clear up by and bye. But it is the waiting that is so hard for us."

"You—you—believe that he will clear up things? You do not seem to blame him."

"I don't, perhaps I don't understand about it altogether, but whoever says my father would deliberately do wrong, or rob other people, is a liar. You see we lived with him, and we knew."

"Yes, yes, that is beautiful and—unexpected. Does your mother feel like that, too, about it?"

"Yes, only she does not say much, and don't you think women are never so certain? People who talk to them make them think other things."

This bit of shrewd observation sank into Charlton's soul.

"So you think your mother has gone back a little?"

"I ought not to say that. But I know what I think myself about my father. He was the best father in the world, there will never be anybody like him. I was glad Mr. Currie did not say anything

against him, I really could not have stood it, you know."

"Oh, you couldn't?"

To and fro the room walked Charlton, only permitting himself occasional glances at the bright, open eager face. What puzzled and amazed him was the utter lack of recognition in his own boy, who had so often laid on his breast, with whom he had had the most perfect comradeship, whom he had kissed night and morning, often stealing up to look at him in his sleep. Surely some dire change must have been wrought in him that it could be possible.

Of late, looking at his own image in the glass, he had been conscious of a change, his face becoming thinner, more set, the face of a man who had paid the price. He was thankful for it, and yet fiercely resented it. He felt that he wished to go on playing with fire.

"What do you think I shall get to do, sir?" I want to understand business, to be a successful man, to help my mother, and grow up so that my father will never be ashamed of me. I will work very hard, sir, if you give me a chance."

"You shall have your chance my boy. Perhaps you had better go now," said Charlton thickly. "We shall go fully into things tomorrow. Meanwhile, please tell your mother I will do my utmost for you, that everything that I can do to help you will be done."

"Yes, sir, thank you. It is very kind, indeed. I don't know how to thank you, but I will work, sir."

There was a wistful look in the sweet frank eyes, a kind of pitiful note in the clear fresh young voice which almost unmanned Charlton.

He offered a trembling hand.

"Yes, yes, it's all right. Good-bye, lad. You and I may be great friends yet. I once knew a boy like you; we were great friends. I have missed him more than I can say."

"You have no children, sir?"

"No. Good-bye, don't forget to tell your mother that I will help you here."

He opened the door and dismissed him with an abruptness which contrasted oddly with the unusual kindness of his previous demeanour.

Leslie Reedham descended the office steps with that puzzled look in his eyes. But quickly it passed, and he made haste to Clapton whistling off and on, to get rid of some of the superfluous elation at the sudden and happy change in his prospects.

Left to himself, Charlton turned the key in the door, and, sitting down, covered his face with his hands.

"My God," he said brokenly, "how shall I be able to go through with it. How long before I betray myself. How is it he didn't know?"

Yet with all the strain of the terrible situation there was a secret joy in his soul. He would have his boy near him, could touch him, speak to him, help him on. So would the hunger of his heart be partly satisfied. He passed out of the inner room at length, recalled suddenly and sharply to a sense of waiting and neglected duty. As he passed by Turner's desk that individual scowled at him over his heavy brows, and gave his shoulders a little shrug. Not a move in the office routine passed unnoticed by Richard Turner, and he resented with his whole soul every indication of the good understanding existing between his master and the interloper, as he termed Charlton in his mind.

Turner lived near Kennington Oval, but that evening for purposes of his own he made a long detour, following Charlton to Camden Town in order to discover if possible what manner of life the interloper pursued out of business hours. He traced him to St. Paul's-crescent, even saw him go into the house of Mary Anne Webber, and retired satisfied.

He had a friend in Kentish Town whom he would employ to discover something regarding the private life of Charlton, and woe betide him if anything was found there to his discredit.

It was a job after Turner's own mind, his fat, vacuous face was a cloak to a very black heart, capable of any treachery. Nothing but the long forbearance of Archibald Currie accounted for the present security of his position. He was one of the undesirables who sooner or later come to grief, and often involve a

great many innocent persons in their downfall.

Mary Anne Webber was deeply interested in her lodger, but privately deeply concerned regarding the whole unhappy story. A whole year had gone since the man whom she was now accustomed to call Charlton had sought the shelter of her house. He had proved himself a model lodger, giving little trouble and paying with clockwork regularity, seldom going out after he returned from business, and appearing to spend his whole leisure over books and writing materials. In his happier days Charlton had made a little hobby of writing, and had been successful in having sketches accepted by different papers and magazines; now in his stranded condition he set himself to it in earnest as a means of furthering his ends. To make money by the sweat of his brow and brains was his whole desire, and he would leave no stone unturned to achieve that end. It troubled Mary Anne's active, bustling mind to contemplate a man content to spend his time thus, and to be cut off as he was, wholly from all that makes life worth living. They seldom talked of old times, or even alluded to the background of her lodger's life. He had given her a great trust, had left himself absolutely in her hands, and she would not betray that trust. But there were times when the unreality of it all seemed to haunt her, and when she could scarcely believe that John Reedham and Thomas Charlton were one.

She was only an ignorant woman, but her heart was in the right place, and a certain shrewd intelligence caused her to come to right conclusions outside of all logic. She felt, rather than knew, that Reedham had made a mistake, was making one now, which would recoil on his own head, perhaps in consequences too far-reaching and terrible to be faced.

These thoughts often troubled her, as she pursued the daily round of her commonplace tasks, but she did not venture to voice them to him.

They did not have much speech together; sometimes, indeed, she felt herself curiously on the outside, and she had certainly no idea what a bulwark and

buttress her presence and kindly attitude were to the solitary man who had thrown himself upon her mercy in his extremity.

One day she gave voice to some of her fears to the Vicar, when he paid a pastoral call. He had discovered by accident that the man to whom he had offered a cup of cold water on the top of an omnibus was now resident in the house of one of his parishioners, and he had twice paid a call upon him there. But though Charlton had been perfectly courteous, Fielden felt himself left on the outside, and wisely decided not to force the acquaintance, but to wait until it should ripen of its own accord. He had been curiously drawn to the man, and was always interested in him, and glad to think of him in such good care as Mary Anne Webber's.

"Oh, Mr. Charlton, 'e's quite well in hisself, sir," said Mary Anne when he inquired one day regarding Charlton's welfare. "But 'tain't a life for any man, wot 'e lives. I don't see myself how it's goin' to go on. I do wish as you'd get him to come out of hisself. 'E ain't well, no, 'e ain't, how could anybody be well settin' hup 'arf the nite like 'e does."

"I suppose you don't know anything about his people?" said the Vicar interestedly.

Mary Anne reddened, and put up her apron under pretence of wiping a smut from her nose.

"E don't talk much to me, sir, 'e don't. 'E's bin in trouble, anybody kin see that. But people 'ave the rite to keep their troubles to themselves if they wants to, eh, sir?"

"Surely, but every human soul needs sympathy, Mrs. Webber."

"Well, they do, an' they don't, so to speak. There's times when we feel like burstin' to speak and other times when wild 'osses wouldn't drag it from hus. I guess that's 'ow Mr. Charlton's feelin' now. Anyhow I'm sorry fer 'im, for a more inoffensive and sweet-tempered gentleman never took any woman's fust floor."

"I am sure of that, I'll drop in one evening quite casually and have a chat. Meanwhile I am pleased to hear all is well with you. I often say to my wife that it is as good as a breath of the sea

to have a word with you. You make the best of everything and never a grumble! That's the true spirit in which to meet life. It breaks down the hills of difficulty, doesn't it?"

Mary Anne's face beamed at this unexpected tribute from the Vicar whom she adored, and her heart and step were light for the rest of the day.

Her lodger came home earlier than usual, and when she took in his dinner, a task she never relegated to anyone else, she noticed how unusually haggard and pale he looked.

"Lor! you ain't well, sir," she exclaimed, as she set down the tray.

"I'm all right," he replied with a faint attempt at a smile, "I've had a trying day at the office."

"'Ave yer, sir? I knows what them tryin' days is, don't I just? Yer gits up of a mornin' sure things ain't goin' ter go rite, there's somethink hinside wot tells yer. Never mind, sir, the dy's done, an' that's every pore creatur's comfort in this weary world, that there ain't never a day but comes to a hend."

She placed the covered dish before him with a sympathetic nod. Her kind face, her ready and good-natured sympathy were once more as wine to his riven heart.

"Mary Anne, I'm bound to tell you. I can't get out of it, and if I don't I shan't be able to get through."

"I know," said Mary Anne, lowering her voice mysteriously. "Leastwys I kin guess. They've begun to think who you reely are."

"Not so bad, though it may very well be the beginning of things. I had a new boy put under me today to train in the way he should go, whom do you think? My own son."

"Oh, Lor, no, yer don't sy so! Yer own pretty Leslie, and did the pore little dear run strite inter yer arms an' cry 'is 'eart hout?"

"No, he didn't recognise me at all."

"An' yer never said a word?"

Mary Anne's excitement and interest rose every moment. It was more melodramatic than the penny novelettes with which she beguiled her scanty leisure downstairs.

"No, I did not betray myself, and I've got to keep it up, keep all that up, Mary Anne, and crush down all I feel, day in and day out, perhaps for the rest of my natural life."

"Mr. Reedham, sir, beggin' yer pardon, but jes for onst let me sy the reel nime. It'll 'elp wot I'm abart ter sy. Yer carn't do it, sir, no yer carn't. Flesh and blood carn't be crushed like that. Don't yer go fer to try. It'll kill yer sure."

"But what am I to do, Mary Anne? If I own up now, it's all up with me."

"Is it, sir? 'Ow long do they keep up spite like?"

He could have smiled at the directness of her speech.

"I am not beyond the pale of the law yet, Mary Anne, believe me, and after all I've gone through, it seems needless and hard to give up now, just when success, the success I have dreamed of, is beginning to loom within my reach."

Mary Anne continued to shake her head.

"I ain't clever, and I never 'ad no ead fer business, pore Webber used to sy thet, but there's things that God Almighty teaches even pore wimmen, sir. An' I carn't think this yer is rite, or thet it will ever come to any good. Oh, do think over it, an' quit! Go abroad even, anythink would be better than wot's going on now."

But the very warning and objection urged upon Charlton seemed only to impart added strength to his own resolve. There are natures so constructed, that the most strenuous opposition acts only as a further incentive. Charlton had relieved him mind, and the future began already to be robbed of its new terror. Nay, even the hidden sweetness lurking in the appalling danger allured him. Mary Anne, entirely forgetful of her place, pushed his plate a little nearer, and bent her kind, anxious eyes on his face.

"Yer carn't do it, sir, believe me. Yer pore 'eart will be tore all to pieces, an' anythow the day will come wen everythink will come hout. Do think it over, there's a dear."

She withdrew, shaking her head ominously, seriously disturbed in mind concerning her lodger and the strange complications in life.

"Ere, you, Hannie, tike this letter to the Vicarage an' see thet it goes inter Mr. Fielden's own 'ands," she said, after she had laboured with a pencil and paper for a few toilsome moments. She did not write much, simply a few words begging the vicar if he had an hour to spare to call up and see her lodger, who seemed in trouble. Then having shifted the responsibility she felt better. She could not, of course, be sure that Charlton would unburden his soul to the vicar, the chances were probably against it, but he could not fail to be strengthened and helped by his company. Happily the vicar was at home, and by no means averse to the idea of a chat with the man who continued to interest him, though he had not of late seen much of him.

Charlton was smoking a pipe by the hearth when he was shown in, and he rose to receive him with a cordiality which showed that he was not an unwelcome visitor.

"I have often thought of dropping in lately, Mr. Charlton, you have been on my mind somewhat. But just at the beginning of the winter there seems to be a multiplicity of things calling my attention. The winter's work for one thing has to be got into shape. I hope you are very well?"

"So, so, Mr. Fielden; pray sit down. Do you smoke?"

"I can take a cigarette to keep you company, though it is not my habit," he said, stretching out his hand for the case which lay on the corner of the table. "Well, how are you getting on at New Broad-street?"

"Very well."

"You like Mr. Currie?"

"I do. The man who could not admire and reverence that fine spirit has something seriously the matter with himself," he answered on the spur of the moment; and then his face flushed a little at the anomaly suggested by his words.

"I thought you would like him, and get on well with him. He has treated you generously, then?"

"Most generously; in fact, I am sometimes ashamed at the largeness of the trust he has bestowed upon me."

"But it is the way to make men," said the Vicar musingly. "I have to deal with a good many derelicts in my common experience, and I have proved that trust is the master key."

Charlton was silent a moment, not knowing how to answer. He might have resented the analogy. Fielden observed that he did not, and perhaps drew his own conclusions therefrom.

"What department of the business are you in? Has he promoted you?"

"I am at present his confidential clerk," replied Charlton. "I have had some experience in business, as I think I told you that morning we met on the omnibus, and he has discovered where my chief capacity lies. He has a new scheme for the furtherance of his business in the colonial branch of it. It is possible he may send me abroad later in the year."

"You would not object to that?"

"No, I should welcome it," replied Charlton. "Not so much for the splendid opportunity it offers, for—for trying to justify the confidence Mr. Currie has placed in me, but because I shall, for personal reasons, be glad to get out of London."

"It would be a permanent appointment, then, at least for a period of years?"

"No, I think not; rather a visit of investigation and report. Mr. Currie has long been dissatisfied with the management of the branch abroad, and, but for his age and the fact that he does not wish to leave his ward, he would go out to South Africa himself."

"Ah, I see," said the Vicar, still studying Charlton's face intently, while seeming merely to be casually interested. He felt that this was the best attitude to adopt towards this strange man, who had a whole history in his face.

"Mr. Fielden, an interesting question in what, I suppose, might be called ethical psychology came under my notice lately. May I offer it for your solution?"

"Certainly; it is a part of life that has a natural attraction for me. If I could get rid of it I might get through a good deal more than I do," he added good-humouredly.

"Well, supposing that a man had got off the straight, and that there seemed nothing for him but absolute ruin, but managed to reinstate himself by sinking his own identity?"

"Becoming a new man, so far as the former conditions of his life were concerned, you mean?"

"I don't mean that he was converted, exactly. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. He was lucky in evading the consequences of his own folly, and the chance offered for him to build up a new career. Would you say he was justified in taking it?"

"Certainly, providing his action did not involve others, or suggest disaster in other quarters. Could you be a little more explicit?"

"It is not easy. He took another name, and began to work up slowly towards the things men prize, and which he had prized and lost. Would you say he was wrong?"

"Was it right that he should have suffered for his first failure? I mean, did his conduct entail suffering or deprivation on others?"

"Not in the sense you mean. It was a question of money, which came out of the pockets of rich people."

"It makes a difference to the result, but does not, of course, affect the main issue, the man's own sin. And what was his idea in making a bold bid for reinstatement? Was it purely a selfish one?"

"I think not. His idea was to atone, to pay the money back, to make full reparation wherever possible, and to have achieved it by his own effort."

The vicar nodded, took two puffs at his cigarette, and looked Charlton straight in the face.

(To be continued.)

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN.

Valerie Vectis

Harping on Happiness.

IT is a great thing to be able to harp on the happy strings of life, because without it the grandest chords we strike must ever lack the tone-color that radiates around the most perfect harmonies of the soul.

Coleridge has written, "The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heart felt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling."

To be happy, is after all only to be normal; it is a theory of my own that we were all meant to be happy. I know we hear a lot about this "vale of tears," and some people look out on life as though it were indeed deluged with unutterable woe; but for those who seek there is much joy and happiness hidden in every station that stands by the way in the journey through the unknown territory of each day.

Happiness, like many other things, is comparative; and though the basic principle remains always the same, it may be measured in a hundred different ways. "No man is happy who does not think himself happy," says an old philosopher, and in that sentence we can surely find one golden key that will win an entrance into Happy-land. *Think* happiness—*think* it all the time; and it will astonish you how the vale of tears will blossom into the valley of flowers. The value of a rightly directed thought is beyond our comprehension; but we can feel its beneficent influence in our lives if we only unstintedly utilise, and carefully guard this mysterious emissary of

the soul, whose potentialities touch the fringe of the Infinite.

Now that little sentence sounds rather like a condensed sermon, but I did not mean it so. Sermons are not my forte. But sermons or not, I do believe in happiness, and in searching among the highways and byways of life for the good and beautiful, instead of grovelling in the gutters for the sordid and hideous.

One great cause for complaint seems to be that our own particular sphere in life is not what we would have chosen if the choice had been given us; and in fact, a general readjustment of the universe would please us mightily. At least we think so, and long for the wizard's wand that at a touch could change our circumstances and our environment to suit our fancy. Robbie Burns sings:

"Think ye, are we less blest than they,

Wha scarcely tent us in their way,

As hardly worth the while?"

Are we less blest than our neighbors? Not a bit of it! Our lots in life are more equal than they seem at the first glimpse. Peep and see! Look around you, not with a mere cursory glance, but with that deeper insight that pierces to the heart of things and learns by just looking. Be glad that you are just yourself, and try to be happy in the sheer joy of living. Oh! I know it is not always easy; it is the hardest thing in the world sometimes just to smile; but then women are made of stuff that does not shrink at trifles. It is because of the weeping rain, and the darkened sky that we need to cherish every stray gleam of sunshine that comes our way. As sunshine is necessary to the life of the

flower, so happiness is necessary to our highest mental development, and it depends largely upon ourselves how near we approach to our own ideal of perfection.

WHERE SHALL WE FIND IT?

The search for happiness is endless, because everybody has their own idea of where it is to be found. Some try to discover it in the golden glamor of wealth, some in the laurel wreath of worldly fame, some in the gratification of great ambitions and so on. But think you the elusive sprite is found in any of these? She may show her tantalizingly lovely face for a moment, but only to escape with a mocking laugh as we think at last to clutch her to our hearts. We must follow another road if we would find the place where she abideth. Away over the lofty mountains of our insatiable ambitions, through the tangled undergrowth of the valley of our desires, unheeding the beckoning, yellow fingers of the goddess of gold, past the iristinted smoke that arises from the sacrificial altar of fame—on—on—through labyrinthine ways of Pleasure and Pain, of Success and Failure—till completing the circle we come back to the sanctuary of our own mind. There, if we give Contentment the throne, happiness will draw near, a blessed handmaiden, to minister to the vital needs of the everyday of life.

Happiness is the sunshine of the soul, and the real sunshine of the soul is not superficial, but as deep and fathomless as the ocean, and as eternal as the everlasting hills. To live in the sunshine of the soul is to find happiness in the truest sense, and to take joy with us all the way.

CHEERY PHILOSOPHY

A cheery philosophy of life is worth cultivating, try it and see. Laugh, and make the world laugh with you! I was reading the other day the latest cure for human ills was the laughing cure. The treatment appears to consist of sitting round in a room and simply laughing at each other for an hour at a time. It is guaranteed as a sure remedy for indiges-

tion and kindred woes; and methinks the same treatment might prove beneficial in mental as well as physical disturbances. A cheery laugh or a bright smile at the right time is like the soft answer of the Scriptures—it is a splendid weapon for turning away wrath.

Smile, and as you go along be glad that the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, and the sun shines; be glad even when the rain falls, because the flowers need it and it may mean life and refreshment to some drooping, thirsty soul.

Be happy in spite of things, as well as because of things, and lo, the secret will be a secret no longer, but the wonderful revelation of what is after all the one thing that is really worth while!

What a waggish world it is,

Tra-la-la-la-la!

Full of that, and full of this,

Tra-la-la-la-la!

What a lot of joy we miss,

What a lot of fun and bliss,

If we frown instead of kiss;

Tra-la-la-la-la!

All the time goes merrily,

Tra-la-la-la-la!

When we take things cheerily,

Tra-la-la-la-la!

For the world is very fair,

There's a lot of sunshine there,

Quite enough for all to share;

Tra-la-la-la-la!

Never mind if things go wrong,

Tra-la-la-la-la!

They'll come right again e'er long,

Tra-la-la-la-la!

Fretting won't improve their state,

Sighing won't make crooked straight,

Best thing is to smile and wait;

Tra-la-la-la-la!

Bear my little lay in mind;

Tra-la-la-la-la!

'Tis the better way you'll find,

Tra-la-la-la-la!

All the time it will beguile,

Just to take life with a smile,

And be happy all the while;

Tra-la-la-la-la!

Thoughts of Great Thinkers.

WHAT SOME MEN HAVE THOUGHT OF WOMEN.

Nature sent women into the world with this bridal dower of love, not, as men often think, that they altogether and entirely love them from the crown of their head to the sole of their feet, but for this reason, that they might be, what their destination is, mothers, and love children, to whom sacrifices must ever be offered and from whom none are to be obtained.—*Richter*.

Woman, once made equal to man, becomes his superior.—*Socrates*.

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and don't know their own power.—*Thackeray*.

Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by

women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan*.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and it will out at the key-hole; stop that, and it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.—*Shakespeare*.

Women will find their place, and it will neither be that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old Salic law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected.—*Professor Huxley*.

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—*Voltaire*.

And say, without our Hopes, without our Fears,
Without the home that plighted Love endears,
Without the Smile from partial Beauty won,
Oh! what were Man?—a World without a Sun.

—*Campbell*.

At the Shrine of Euphrosyne.

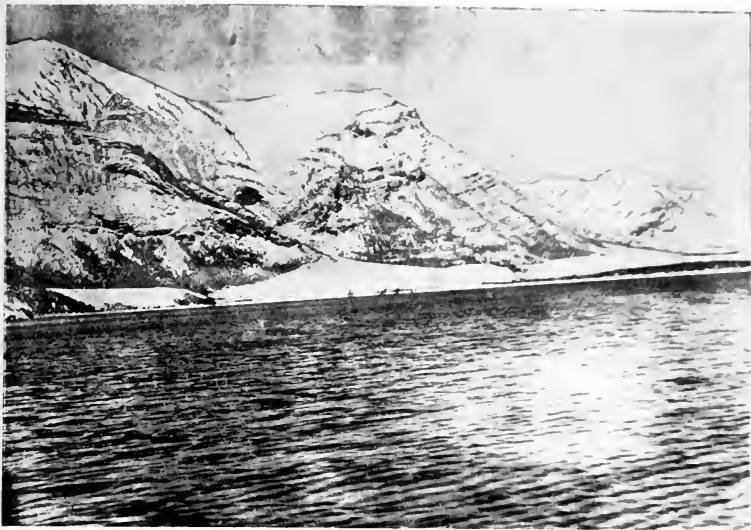
BETWEEN TWO EVILS.

Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she said one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied her mother with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes, dearie"! "I say, Mamma, it's a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

DIDN'T SEE HIM STEAL.

Josh was brought before a county squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses swore that they saw him steal

it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, and knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a moment upon his hands as though in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair said: "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room."



A Western Paradise.

H. R. MacMillan

SUCH has been the power of wheat, and such the influence of the broad plains, that we are prone to think of sunny Alberta as one grand golden field, devoid of any relief save that afforded by rough coulees and deep cut rivers. And this in spite of Banff. It may therefore come as somewhat of a surprise to many to know that west of the dry, short-grass plain and the irrigation belt where prairie Alberta rises to meet Alpine Montana and British Columbia on their own footing high in the Rockies a new summer resort is developing, which may some day rival Banff in popularity. It is that combination of mountains, lakes, rivers, canyons, and foothills in the Kootenay Lakes Forest Reserve which is so popular with the citizens of the prairie towns.

The town of Cardston is at present the nearest railroad point to the Kootenay Lakes. This will be regarded an asset by the many who count no day lost which is spent driving along a good trail through the foothill country. And the trail from Cardston to the lakes is interesting as well as good, running, as it does, along the great Blood Indian reserve, the largest Indian reserve in Canada, crossing the deep gorge of the historic Belly River, and finally winding over the rounded hills of the famous Cochrane Ranch—a ranch of 66,000 acres which Senator Cochrane bought in the early days for \$1.00 per acre, upon which he ran 10,000 head of cattle, and which his heirs recently sold to the Mormon church en bloc for \$300,000. The old Cochrane Ranch comprises all the land between the Belly and the Kootenay Rivers, and

from its summit the great barrier of the Rockies affords a wonderful panorama, a gaunt, barren, snow-topped, canyon rent, they rise from the grass-clad, gently

other guarded by Sheep and Black Bear mountains, between which lie the beautiful Kootenay or Waterton Lakes.

The Kootenay Lakes are within the



Black Bear Mountain.

sloping foothills, sheer to the clouds. Two great gaps in the Rockies are visible here, that marked by the jagged sentinel, Old Chief mountain, through which the Belly River crosses into Canada, and the

most interesting mountain region in the world. To the west, across hundreds of miles of treeless, grass-covered plains, flow the first tributaries of the most romantic of Canadian rivers and



Camp at Mouth of Oil Creek.

the Father of Waters, the Saskatchewan and the Missouri, which rise so close together, on either side of the Milk River ridge, and find so different resting places, in Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

The Rockies here are actually made up of two ranges, generally parallel, with main axes, northwest and southeast, the easternmost of which is the Lewis Range, extending but a short distance into Canada. The western, or Livingston Range, it is which runs farther northward to form the divide between British Columbia and Alberta. It is this range which at a point eleven miles south of the international boundary rises to form the culminating peak of the continental divide, discharging the Saskatchewan to the northeast, the Missouri to the southeast and the Columbia to the west.

The ranges themselves are the remnants of a yet more ancient, great plateau region of upraised rock, long since broken down by erosive forces, chief amongst which were glaciers. Upon this plateau are now the higher peaks,

Blakiston, Cleveland, the Citadels, huge pyramids and blocks with cliffs and precipices hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet sheer above the plunging, roaring stream of the deep cleft valleys, or, south of the international boundary, ending in great crevasses at the heads of the glaciers.

On their blank, steep Eastern face these mountains are cut by long, deep, V-shaped canyons, which have been gouged out in days of stupendous natural forces by the irresistible glaciers which once flowed slowly downward from the snow and ice-clad plateaus, forming the divide between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Hustling along the gravel bedded canyons are roaring streams, which rise in the eternal snows, flow into glacial lakes, and break forth again unto the prairie. Between the streams long finger-like ridges rise to considerable heights, the pine-clad lower slopes rising steeply and steeper until a talus region of the moraine-covered rock is reached and then the ridges up

short under beetle-bromed precipitous cliffs.

The canyons at their heads terminate in great basins or ampitheatres, resting cliff upon cliff in stairways of tremendous proportions until the realms of per-

easily reached from the Canadian peaks.

To the Westward the mountains break precipitously and from the foot of the steep long timber covered slopes reach out to the Flathead River, a tributary of the Columbia.



A Pleasing Mountain Scene.

petual snow and ice are reached. There are unfortunately no great ice fields north of the Canadian boundary though many exist just over the line in Montana, which can be plainly seen and fairly

The Kootenay Lakes themselves, extending through a glacier-carved, mountain-walled valley, from the heart of the Rockies to the rolling prairies beyond are bodies of water of singular beauty.

The chain of lakes is about fourteen miles long, eleven of which lie north of the Canadian boundary. It is contracted twice by glacial piled rock and debris so as to form three lakes, the southernmost of which, the most beautiful, is entirely surrounded by high forest-clad mountain ranges, which rise so precipitously as to leave no shore except the stream-built gravel and boulder deltas at the mouths of the larger streams.

To the East of the lake the Sheep Range forms the divide between the Kootenay and the Belly Rivers. Sofa Mountain, the greatest of the peaks north of the Canadian boundary and Cleveland the most prominent just south of the boundary are worthy of any mountain climbers' ambition and efforts. Mt. Cleveland, the summit of the range, rises to a height of 10,438 feet, yet it does not excel in natural attractions Sofa Mountain.

The Sheep Range is broken on the east and west by many canyons, chief of which are the North Fork of the Belly River, Crooked Creek, Canyon Creek, and Hell Roaring Canyon, in all of which

streams gather in the amphitheatre canyon heads, rush down the steep slopes until caught up in lakes, and finally descend in a series of cascades and tumbling falls over the rocky ledges.

The valley of the Belly River itself, over a mile wide at the river level, cut off from the prairie on the east by the massive, pine clad Mill Ridge, shut in on the west by bare mountain masses, and disappearing to the south in the unexplored mountain fastnesses of Montana, amidst serrated, snow-banked peaks, dark forested mountain sides and glistening glaciers, the whole valley is one of the quietest, most charming scenic spots in Alberta.

West of the Kootenay Lakes, the mountains, though higher are more easily reached and vanquished. Black Bear mountain, the most eastward, and therefore the least so far as height is concerned, is a great wind-swept ridge, almost surrounded by Blakiston Brook and Oil Creek. From the summit of Black Bear are seen to the west—west is here the main trend of the mountains—the long, almost straight valley of Oil Creek, terminating in huge dark crim-



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son shale mountains, and separated by Mt. Blakiston from the valley of Blakiston Brook, where lies the old overland Kootenai Trail. Nestling back in the valleys are several little lakes, blue, unruffled, forever kept from overflowing by the sheer walls of their shores, even should the brooks now emptying them be cut off by some mighty cataclysm. There are yet lakes to be discovered and named by explorers. On Oil Creek are two beautiful lakes, the larger just reaching the International boundary, and near the Kootenay Lakes, in the same creek are the Cameron or Kootenay Falls.

Farther north and west are a maze of unnamed peaks and a tangle of deep cleft valleys focussing about the only eminences which are honored with names in this less travelled region, Mt. Anderson and Newman's Peak.

As is to be expected in a locality so rugged, and aside from the main channels of travel game is plentiful. In the lower valleys and on the timbered slopes deer are numerous, both the blacktail and the white tail. Occasional elk and moose have been known to wander over the grasses from the British Columbia and Montana sides, where they are more numerous. But it is to the more wary, more coveted species that the Kootenay lays especial claim. Sheep there are in plenty. On the Sheep Range, where high in the open talus slopes, or lower in the scrubby timber they find the feed and cover they desire, as many as twenty-

five have been counted in one day by one person. On the ledges of the same range, as well as on other summits goats may always be found. Over the whole area, from the high, bushy, rocky slides to the huckleberry thickets of the river valleys the grizzly roams, and seldom does he travel where he does not find the scorned footprints of his lesser black brother. There are also occasional tracks of the sleek, invisible, mountain lion. The splendid cover afforded by timber and brush from the mountains to the foothills favors the breeding of all the game birds native to the region, the ptarmigan, blue grouse, spruce hen, partridge, and farther on the prairie, the chicken. On the lakes, and in the rivers are great flocks of coots, and several varieties of ducks.

The Kootenay Lakes abound in bull trout or chan, some of which have been lately hooked to a weight of twenty-three pounds. There is also good fishing in the mountain streams. Of late years the voracity of the trout has been so abused by the visiting fishermen, that without especial protection by the fishery department, the streams will soon be whipped clean.

The rocks of the whole region are of sedimentary origin, limestone, sandstone and shale, and are particularly interesting to students of geology as examples of the formation and life histories of mountains of these materials. There are many splendid examples of folding and twist-

ing of strata, and many well defined faults exposed. Although the country has been very closely prospected for copper, coal and oil, no paying property has yet been discovered. Some near-oil-wells are in existence at present upon which a great deal of labor and money was expended. In one instance a town was built, Oil City, which to this day retains its only odor. City lots were surveyed and sold to innocent absentees at fancy prices, derricks built, oil tanks and a distillery constructed, but at present all is deserted, the houses left untenanted save for the —and squirrel, the streets untrod save by the coyote and the machinery abandoned to the tender mercies of the junkman. Most interesting are the original and only revenue producing oil wells, ditches dug across the foot of the mountains to intercept the seepage from the dipping strata. These were the work of old "Bill" Aldrich, now an inhabitant of Cardston, the only man to profit from oil in the Kootenays. He gathered his product by soaking it up on a gunny sack and squeezing it out into a pail. This he sold to ranchers for lubricating purposes.

Visitors will find that the greatest benefit accruing from the labors of the prospector is the presence of a fine wagon road to the summit of Oil Creek. Connected with this is a wagon road up the Belly River, from which a pack trail leads over Ahern Glacier to Kalisfell.

Montana. This trip should not be attempted save by experienced travellers, as on the glacier several horses have been lost, crashing to death from the ice over the cliffs below. Peak trails also lead up the Little Belly River and the North Fork of the Belly River, which are well known to the ranchers of the neighborhood. Another pack trail of interest is one which leads up the Kootenay Lakes to the valley beyond. It is travelled frequently, there being a logging operation at the head of the lake in Montana, the logs from which are floated down the Kootenay and manufactured in Alberta. The original pass over the mountains, and that used by the Indians and subsequently the Geological survey in their explorations is that mentioned above as following Blakiston Brook to the summit, thence the valley of the Flathead River south to Montana. For those who care not for trails, but desire travel of a more rugged sort, there are many uncharted valleys and many virgin peaks.

It is improbable that any of the passes will ever be utilised for railroad construction, but it is inevitable that railroads will approach the region and that it will be made more accessible. Until then it cannot fail to be popular with those who are not to be bluffed by a drive of thirty miles, and with those who really seek the tonic of stiff exercise and good sport out of doors.



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The Prairies of Saskatchewan

Blanche E. Holt Murison

NO pen could adequately depict the conflicting emotions that fill the mind, as one stands for the first time alone in the deep distances and vast empty spaces of these great prairies of the North West. The prairie has a fascination of its own, but this fascination must be seen and felt to be really understood.

For hundreds of years, they were the happy hunting-ground and undisputed territory of the Indian, who with war-painted face waged a deadly feud against neighboring tribes, or in more peaceful times hunted the bear and buffalo, the wolf and jumping deer. Now the Indian is rarely seen outside of the government reserves, and even the tribes to the far North have been brought under treaty.

Instead of the Indian in war-paint and feathers, mounted on his hardy little cayuse, and eager for the scalp of his enemy, we find the white man holding a hand plow, to which is harnessed a yoke of stupid, patient oxen; or if he has been for some years in the country, we may find him mounted on a gang plow, drawn by four tricky-tempered bronchos. Pie-a-Pot and his braves are no more, and the peaceful agriculturist reigns in his stead.

The lordly buffalo, that at one time migrated in his tens of thousands from

one part of the prairie to another, is now nearly extinct; although today you can follow the trail he made perhaps fifty years ago, for many miles across the country. It is just a long, narrow line, for the buffalo always travelled in single file, and often it would take days for a herd to pass a given point. All over the prairie are to be found huge buffalo wallows, where these great beasts sportively rolled on the ground, or basked in the warm sunshine. Now all that remains of these monarchs of the prairie, are tons and tons of white bleached bones and skulls scattered over the land. I have seen huge white skulls used as flower-pots and garden decorations, and picked the mignonette and sweet peas impudently growing from the place where the buffalo's brains once had a resting place.

Another small denizen of the prairie that has not become extinct, in spite of the energetic efforts of the homesteader to put him out of existence, is the gopher. The gopher is a species of ground squirrel and one of the most inquisitive small animals alive. As he hears you approaching, he will sit up on his haunches perfectly stiff and straight looking for all the world like a tent peg; but nothing can move quicker than that same gopher if he thinks there is danger about. The

lazy old badger frequently burrows into the gopher's hole, and making a meal of the inmates takes up his own abode there.

Where the prairie is densely wooded, and among the sand hills by the banks of the great Saskatchewan, moose and jumping-deer, the wolf and bear are still to be found. In the shooting season, the sportsman has a glorious time; every slough abounds in wild duck, and there is an abundance of prairie chicken, wild geese and turkey.

In the swift flowing river fish are plentiful, and in the North Saskatchewan the royal sturgeon may be had in great numbers. I have seen the eyes of an enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton sparkle, as he told of the struggle to land a one hundred and twenty-five pounder. Among the sand hills too, grow many wild berries of varied and delicious flavors; blueberries, wild raspberries, cranberries, saskatoons, choke-cherries, etc., which the women folk of the "homesteader" make good use of it.

With the seasons, the aspect of the prairie changes with panoramic effect. In the Spring, the white pall of Winter is lifted to disclose a tangled carpet of yellow grass that covers the land; except where the thrifty settler plows, discs, and harrows his many broad acres, and sows the seed that holds for him the promise of harvest. As Summer advances, thousands of acres of waving green stalks appear, and the virgin prairie is ablaze with color.

One author has written: "Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on the world about us": then indeed, the name of the Creator is written large across the prairie. The delicately beautiful and daintily sweet prairie rose is to be found everywhere, peeping just above the ground and filling the air with its exquisite fragrance. Sunflowers, daisies that grow in clusters. Stars of Bethlehem, and gorgeous tiger lilies, all carpet the prairie with splendid magnificence.

Summer passes almost imperceptibly into Autumn, which is the most beautiful time of the year in the North West. Cool breezes gently blow across the

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prairie, and the leaves of every little bluff don their gala attire, and sport themselves bravely in the sunshine. Harvest crowns the year, and as the winds sweep through the ripened grain, rippling the waves of swaying stems as far as the eye can reach, it makes one think of some great golden ocean. A golden ocean it is indeed, over which many men sail to prosperity, and many to fortune.

Nature has worked well, and having yielded her wealth and ample store into the hands of the reaper, she falls gently and peacefully into the long sleep of winter. Tenderly, unseen spirits of the air draw a pure, white shroud over her face, and we see her no more, until the voice of Spring bids her awaken, and "the germs which perished to the eye within the cold breast of the earth, spring up with joy in the bright realms of day."

One fact that impresses one almost immediately about the prairie, is the great silence and wonderful stillness of things. The grandeur of the vastness

is lost in the greater wonder of this mysterious awe-inspiring silence. It makes one feel as though one had strayed into some primeval world, or had been thrust out of Eden to wander in desolate places, by an outraged and offended Deity.

Another sight that is worth going far to see, is a prairie sunset. God's crest upon his azure shield. A prairie sunset is a perfectly glorious revelation, as vained as it is grand. The reflected glories of a city of light could not out- rival the translucent splendor of the Western horizon on an Autumn evening. Gorgeous golden lights appear to slowly merge into rainbow-hued tints of amber and amethyst, majenta and purple; while higher on the slope, the rays of the rising moon fringe the outer edge of this sea of glory with blue and silver. Weirdly shaped shadows sail majestically across this ocean of splendor, and a vagrant fancy transfigures them into the galleons of some great spirit fleet entering into their Valhalla.

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Slowly the Western glories pass and fade; the angels of the night unfurl their sable pinions, the lights of heaven shine out over a tired world, and sleep, that "gentle foster nurse of Nature," wraps the dying day in a sweet repose.

Love's Golden Hour.

I often wonder where you are,
 Friend of the long ago;
 Till thought becomes a prayer for you,
 Because—I loved you so:
 Perhaps my heart, beyond my will,
 As angels love, may love you still.
 Dear, is there ought of blame in this,
 To hold within my heart your kiss?

Sometimes a vagrant fancy comes
 And whispers low, that you
 Live o'er with me that little hour
 We both of us once knew:
 When soul met soul as hand clasped hand,
 Just by Love's boundless borderland.
 Dear, had we taken one step more,
 Had we been nearer than before?

I like to think that, maybe life
 Held greater things for each;
 Far deeper depths for us to sound,
 Far higher heights to reach:
 And when the lesson is complete,
 Some other day again we'll meet.
 Dear, but remember, sun or shower,
 Love gave to us one golden hour.
 One golden hour to taste of bliss,
 Thank God for this—thank God for
 this!

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A GENEROUS RESPITE.

A schoolmistress in a country town who had long been annoyed by the perversities of a male pupil of nineteen, one day kept him in and began to flog him. He, however, disarmed her, and returned several kisses for each blow. The schoolmistress unable to forgive this breach of discipline looked him sternly in the face, shaking her forefinger at him in a menacing manner, and said solemnly, "William, I will give you just fifteen minutes to stop this, and then I shall punish you again."

A NEBULOUS THEORY.

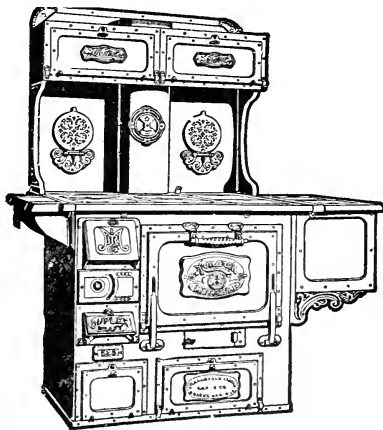
The following story is told by a navel officer as happening on one of his cruises, when his sailors saw a comet. They were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance, and the crew met and appointed a committee to wait upon the commander for his opinion. They approached him and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor." "Well, my boys, what about?" "We want to ask you about that thing up there."

"Well, what do you think yourselves about it?" "We have talked it over, your honor, and we think it is a star sprung a leak."

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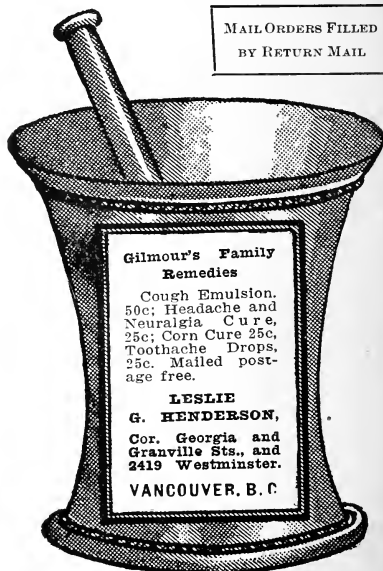
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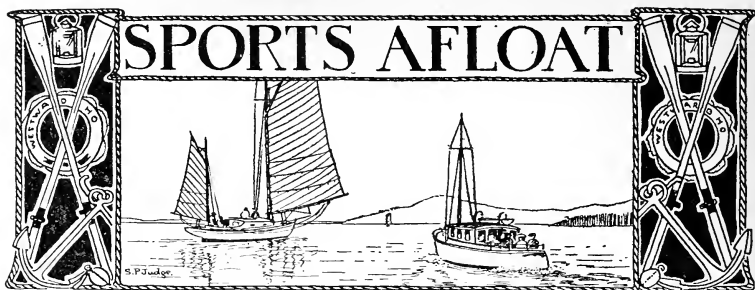
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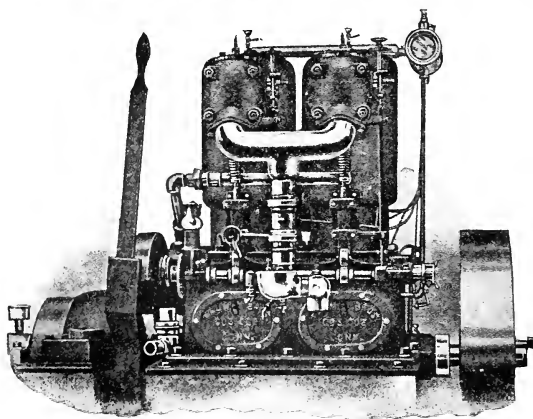
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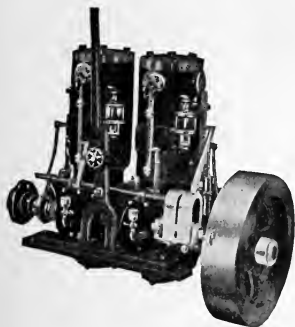
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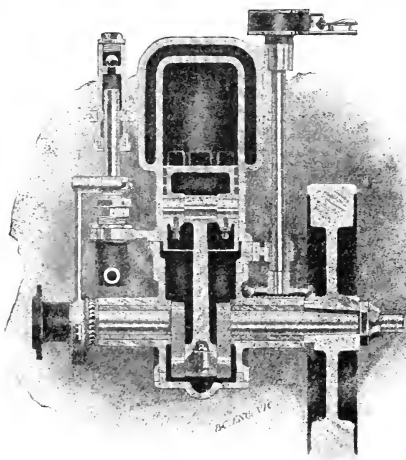
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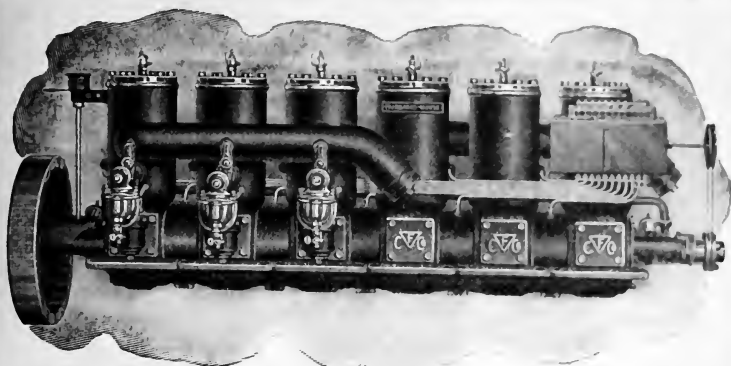
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The Commercial Centre of the Bulkley Valley.

This town is located in the very heart of the BULKLEY VALLEY, at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers. It is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and is destined to be one of the most important cities in Northern British Columbia.

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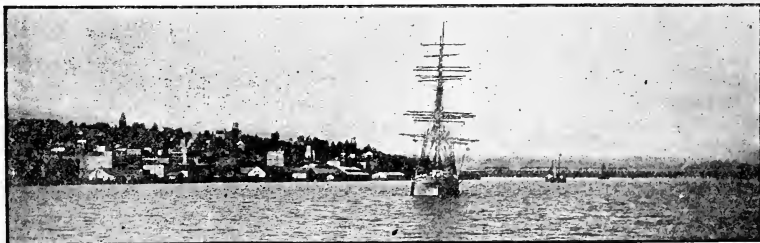
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NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

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THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

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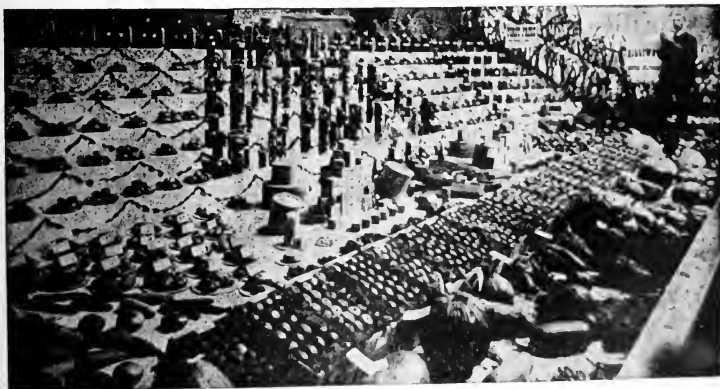
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The Alberta Canadian Oil Company controls 1120 acres. This land is situated 23½ miles northwest of Edmonton and is adjoining the American Canadian Oil Company's holdings.

This latter company has at present reached a depth of 1300 feet, entering the cretaceous formation at 1100 feet. They closed their works several weeks ago on account of the extreme cold weather and are going to begin operations again early next spring.

Everybody who has followed carefully the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company is aware that the outlook for this particular company is at the present time a great deal better than it has ever been before, and consequently people who have had such inside information have bought up a great many of the American Canadian Oil Shares on the open market; in consequence of this the shares of the latter company are now held very closely.

The best proof which the writer of this may advance as to the very bright outlook for the American Canadian Oil Company is the fact that the Canadian Northern Railway have sent an outfit costing them approximately \$50,000 to Edmonton, where it is at present stored, waiting until the spring before commencing operations on the land which the latter company has acquired, and which is in close proximity to the land held by the American Canadian Oil Company, as well as that held by the Alberta Canadian Oil Company.

This railroad has had, previous to these movements, one of their experts in Edmonton, who has followed closely the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company.

As the above-mentioned shipment of machinery by the said railway corporation has been subsequent to the visit of their oil expert we may safely assume that the report of said expert was favorable.

It is further of significance that the President of the American Canadian Oil Company is a man who has had twenty years' experience in Texas and California; that he has a record of putting down the first submarine oil well at Summerland, California, and that he has further opened up several oil fields in these states, which are still doing splendid business. We know for a fact that this gentleman has invested over \$20,000 in hard cash by securing leases of lands which are in close proximity to the holdings of the aforesaid oil companies' holdings.

We believe that by next summer the country northwest of Edmonton will see the greatest oil boom ever experienced by any country. As the American Canadian Oil Company's lands are adjoining the lands of the new Company the work done by this concern as well as the indications which were found when boring are of the greatest interest to the new Company and to its Shareholders, and we are, therefore, giving you a full account of these achievements, which are as follows:

The Company first struck gas at 330 feet and another heavy flow at 450 feet, besides going through a bed of asphaltum 6 feet in depth. The latter flow of gas was so heavy that it enabled this Company to secure a gas franchise for the cities of Edmonton and Strathcona for 30 years. Then at a depth of not quite 1100 feet they entered the cretaceous formation.

They firmly believe they will find oil the moment they have gone through said cretaceous formation, and anybody who knows anything about the successful oil fields in Texas will know that the indications encountered in this country, northwest of Edmonton, are absolutely identical the same and should therefore bring us to the same result, namely, oil.

In order to disperse any doubts which may be in the mind of anybody as to the absolute bona fide motives of the Directors of **Alberta Canadian Oil Company**, we make it herewith public that the stock which has been given in payment for 960 acres of the Alberta Canadian Oil Company lands has been placed in escrow with the Trustees of this Company, with an agreement setting forth that this stock can only be released after the **Alberta Canadian Oil Company** has sold all of its treasury stock or found oil.

This will, therefore, make it absolutely impossible for anybody to take advantage of the new company's work or advertising to sell their own stock and therefore hurt the prospects of the new company—or, in plain words, this is not a promotion scheme.

We have been on the ground ourselves and will be glad to go further into details with anybody who will call at our office for such purpose.

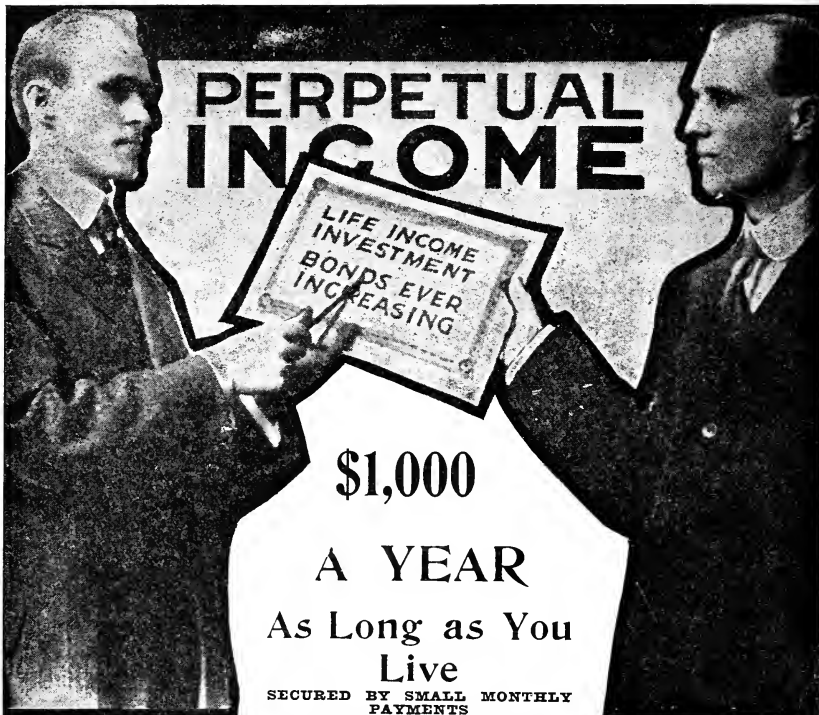
Before closing this ad we want it clearly understood by everybody, that although we are extremely sanguine about the successful outcome of this company we cannot, and will not, guarantee oil. We can only guarantee that the statements made above are absolutely correct, and that they indicate the **existence** of oil. A risk is always connected with these undertakings, and we want you to be fully aware of this fact before you invest your money.

One Dollar shares, fully paid and non-assessable, are at present offered for 10c per share. This offer is made by the company, giving the purchaser 10 to 1 on the par value of the share alone, not to speak of the value that each share will have the moment this company strikes oil, and in which event the stock should be well worth \$3 per share and over. In order to show to the public that we are not using big figures for the purpose of inducing some uninformed people to interest themselves, we point out the fact that \$1 shares of successful oil companies in Texas have been bid up as high as \$100 per share. We have no doubt that inside of three months we will have sold every single share of the first block offered at 10c per share, and we invite you to investigate further into this matter by writing to our office.

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Thirty-five years ago neither life nor property were considered secure in Mexico. Now both are as secure there as they are in the United States, and the Mexican government unquestionably offers greater inducements for capital than probably any other government in the world

Few countries can equal Mexico in natural wealth and resources. The unstable government which existed so long retarded development and in many instances wholly prevented it. The government is now as stable as our own and as a result those awake to a realization of what that means in a country for which Nature has done so much are losing no time in securing property there. Among the numbers are found The American Smelting and Refining Co., The Standard Oil Co., E. H. Harriman, John V. Farwell, David R. Francis, Arthur E. Stilwell, Senator W. A. Clark, Potter Palmer, Jr., and hundreds of others equally prominent and well known.

More than \$100,000,000 worth of Mexican sugar is annually consumed in the United States. The United States also imports from Mexico in large quantities bananas, cocoanuts, sisal, hemp, rubber, chicle, vanilla and many other products of the soil.

From the upper reaches of the Usumacinta river and its tributaries comes the finest mahogany in the world—known as Laguna and Frontera mahogany.

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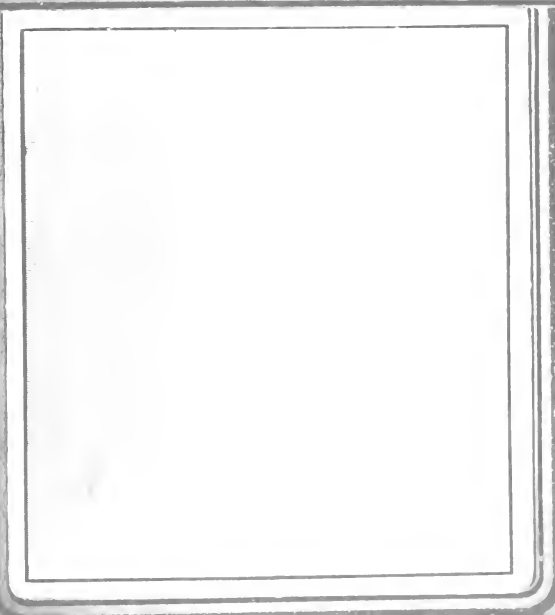
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can be smoked."**

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A
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

WESTWARD HO!



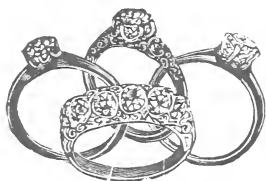
VOL. IV

APRIL, 1909

NO. 4

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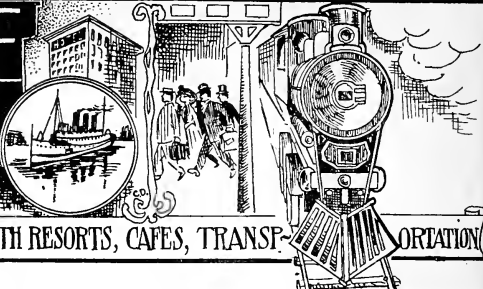
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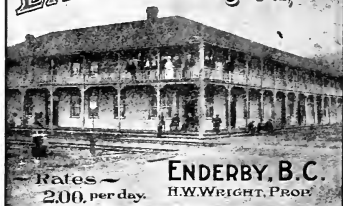
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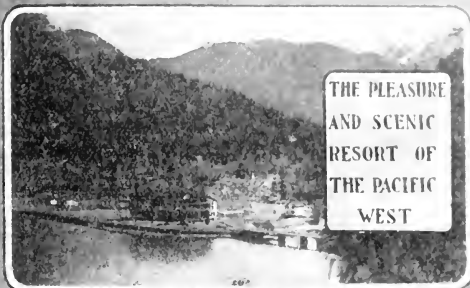
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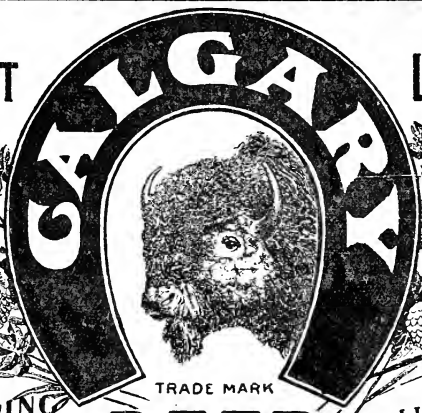
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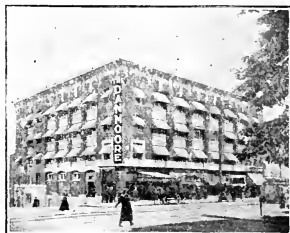
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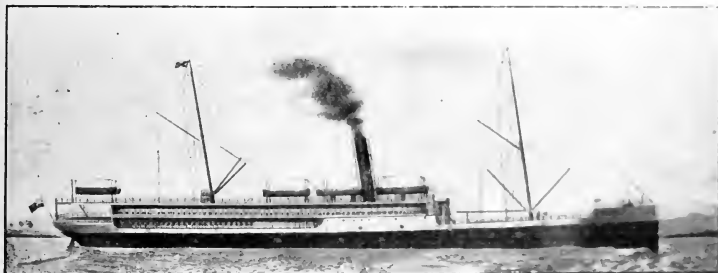
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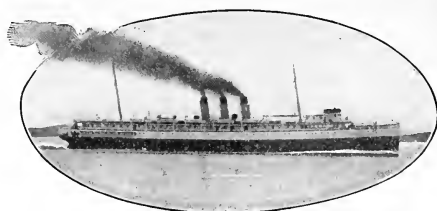
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Mr. E. Chapman, Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir,—As we have been given to understand that certain firms in Victoria and Vancouver are advertising themselves our agents, we shall be glad if you will state that you are our Sole Agents for British Columbia for our "Royal Irish Poplin Ties."

Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 30th, 1903.

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DENTS 1 snap, green, brown and pearl, real Mocha for men \$1.75

DENTS "PAULINE," the new Washing Fabric Glove for men, in natural white beaver and green shades \$1.00

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DENTS Riding and Motoring Gauntlets for ladies and gentlemen, soft or stiff cuffs..... From \$2.00

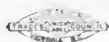
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Sole Agent in B.C. for R. Atkinson's Royal Irish Poplin Ties.

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



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536 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE.

HOW OTHERS SEE US!

To see ourselves as others see us is often a disillusionizing ordeal. But sometimes the experience is fully corroborative of our own conceptions of ourselves.

The Standard of Empire, in its issue of March the 3rd, quotes the following paragraph from our Editorial Article on Intra-Empire Preferential Tariffs:—

"British Tariff Reform is not, however, what Canada generally assumes it to be. She regards it as a British national issue in which she has no *locus standi*. This, however, is only a scintilla of the truth, and far from the philosophic statesman's view. British Tariff Reform is an Imperial issue in the consequences that its success or failure entails to Canada and the other portions of the Empire."

And then it adds this opinion:

"The above lines are part of an extract (printed on another page) from the leading article of the latest issue of the Canadian magazine called *"Westward Ho!"*—a publication, by the way, the merits and strongly Canadian character of which should make it go far as a substitute in the Dominion for periodicals imported from the United States. We draw special attention to the passage quoted * * * Tariff Reform * * * is indubitably an Empire question * * * The Canadian writer whose words we have quoted shows this clearly. His broad-minded view of this question is at once an endorsement and an explanation of our own attitude regarding it. He shows clearly its bearing upon the vital Greater British question of Empire defence, and in another part of his article, * * * he goes further, and shows the relation between the whole question of the establishment of Preference within the Empire and the individual development of the great Oversea States as nations within the Empire."

Then in another column where it gives a large part of the Article referred to verbatim, it says:

"Everyone is glad to note the gradual rise of the purely Canadian high-class magazine. An excellent example of this movement is the monthly magazine now published in Vancouver, under the title of *"Westward Ho!"* The truly Canadian spirit which pervades this excellent journal commends it greatly, and, apart from this it is an interesting and in all ways creditable production.

"It is good to know that a high-class Oversea magazine inspired by a broad spirit of Empire patriotism and interest in Greater Britain is prospering so well as *"Westward Ho!"* clearly is."

The opinion of *The Standard of Empire* must be very authentic in the premises. for on the subject of our Article some of Great Britain's greatest Imperial Statesmen have contributed to its columns; and without being invidious we believe *The Standard of Empire* has done more than any other existing Journal for the elucidation of the "Co-ordination" Ideal of Empire so intimately associated with the name of Lord Milner; as well as for the elevation of the Problems of Tariff Reform and Intra-Empire Tariffs from the slough of partyism to the dignified plane of Empire consolidation and National integrity in both of which Canada is very vitally concerned.

OUR OUTLOOK AND PURPOSE.

It is the intention of the Publishers of *Westward Ho!* to continue to keep it in the front rank of "purely Canadian high-class magazines."

Great National Problems have been occupying our pages; and the Magazine is a National Publication in its essential comprehensiveness. But it is no less a Western Magazine deeply imbued with the "Spirit of the West." To the cause of the West, as its name denotes, the Magazine will devote its most strenuous energy and aid so that the vast potentials and resources of the entire Great West may be exploited and fully revealed; and so that the Natural Ports and Harbours of our Pacific Seaboard may accelerate and be made commensurate with the Commercial Pre-eminence which Canada is destined to attain.

Read our April Article on

THE PACIFIC PORTS AND HARBOURS.

FICTION AND POETRY

will continue to be of the best description; full of Western life and of universal human interest; while seasonable

ARTICLES

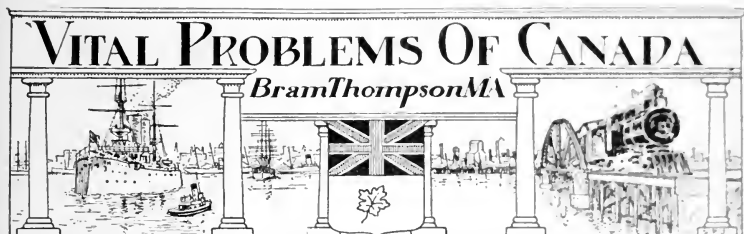
will be supplied upon notable events, Sport of all kinds, and the ever recurring subjects in which the progressive Canadian must be interested.

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Pacific Ports and Harbours.

THE Vital Problems of Canada, like great mountain ridges, rise in greater and greater grandeur and majesty as we nearer and nearer approach them; and their supremest pleasure is afforded to those who from the base steadily ascend till they attain the summit whence the national panorama presents itself filling the heart with a blended sensation of awe, admiration and wonder! Let him who will turn aside from the altitudes. He alone is the loser; for the altitudes remain; and it is there, and there only, that the true Leader can commune with the Spirit of the Nation, and receive his own authoritative mandate and message to the people.

It is no rampant National Egoism that I propound when I declare that as the destiny of Canada is to be the greatest of all historical or existing nations, if

she continues to maintain her duplex relation—a homogeneous people and an integral part of a world-wide Empire—so the more wary must her citizens be in the choice of their Leader from epoch to epoch, and the more determined in exacting from him the highest credentials and the fullest evidence that he is a verity, a reality, no mere temporizer, no Midas eared creation, and no base worshipper at Mammon's shrine.

We have much to say on this theme but on the present occasion we and our readers will commune together on problems which more intimately and immediately concern the Great West. This term includes, of course, not only the territory generally known as the North West, but British Columbia which Easterners often designate as the Far or Farthest West. These problems, however, are no less vital Problems of Ca-

nada, because they arise particularly from the peculiar circumstances and conditions of the Great West. Canada is a complete entity. Whatever affects any part of it affects the whole; and the development of the vast natural wealth and resources of the Great West must diffuse their influence throughout the Dominion, and contribute to the splendour and greatness of the Nation.

It is a well authenticated fact that Nations rise to greatness, and extend their influence, through their commercial relationships with other Nations. Oceans, Seas and Rivers, and the means of traffic and transit which they afford, are indispensable to international trade. Canada has been endowed in many respects with these indispensables for the realization of the ambition of all great mercantile countries—an all-world commerce.

FOR THE PRESENT WE WILL DISCUSS THE OCEAN OUTLETS, ALONG HER WESTERN BORDER.

British Columbia is the Frontier Guardian of the Canadian Nation along the Pacific Ocean.

From her Harbours must go, and to them must come, Canada's commercial exchanges with the resurgent Oriental Nations. That fact alone would be sufficient to induce the greatest activity and vigilance in constructing and developing the Pacific Ports and Harbours. Five hundred millions of people are in China and Japan and the Islands of the Seas under their sway; and, so far as the American Continent is concerned, proximity of position renders these people the natural customers of Canada. The National aspiration of these countries at the present day is for approximation to, or conformity with, our standard of civilization and our modes of life. They are putting off the old, and assuming the new civilization; and the most casual observer of them in their own country must have been astounded at the rapidity of their progress within the past few years. The movement is a beneficial one to themselves, to humanity, and especially to Canada; for the more they progress, the greater will be their demands for the diversified products of this inexhaustibly productive country.

But that is not all.

Alberta and other parts of the West and Middle West have awakened to the fact that, on account of the immensely shorter inland distance, the exportation of their products to the markets of the world, and the importation of their requirements from abroad, are more economically performed by the Pacific than the Atlantic Ocean. The movement for taking advantage of the inexorable Laws of Economy has already been initiated; and Railway Corporations are formulating projects for meeting the requirements of the new transport and export system, by continuing their routes to, and making their termini at, the Ports of the Pacific instead of constructing sectional lines connecting at certain points where the main railway system formerly ran out only to the Atlantic.

Even the year in which we are, with one-fourth of it gone behind us, the existing railway lines will convey vast quantities of the prairie harvest yield through British Columbia.

VANCOUVER, THE GATEWAY OF THE PACIFIC, will feel a new pulsation, a fresh life-throb, that she has never experienced before in her history, and that apparently she did not anticipate herself until the premonitory pulsation of the new movement suddenly but strongly evinced itself in the heart and mind of the Albertan people.

Nor is this all.

The Panama Canal must become a reality. If the United States will not construct it, the work must become the combined enterprise of three or four great commercial Nations. It is a fitting proposal to submit to the Hague Inter-national Conference that, if the United States should not before a specified year complete and have in full operation this long projected waterway, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, then that certain designated Powers, interested territorially or commercially in more direct Ocean routes, shall undertake the construction or completion of the Canal and constitute it a free, open waterway for the ships and merchandise of the World. Such a proposal—we might almost call it an ultimatum—might be re-

garded as inimical to that cetera dogma, called the Monroe Doctrine, and the United States might be rebellious; but what could they do? They would have to submit, or else perform what long ago they have undertaken to do in the interest of cosmopolitan commerce. But however it may be accomplished, the work must be done. The problem is one in which Western Canada is deeply concerned.

If with all the disadvantages of Ocean distance, Western Canada is rising to towering commercial heights, and a large part of her products is finding its way to European markets through the Pacific and around Cape Horn, what would British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan become, with the distance shortened by a half, and with open ports all the year round? We will not now conjecture.

The question nearest our hand is one which, though it intimately concerns the magnificent future that the Panama Canal must ultimately bring to the Great West, is persistent and pressing to-day.

THE PORTS AND HARBOURS OF THE PACIFIC RAISE A FORMIDABLE PROBLEM WHOSE SOLUTION CANADA CAN NOT SHIRK.

We have mentioned Vancouver as the first British Columbian Port that will feel the new trend of Western Canadian Commerce; but can anyone look at the Harbour with all its natural advantages and not be astounded and indignant at the lackadaisical apathy, the temporizing expedients, that characterise everything connected with it? The structures of the Harbour are of the crudest description, and the wharfage is miserably inadequate even for present demands. Project after project has been adumbrated—deepening here, dredging there; but nothing seems to materialize. The new traffic is beginning to come, and Vancouver is in no way fitted to deal with it.

Whose business is it—whose duty is it—to see that the rising flood of fortune is not diverted or swept aside from the Great West by manipulations to save or construct some political reputation for National Economy or Sound Finance? Such manipulations are not economy but

parsimony, and they tend, just as do corresponding tactics in the individual, to penury and beggary. We cannot have them, even though the reputation of some Political Economist, or Exchequer Financier should have to be chopped off, and spiked up, as that of a traitor and a craven.

THE PORTS AND HARBOURS OF CANADA are unquestionably the primary concern of the Dominion Parliament, but unhappily that Parliament is dominated from and by the East; and it is not particularly the desire of the East to develop the West especially as the construction of Western Harbours is likely to attract much of the shipping that now enters the Eastern Ports. But after all what is the Dominion Parliament? It cannot disregard the Provinces of British Columbia and Alberta; and if it should attempt to stunt their growth by a pettifogging policy, if it should refuse to allot to them their fair share of the Exchequer appropriations for Public Works, the people of the wronged Provinces have a dire and drastic remedy. They have the elements not only of a consolidated Nation within their own borders; but their conjoint resources and intrinsic potentialities transcend, I believe, those of all the Eastern Provinces combined. Can they, and their legitimate claims, be flouted with impunity? No; the people of these Provinces will not cringe where they are entitled to demand.

The trouble with the predominant East is that the people there, and even the Governing and Parliamentary confraternities do not apprehend the worth, the wealth and the greatness of the West; and they think that because the Railway System running through Eastern Canada conduces to their own advancement that Western Canada should be content to ignore her own waterways, and the natural shipping facilities of the Pacific, and continue to patronise and tread the steel road for thousands of miles to the Atlantic.

The Laws of Economics begin, like charity, at home; and it is incumbent upon the West to conserve her own greatness and look after her own expansion.

sion. If the East will persist in monopolizing the Revenues that belong to the whole Dominion for Public Works, then the East must receive one day a rude rebuff for her persistent folly.

The Ports and Harbours of the Pacific must be put into a condition to meet all the requirements of West Canadian, European and Oriental commerce. If more revenue is needed for this purpose let it be raised; and let the East bear its share in the development of the West, as the West has ungrudgingly done in the development of the East.

Will anyone look for a moment or two, at the vast Government expenditures that have been made within the past 30 years in Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Austria, and France to construct waterways throughout the interior of their several countries, so that the products of the most remote parts may easily and cheaply be brought to the Sea whence they are shipped to the markets of the world? Some of these countries are mere specks compared with Western Canada; but the people, though cramped in space and poor in resources, have gallantly done what they knew to be essential to the salvation and elevation of their Fatherland. They are reaping their reward to-day; and the magnificent Harbours that they have constructed, sometimes on land wrested even from the sea itself, are a testimony for all time to their patriotic devotion, and their greatness of soul. If they go down in the commercial contest with larger Nations no one can say they were laggards. Let Canada learn from their heroic example.

Compared with these Nations, it is a petty and paltry policy for any Parliamentary Government to boast of a surplus at the end of its fiscal year or at the termination of its period of power, while such a glaring anomaly exists as that which the Pacific Seaboard of Canada presents.

Here we have an Ocean whose wide and deep indentations form natural havens, and are readily convertible into Shipping Ports; an Ocean whose waters wash the coast of far distant regions the denizens of which are eager for the produce of Western Canada; an Ocean on

whose bosom float the merchant ships of almost every nation; an Ocean through whose boundless possibilities Canada must inevitably grow to greatness; and yet an Ocean to which at the present day little or no access is afforded by Canada, or facility provided so that on it may be carried our Western merchandise to and from the markets of the Orient and the World.

There too, lying along this Ocean, we have the largest Province of the Dominion: without invidiousness it may be called the greatest. It is only beginning to unfold its earth-hidden treasures. Its mineral resources alone are beyond the apprehension or computation of man; so diversified; so varied; so rich; easy of access; scattered in profusion. Bountiful nature seems to have endowed it, at the very beginning, out of the plentitude of her stores before carrying her beneficial gifts to other parts of the earth. Not long ago it was thought to be a mining country alone; but what a revelation have the past few years made! Within the folds of its rugged mountains wide rivers flow teeming with their piscatorial inhabitants; and in the wide vales and undulating valleys between the projecting hills are found climatic conditions rivalling those of Southern Europe, and fertile lands on which fruit is grown of every description known within the temperate zone,—fruit so perfect, luscious and sweet that it has been awarded the premier place in competitive displays both in the Old World and the New. In these vales and valleys, too, are rich pasture and farming lands; and every condition that could make the tranquil life of the tiller of the soil an earthly Elysium. And its mountains are not a "Sea" as a celebrated East Canadian Orator described them in a mixed metaphor which only too truly indicated a mixed and imperfect knowledge very common in the East. The Sea indeed has many treasures within its bosom though there is nothing growing on its surface. But upon the slopes and table lands of these mountains timber luxuriates to a ponderous size, and in immense variety. This heritage alone is enough to make British Columbia one of the

wealthiest sections of the world. And then she has the Ocean.

Next to her, lying close and fondlingly beside her, sloping gently from a considerable altitude, comes the delightful and prolific Province of Alberta—Alberta whose glorious possibilities were until recently hidden from the world, and especially for the Eastern Canadian. One will meet in such enlightened Eastern cities as Toronto and Montreal a preponderating opinion that Alberta is a land of scrub and shrub with the exception of a narrow belt in the centre along which wheat is grown: that its climate is almost intolerable in winter with cold, and almost prohibitive of life in summer, with heat; that it is practically a barren land, and sparsely populated. Alas, for purblindness!

Alberta is, I believe, the richest of the three Prairie Provinces. Its climate has acquired for it the name of "Sunny Alberta." In the greater part of it cattle range at will and find their own shelter throughout the winter. Its soil is incomparably rich. It has produced a grade of wheat which is unsurpassable, known as Alberta Red Wheat. From several hundreds of miles north of Edmonton southward through Calgary to the national line, it is one vast stretch of arable and pasture land interspersed with timber. It is an ideal country for cattle, sheep and horses. In the raising of cattle, whether for dairy purposes or for beef, the climatic conditions render it absolutely unrivalled. Dairy farming flourishes; sugar beets abound; and manufactories are spring up in ever increasing numbers and in ever widening areas. Its coal and iron deposits, natural concomitants, are found in close juxtaposition and are capable of supplying the needs of the Dominion for centuries to come. The Eastern slopes of the beautiful Rockies provide the material for a Cement industry which is already becoming prodigious. Everything grows in Alberta—barley, oats, corn, wheat, rye, peas, potatoes, hay, fruit, vegetables, and cereals of all kinds—in rivalling profusion.

Prolific and propitious Alberta! She too has an intimate relationship with, and interest in, the Pacific.

What an anomaly, I repeat, with such wealth and resources contained in the two Provinces next to the Western Ocean to see the Ports undeveloped, most of the Harbours derelict, and Vancouver only one stage advanced from its state of nature.

What an anomaly! what a stupidity; what a National crime!

We are prone to be too much guided by precedent. The Eastern Parliamentary magnates tell us with an assumption of profound statesmanship that the West must evolve herself slowly and gradually as did the East; but they ignore the fact that there is no similarity of circumstances between the two. The East grew from zero; so also did the West; but while the maritime, territorial, and commercial potentials of the East were developing, *pari passu*—with equal pace, the West developed her corresponding territorial and commercial resources only ignoring, or quite oblivious of, her Maritime Inheritance. Her eye was averted from the Pacific which swept her own borders, and was fixed on the Atlantic thousands of miles Eastward. She participated in, and contributed to, the Maritime development of the East because she believed it was the development of the whole Dominion, and that it was essential, to herself. Now she is disenthralled, disillusionized; and turning with her face Westward she beholds the Pacific, and instantly apprehends where her real power and future greatness lie. But she has much more to do than merely lament an infatuation. She has to proceed to rectify a blunder, and, by forced marches, to advance her Maritime Resources to a stage corresponding to, and commensurate with that at which her internal resources and her commercial expansion have already arrived.

It is this anomalous inequality of development that makes the construction of an adequate twentieth-century Harbour at Vancouver an urgent and imperative necessity to-day, and so far from obstructing it, the East which benefited by the blunder, or the misperception of the

West, by way of requital, ought to do all in its power to promote the work, of developing and constructing Ports and Harbours along the Pacific Seaboard commensurate with the needs of Western Canada, and the commerce which in daily increasing volume passes through the Pacific and brings the Dominion into closer relationship with the markets of the World.

It seems not only fair, but true Statesmanship to build up the Pacific Ports by the co-operation of the whole, just as the Atlantic Ports were built by the Co-operation of the whole; for thus only can Canada remain a perfect Unity, and attain to her destined greatness. Whoever thwarts the project, or temporises with it, on the ground of financial expediency, inadequacy of resources or otherwise is a miscreant, and an enemy to the Canadian Nation.

British Columbia has a formidable task before her, as a Province, as a part of the Dominion, and as the Frontier Guardian of the Pacific Coast in bringing, or compelling the Dominion Government to bring, the Harbours of the Western Ocean into conformity with the requirements of this magnificent epoch in Western development and commercial expansion. But she has one great source of strength—the co-operation, the splendid example, and the loyal support of her nearest neighbour, the grand Province of Alberta whose enlightened Railway Policy has already created admiration for her Leaders and People, and elevated them to the dignity of true economists, and farsighted, progressive and patriotic upholders of the cause of Canada's Great West Wonder-land.

The Promise of Easter

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Glamor of marvellous things,
Limitless measure of hope,
Springeth eternal on new-born wings,
From a grave in a garden slope;
Look up sad eyes where the glory lies,
Shining resplendent across the skies.

Purple and gold of the morn,
Arches triumphal of light
Blazon the sky; while lilies adorn
The earth with their splendor white.
Each hill and lea keepeth jubilee,
And every breeze is a symphony.

Promise of cheer and delight,
To comfort us on our way:
O covenant sweet! Earth's darkest night
But heralded Easter day.
Jubilate! Jubilate!
Heaven's gates are open wide,
Love hath found a sanctuary,
Where all weary souls may hide:
Death's finality is ended,
Life with Death hath met and blended.
Life through Death is glorified.

Naval Battle off Vancouver

Nigel Tournear

S EVEN hours gone, and her shafting not fixed up. Where the enemy are, the dickens only knows. Geewish!"

The commander of the British auxiliary cruiser, "Victoria," muttered angrily to himself as he impatiently paced up and down the bridge. Hidden in the darkness of that autumn night, 192—, she still heaved helplessly to the Pacific swell.

Out of Vancouver about to be attacked by the enemy's Flying Squadron, she had been making all speed to call up the British North Pacific Fleet, when her tail-end shaft had cracked. Just in time had her engines been slowed down and stopped.

Desperation tugged at her commanding officer's heartstrings when he thought of the great seaport's perilous straits.

But in the wireless cabin on the bridge deck below, the operator was industriously trying to pick up Admiral Knapp's command. Energetically he was working the key of the transmitter, and a vivid spark crackled and tore between the two antennae; short and long it remained there while he pressed the key; and with short and long flashes the electric current went forth in the call for succour. For two hundred miles around, the operator was ringing the night heavens with the mystic words.

Only for a few seconds did he pause. It was when the stopper of the voice-tube in the bulkhead just beside his right ear blew out with a shrill screech.

"No, sir, no," he replied to his anxious Bridge, "no answer at all yet."

But his last words went unheard. "Steamer coming down on the port quarter," had taken Darrell like an electric shock.

He sprang to the port bridge-rail, and stared ahead.

Thick gloom hid the wastes. Heavy drops of rain fell with a pit-pit on the deck. The breeze was growing stiffer, coming down in great caps of like distant thunder.

As the Victoria's gun crews were piped to quarters, the stranger spoke her in swift flickers of white light turning alternately into yellow and green. But the auxiliary cruiser could make no counter reply: unknown were the signals.

A thin spurt of crimson flashed out on board the stranger, and the report of a four-inch quickfirer came down the squalling wind. The projectile sent up a little cloud of spray, luminous with phosphorus, wide of the cruiser. But the next second the detonation again cracked out faintly, and this time the Victoria rocked violently.

A great spurt of steam seethed up amidships, and spread downwind in a great woolly cloud from her wrecked stokehold.

"Heave to, or I will sink you. You are——"

But the breaking squall overpowered all human sounds. It hit the stricken warship on her shoulder, and made her slant steep to leeward. The foaming waters gurgled and swept past her upperdeck rail. But the very violence of the elements brought to Darrell a scheme to baulk the enemy.

Again the Oriental's torpedo craft enforced her peremptory summons, and this time her projectile burst above the Victoria's smokestack, shattering it. A cry escaped the Commander-Lieutenant. In his fury he smote his left hand against the binnacle, the heat of which

scorched the wet palm. But he felt no pain.

"Brainerd," he roared to the quartermaster beside him, "sing out to them, 'Sydney, American-Pacific Line, Brisbane to 'Frisco. Break down.' Take the 'phone, and give it 'em as Yankee as ye like."

With a harsh guttural twang the quartermaster hailed the destroyer, making the megaphone bray forth the message.

"When the squall passes, you send the ship's papers for examination," came the indistinct answer. And Lieutenant Darrell smiled grimly to himself. Hooped with steel were his nerves.

His was the grit that wins.

"We can do nothing against the enemy, as we are, with out pop-guns. The wireless gear must not be wrecked, but it's up to us to carry her by the board, boys," he cried to his subordinate officers, "it is one of their own tricks."

Early in the unexpected hostilities the Orientals had boarded the "Vancouver City," having signalled through the darkness that the cruiser speaking her was the Berwick, with communications. The unsuspecting liner had been captured without the loss of a single man.

About four bells of the middle watch, the squall having blown itself out, leaving a heavy sea running, Darrell and fourteen men put off in the launch. Hidden in the pitchblack night under the Victoria's lee already wobbled the cutters and whaler, awaiting the signal to dash across. It was perilous work, in the jumble of seas. Now and again a bluejacket gave a hitch to his trousers the better to hide his weapon, or loosened his shirt a little for easier access to his revolver.

With a conscious air the quartermaster sat in the sternsheets beside the Lieutenant-Commander. Brainerd could not keep from grinning. The notion of his acting the 'Skipper' tickled him much. Reckon, sir, if they smell us out before we board, we'll have a very hot time of it, gettin' alongside," said he to Darrell, taking a squint at the enemy's craft now growing outlined in the night. "Look out there, sir. Mind that lip o' sea," on an eddyng surge smacking the port

beam, and deluging the boat with brine.

"Better knocked on the head, than to die like rats in a shot-riddled vessel. She could sink the cruiser at 400 yards, in two ticks," was his officer's abrupt answer. "This is our only chance, lads."

Slowly the launch reached the Destroyer's lee, and made for her sea gangway. Darrell noted a group of seamen on her forecastle, another about the gangway where stood two officers. On her bridge loomed the indistinct figure of the officer of the watch intently looking away ahead, with binoculars levelled.

Hand lines were thrown from the Destroyer, and made fast in the launch. Boat hooks caught on; Brainerd watched his chance, and to the jerky motions of the torpedo craft he scrambled up the ladder. The next second, his officer and he were standing on the enemy's deck.

The lieutenant blessed his stars that no lights shone save the half-concealed bridge binnacle. His glance over the narrow tumbling deck, wet and slippery with the wash of the seas, satisfied him he had given the correct posts for his men first to secure in their onset. But his heart beat faster when he saw how clumsily the quartermaster shook hands with the little brown-faced commander.

"Ah! American, eh? The ship's paper? Thanks! You will come below while I examine them, there is too much sea on, too much wet, here. Below, eh?"

As Lieutenant Darrell listened to the Oriental, the thought came to him that it must have been the same enemy who had entrapped the "Vancouver City." A sardonic smile flitted over his resolute face.

A hail rang from the forecandle look-out. The commander jerked himself round, and flung his eyes ahead, south-by-west. Signals twinkled there, far away—infinitiesimal pin-points. Again the lookout reported the consort coming down.

Darrell's whistle shrilled through the night. The revolvers of Brainerd and himself cracked out; and the Oriental commander fell down, his head and shoulders blocking the wardroom hatchway. The officer on the bridge also tilted forward. With a roar—"At 'em,

lads!"—the Lieutenant plunged into the group of men by the gangway.

The enemy rallied and closed, yelling in short staccato yaps like madmen. Darrell parried a violent thrust from the broadfaced sub-lieutenant, and cut him down. A bullet seared his right shoulder, razing the flesh like a red-hot iron. With a cry of fury he struck out, using the butt of his revolver, and stretched out his antagonist.

Aft, the Orientals had retreated to the poop. After a fierce struggle they were driven from it, and secured below in the officers' quarters.

Darrell picked himself up off a corpse, over which he had tripped owing to a sudden jumping of the Destroyer. Around the amidships quickfirers the dead and dying lay clustered, for on the possession of these pieces rested the crisis of the fight. The stokehold and engine-room complements were also under guard. Yet the fore-castle held out. Round its four-inch quickfirer the Orientals were making a gallant stand.

To break it down was impossible.

Again and again decimated boarders were driven back, down over the break of the fore-castle and on to the bloody deck. The Lieutenant-Commander crushed out of his eyes the blood trickling down his forehead, and flung a desperate look about him.

The Quartermaster's voice rang through the hubbub of shouting, screaming, blaspheming men: "Steamer bearing down off port bow."

The Destroyer's consort on getting no response to her prolonged signalling was now coming up.

"Midships, men, 'midships. Clear 'way port gun," roared Darrell.

Quickly the leering muzzle veered round, and the gun's sharp, snappy wail above the hurly-burly. There was an upward rush of cheering Canadians. But only a loose heap of slain and wounded filled the eye.

Darrell's whistle piped clear and full through the gusty wind, and immediately the waving of a lantern from the Victoria's bridge answered him.

"On deck with prisoners," he snapped. "Into the boats with them, their wound-

ed too. Loosen away there, davits, and swing out. Be smart, lads—smart for your lives."

Ahead two reports thundered out faintly, for the Oriental's consort had discovered all. Her projectiles ricocheted to starboard, sending up clouds of spray. Again she let fly; but her bursting missiles only served to hurry the victors.

The Destroyer's engineers and stokers were forced up on deck. They had their choice of the boats or the greedy seas.

"Cut painters. Fire if they don't pull away," were the orders ringing down from the Destroyer's bridge. It was no time to be humane when the fate of Vancouver was at stake.

But without hesitation the prisoners frantically pulled away in the direction of the oncoming vessel. Some of the men were at the oars; some cursing; some trampling on their wounded, careless of their groans so long as they shook impotent fists at their conquerors. Many of their comrades were tongue-tied through fury and despair.

As Darrell saw the dim figures of his remaining men hastily board the prize, from the doomed Victoria, he rang the Destroyer's engines to full speed ahead, for promptly had his engine-room and stokehold staffs taken up their posts below. The prize leaped forward to the quickening beat of her triple screws. Under the deadly shower of bursting missiles from the enemy, she hurled herself forward into the safety of further night.

In the little cramped wireless cabin abaft the wardroom pantry the operator, exhausted, half-dazed with fighting, stared for a few moments in stupefaction at the tape machine.

"QC....QC....QC...." rattled the receiver as the ribbon of white paper passed out in a coil.

He snatched it up, and frowned at the strange letters. With a great cry he sprang to the ladder.

The Oriental's receiver was registering the secret-code countersign of the British North Pacific Fleet.

Saved was Vancouver, the great seaport of British Columbia.

And saved may it be, for ever from thee,
Thou sly tawny Jap, thou simy Chinee.
From Mr. Sam Slick who prevails to the
South.

From envious hordes who with wide
gaping mouth

Stare now at our treasures, our riches
untold;

Our fruit and farm lands; our silver and
gold;

Our copper and coal, and our forests
sublime;

Our wealth all abounding for now and
all time;

Our Ports and our Harbours that great-
ness afford—

Protection to Commerce, defence to the
sword.

Ye Chinese who grovel and snivel and
leer

Get rich on your hoarding and then
disappear;

Make off helter-skelter in double quick
run,

With the wealth of our Soil, to the Land
of the Sun.

Ye Japanese clad with equipments of
war

Whose armies and navies and Juggernaut
car

Would crush, if they dare, and claim
as their own

What belongs to the white man—the
white man alone.

Avant ye whom envy and malice propel
To usurp all our splendour by tactics of
Hell!

Easter in the Garden

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

In the garden 'twas Easter Sunday—
And all through the scented aisles—
Spring blossoms were flaunting their bonnets,—
Bedecked in the gayest of styles.

With lavender sunshades half-opened,
A lilac bush leaned o'er the gate;
While tulips were rustling their silken gowns,
Like queens in rich robes of state.

The crocus and hyacinthe chattered,
With a narcissus dressed in white,
And a violet all dewey in purple frills
Looked on with the keenest delight.

A beautiful lily half kneeling,
The pearls on her rosary told,
And the grasses chanted a soft "Amen"—
As she kissed the sweet cross of gold.

Then, a breeze shook the tinkling bluebells
And a robin spilled song on the air;
While baring their hearts,—the flowers all knelt
And wafted to Heaven a prayer.

Betty Jane of Three Gables

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Author of *Beneath the Old Poke Bonnet*; *Marthy's Second Honeymoon*;
An Aristocrat in Bohemia, Etc.

YES, her lilacs always bud earlier than anyone's else hereabouts,—they're beauties too,—but stingy! she wouldn't let you sniff them on yer life if she could help it."

There was the click of a gate, and the ker came from an angle in her little garvelled walk opposite, as Betty Jane Parker came from an angle in her little garden where she had been made the unwilling eavesdropper, hearing no good of herself.

"Stingy"—she muttered, leaning over the low white-washed paling separating her cottage from the road. "Stingy,—and I almost supporting—the vilage church to say nothing of foreign missions!—humph!" but she heard voices and approaching footsteps again, so she withdrew to the latticed porch. "Why of course Easter'll be kind'r warm like this year, comin' in April, you know, so I just bought me a straw bonnet with red roses and lilies-of-the-valley. It looks quite spry too, but so long as you think it all right, it goes,—for you oughter know, comin' from a big city."

A cheery laugh answered the older woman's speech: "You certainly wil be quite nobby, Aunt Emma, but just wait until you see my chic hat; it will shock this quiet vilage, I'm afraid. Just the same, do you know what I'd really like to wear in a place like this? Just a simple leghorn, with natural lilacs and foliage. Why in New York we'd give the eyes out of our heads for blossoms like your neighbor opposite has;—I've a great mind to cultivate her acquaintance."

"Nonsense; she'd bite your head off, she's as tart as vinegar. Nobody ever

bothers about her. Disappointed in love, some say; though her mother before her was the same; gives all her savings to the church and boasts of it, while she lives like a miser,—so we just let her alone."

"More's the pity; I'd just love to look her up; who knows, but the poor old soul has grown bitter because you have left her too much alone!"

Again the voices passed, and Betty Jane Parker stretched her neck to look after the retreating forms. Emelina Baxter, her opposite neighbor, she quickly recognized, but the sweet girlish figure was a stranger to Betty, who knew all the vilage folks, for had she not dwelt here all her life?

The speakers had passed on, and still Betty Jane lingered by the low white paling with the scents of the lilacs about her.

"Tart as vinegar—nobody ever bothers about her;—she lives like a miser;—so we just let her alone!" Disjointedly the sentences echoed dully on Betty Jane's ears; a bluebird in the purple mist of blossoms above, sent out a short, sweet trill,—and, yes it was singing—"Who knows but that she has grown old because you have let her alone!"

It was many a day since Betty Jane had moved so briskly, it lacked but a few days of Easter. Eggs were high and scarce; never had her ~~poor~~ hens laid so poorly, and she had ~~contributed~~ contributed to the Easter collection at the Church, where the Parkers were known and respected chiefly because of their liberal contributions. Yet Betty Jane ac-

tuaily smiled beneath her stiffly starched Shaker bonnet, as laying her freshly gathered eggs on the latticed porch, she moved about the garden, looking into the violets' purpling eyes, and for the first time in her life, noting the pretty contrast between the yellow daffodils, and the scylla's deep blue bells. Even the shy crocuses seemed to lean towards her, and the hyacinths shook their scented blossoms at her feet.

She had thought of gathering the Spring blossoms and offering them for sale in the village shop, in order to make up the egg shortage, but her pride rebelled. "Miser," they had called her, had she actually become one? "Old," too they had said, but Betty Jane had not yet rounded her thirty-fifth year, though she looked all of fifty,—with her hair drawn painfully back from her forehead, and the sad droop of her straight lips, that so seldom smiled.

Betty Jane's father died when she was quite young, leaving the little homestead with its trim garden, and a small income to his widow, Abigail. She, a thrifty woman, laid aside the pennies for Betty Jane, and it was an open secret in the village that Mrs. Parker for years had made a practice of donating all the money derived from the sale of her choicest hens' eggs, during the Lenten season, to the Easter collection of the primitive Methodist church that she and her husband had regularly attended. The lives of mother and daughter had been strictly methodical as befitted the relics of an esteemed deacon. The front door of their cottage bore the insignia of the occupants of the "three gabled" dwelling. "Three Angles," a wit of the village had dubbed the house, liking it to the deacon Hezikiah—his spouse Abigail, and their daughter Betty Jane, with the tightly braided pigtails hanging down her back. The brass knocker on the front door gleamed as brightly today as it did nearly forty years ago, when Deacon Parker led his dignified young bride proudly to what was then considered in the village,—a mansion. Constant polishing had worn the plate beneath the knocker, while about the edge the white paint was scoured, until the bare wood

peeped forth boldly. Seldom had this door swung back on its hinges,—save once when Hezikiah, and Abigail, after a brief honeymoon, crossed the threshold. Again when the baby girl, Betty Jane Abigail Parker, had been carried forth to baptism, and back again after the ceremony. Later, Hezikiah, with all the dignity befitting a faithful deacon of years standing, all silent and cold, had been borne forth to the village churchyard. Then, a few years after, Abigail, his spouse, had passed under the same portals to rest beside her husband's remains, where a modest white shaft told of their many virtues,—for they were considered in the village as models of godliness and charity.

True, Hezikiah never had been known to give a shilling to a private charity, nor had Abigail been guilty of such an indiscretion, but both had been lauded to the villagers for their generous support of the church, and especially for the magnitude of their Easter offerings placed on the plate during the collections, then taken up. So, it had become somewhat of a boast, handed down as a duty to Betty Jane to still carry on, and she had done so for years,—scrimping,—hoarding, denying herself pleasures, and growing so parsimonious that she almost begrudged the passers-by the scent of her exquisite lilacs swaying their purple and white fringes over the narrow white fence separating her garden from the village highway.

Twice a year the minister called—and all the village knew it,—for he had actually dared to walk up the front steps, lifted the brass knocker, and was ushered in by Betty Jane. And often, too, now that the neighbors came to think of it, they remembered seeing Squire Creighton's happy-go-lucky son, Harry, admitted over the sacred threshold. Shortly after, he had left the village, and nothing had since been heard of him.

Betty Jane sat on the edge of a horse-hair trunk in the attic, or store-room of "Three Gables." Neatly arranged about the room were many bits of ancient history, from the antique poke bonnet, and voluminous hoop-skirts, to the

gutta-percha galoshes, worn by a worthy ancestor.

In spite of the aroma of camphor and sweet lavender that greeted one from every nook and cranny, an occasional moth flitted across the room, and disappeared in the shadows.

From the old trunk, Betty Jane drew forth a cashmere dolman,—its black having long since given place to a rusty brown,—a bonnet with threadbare ribbons and faded flowers,—and silk gloves that had been mended, until they would scarcely hold another stitch. Betty Jane knew them well,—these antiquated articles of her wardrobe, that had done duty on state occasions for many years, and it needed not the entrance of the prying sunbeam, to show up their utter shabbiness. "And all the neighbors with something new for Easter—talking about it too, as if it was all the season was made for; yet not one of them's done what I have for years, to educate the heathen, and send missionaries to teach what Easter means, but what does it mean?" suddenly queried Betty Jane. "Renunciation" seemed to come from the corner where Abigail's widow's weeds were carefully wrapped in a box. "Crucifixion," echoed Hezekiah's stove-pipe hat on the shelf above the trunk. "Taint neither!" said Betty Jane, ignoring all rules of grammar, as thrusting the shabby clothes aside she crossed to the open window. "Oh!" she cried, with a long drawn gasp,—"I know what it means—I know,—the lilacs have told me,—it's resurrection,—resurrection!"—and she clapped her hands in glee like a happy child. "And resurrection it'll be for you, poor Betty Jane,"—she laughed.

The dwellers of "Three Gables" had seldom been known to patronize the omnibus, making four trips daily to and from, the little nearby town. No, it had always been considered by the Parkers "healthier to walk," and, besides, their maxim was "A dime saved, is a dime earned," though the poor omnibus driver never got a chance to save nor earn it from that direction. But today Betty Jane had actually been seen to climb aboard the creaking vehicle, as it lumbered towards the city. There was the

identical bonnet that Betty had dreamed of the night before, when the little imp "Vanity" whispered: "Do your duty to yourself;—If you would have the sun shine into your home do not draw down the shades. Dress gay, and you will feel gay; you have no right to cast a gloom over the community by your shabby apparel; You are young yet; dress young"—and now here was the dream before her—a leghorn bonnet with purple lilacs, and black velvet ties.

"Can I show you something in a bonnet?"

Betty Jane started, and falteringly inquired the price of the one before her.

"Ten Dollars!" It nearly took the trembling woman's breath away,—as she replied: "It is just the style I had in mind, but the price is more than I can pay, for I have many other purchases to make out of a less sum "for all."

The girl laughed softly, as she said "That often happens, and I could show you something less expensive; but by the way aren't you the lady from "Three Gables," where the lilacs are already blooming so delightfully? Why I imagine I get a whiff of their perfume now. The whole village owes you a vote of thanks."

Betty Jane beamed with pride as she answered in the affirmative: "You see I'm right fond of lilacs, that's why I fancied this bonnet," said the prospective purchaser, and the younger woman thought she detected a slight blush pass over Betty Jane's face.

"If you fancy that style, I can show you an inexpensive leghorn, that could be trimmed for less money. Anyway, I think a bonnet much too old for you, and would suggest a close fitting toque; you see, your hair is beautiful, but if I may say so, it is arranged too severely, for your years."

* * * * *

Ten years had passed away from Betty Jane's expression as she looked the gate softly behind her and walked between the fragrant lilac bushes to the latticed porch of "Three Gables."

The tallow dips in the polished brass candlesticks, looked down in silent comment as Betty Jane took from its velvet trip-

med shelf, the best lamp, and placed it lighting in the centre of the kitchen table. The cat purred strangely, and gazed mysteriously at her mistress. From their paper wrappings Betty Jane drew a Leghorn toque, which had been bent and pinned into shape by the obliging salesgirl; there, too, were the velvet ribbon ties—such a bargain,—for she had fortunately come across two remnants of the required lengths. "And to think of artificial lilacs," murmured Betty Jane, as she smiled over the suggestion whispered to her by the salesgirl, whereby the genuine ones could be had at no expenditure. The gloves—pearl gray too, but, oh dear!—everyone in church would be looking at her hands, and she blushed already; she had wanted black gloves as being so much more serviceable, but the salesgirl had persuaded. They could be cleaned at home when soiled; would really wear much longer, and were just the style at present. An exceptionally good glove for the money too; regular two-dollar quality marked to one dollar, because only a few broken sizes remained. The salesgirl had been so kind to her, and just to think of it too, she was the grand niece of Betty Jane's opposite neighbor, the one who had accused her of being "miserly and as tart as vinegar." Never mind, the girl was sweet, "and what was her name?"—mused the spinster, as delving into her reticule, she drew forth a card on which was pencilled: "Violet Ritchie." A dotted veil was also drawn from the recesses of the reticule, and a mysterious little package that Betty Jane looked fearfully at, and after much deliberation opened gingerly. A bundle of kid hair curlers,—oh, what a scene for the sombre kitchen to behold! Perhaps it was the effect of the lamp light, that the face on the old brown jug seemed to grin; while the painted china dog wore such a peculiar expression that the cat, with her hair bristling, crept again beneath the table.

The lid of the horsehair trunk again stood open, and this time the contents were being examined by two pairs of eyes. It was Easter Saturday evening and Violet Ritchie, who was to spend Sunday in the village with her aunt, just

dropped in to see how Miss Parker was progressing with the trimming of her Leghorn hat. It now lay ready for the morrow's addition of real lilacs, that Violet was to arrange thereon previous to church going. Now the dolman was being discussed: "It won't do at all," said Violet decisively, "the style is only fit for your grandmother, to say nothing of its shabbiness." Betty Jane looked uneasily about the attic as though fearing that her worthy ancestor might arise and confront her.

Deeper and deeper Violet delved into the trunk, when suddenly she cried joyfully: "I have it—the very thing—why you dear girl, this is a treasure, real lace, too; it's full of possibilities, and lace shawls are so much in vogue now."

Biscuits that would melt in your mouth, strawberry jam and a delicious cup of tea had been partaken of before the two women parted that night, and Betty Jane, with her hair twisted up in the kid curlers, afraid to look at her reflection in the looking glass, hastily put out the light and crept into bed.

Easter Sunday morning dawned brightly over "Three Gables," where Betty Jane had been up with the sun. It was a glorious day of many surprises in the village. The aged widow Malcolm's sight had been almost restored, because of a visit from Betty Jane, who brought her six eggs concealed in a pretty basket of daffodils and violets. Little Martha Dabney, the crippled child of poor parents, had been gladdened by a gift of choice duck eggs, buried in a mass of hyacinths and crocuses. Many similar gifts found their way into various homes of the village, and just before church services Violet Ritchie was seen leaving "Three Gables" with a huge bunch of purple violets pressed closely to her face.

* * * * *

The minister was in the pulpit, discursing on the wonders of the Resurrection. Then he spoke of worldly vanities, and exhorted his congregation to each suffer some sacrifice on this day to gladden another. "Make an offering," he continued, "directly, if possible, to someone who needs a thought to glad-

den her heart with the sunshine of Easter. After the shadow of the Cross Christ sent us the glorious Easter sunshine to brighten our lives. Each one of us can make some sort of an offering to lift the shadows from another's path; so it behooves all here to enter fully into the spirit of the day. "Clothe the naked—feed the hungry,—and make happy some overburdened heart."

The pulpit and chancel were gay with white and purple lilacs from the garden at "Three Gables," and many a glance wandered to the high-packed pew, where sat Betty Jane Abigail Parker; and scarcely could the villagers believe their eyes, for instead of the shabby little old spinster who for years had sat in this same pew, they beheld a sweet faced girlish-looking woman, whom they scarcely recognized in her dress of black poplin; her shawl of black lace draped gracefully about the shoulders, and fastened in front with a spray of purple lilacs. A soft pink glow was in her cheeks, and her eyes shone purple under their dark lashes. The hair that erstwhile had always been tightly drawn back from her forehead, now rippled in soft waves beneath the Leghorn toque, with its trimmings of natural lilacs.

The collection was being taken up, and Betty Jane reached forth her daintily gloved hand to drop her envelope on the plate. Its amount was much in arrears of preceding Easter offerings from the mistress of "Three Gables," but her gift was for the first time in her memory, given with a cheerful heart.

The services were over, the minister had shaken hands with Betty Jane, and as she walked homeward along the country road, she was overtaken by her opposite neighbor, Mrs. Baxter, and Violet Ritchie.

"I 'spose as usual, you've given generously this Easter," ventured Mrs. Baxter.

"I've given unusually," replied Betty Jane, while a smile flitted over her face. —and it's the first time I remember ever making a body happy by a direct personal offering."

"How nice," beamed Mrs. Baxter.

"You certainly have gladdened many

hearts today," said Violet; "why, ad the villagers are talking of the lovely gits you have distributed, and just see my violets, they are exquisite. While we all owe you a vote of thanks because of your appearance; how could anyone looking at you today have a gloomy thought? —you are as refreshing as a sweet Spring blossom!" Betty Jane, blushing, was about to reply when Squire Creighton's gig swung around a bend in the road. Seated beside the squire was a handsome young stranger, whom none of the trio seemed to recognize.

"My word! but what has come over Betty Jane Parker, why she looks like a young girl in her Easter togs!" The squire chuckled, and flicked an imaginary fly off the old brown cob, with his whip, as the man beside him gasped "Betty Jane—Betty Jane Parker,—why you don't mean to say that's she actually wearing her treasured lilacs?"

"That's the lady, sure as you're my son," laughed the squire.

"Set me down here father; I had almost forgotten my promise to wire Cousin Jack immediately on my arrival here; do you drive on, you'll be in time to pick up my friend, the minister. He'll look sober when he hears the bad penny has returned again."

Bidding her neighbor and Violet "good day," Betty Jane clicked the old gate behind her, and walked between the lilac trees towards "Three Gables." "How changed everything seems," murmured the woman, half aloud, "nigh three and a half decades I've spent in this place, and though every plant, flower, shrub and bush is familiar to me, the little garden never seemed so fair as it does today. Such a change; I wonder what has wrought it?"

A wee small voice answered: "Your gift to one whose heart was lonely. You lifted her from the gloom of sordidness, and all the village rejoices in the resurrection of Betty Jane Abigail Parker."

There was a rat-tat-tat of the brass knocker that, resounding through the house, brought Betty Jane, still bonneted and gloved, quickly to the front door, and there before her, stood a page from the only volume of romance she had

ever known—Harry Creighton, only son of the village squire.

A window curtain in the house across the road, was pulled aside, and then hastily dropped, but a pair of spectacled eyes watched long enough to see a man, actually a man, admitted into "Three Gables," and the door was shut behind him, on all who sought to pry within.

"Land sakes alive, Mr. Creighton!"

"Land sakes alive, Miss Parker!"

Betty Jane giggled, and Harry Creighton laughed so loudly, that the cat scampered out the back door.

"To think of you looking so fine and manly; most took my breath away."

"Yes, and to find you so gay and girl-ish-like, almost took my senses away; tell me Betty Jane, what *has* happened?"

"Everybody's asking the same question? I asked it myself; and it's all because I made a personal offering to a poor creature, who needed it very badly, and it resulted in my resurrection from depths of selfishness, and miserliness where for years I lay buried in ignorance."

"It was just these demons that stood between us once, and drove me away; but I, too, needed a lesson, in renunciation, and I have learned it to my advantage; I came back Betty Jane, because I couldn't stay away from the mistress of "Three Gables" any longer, but I never expected to find you so beautiful, and looking twenty years younger than you did when you walked sedately to meeting, between Deacon Hezekiah Parker, and your staid mother. I always insisted you were cheated out of your inheritance of childhood; for it was a well known fact, that to laugh in "Three Gables" between Saturday night and Monday morning was, in the eyes of the Deacon, a grievous offence. You have walked in the straight and narrow path, —I have rollicked in the open,—a happy devil—may-care sort of a chap, and as such you rejected me. Since then, we have both had a wholesome lesson. Tell me, Betty Jane, have I waited in vain?"

What if the crayon pictures of Deacon Hezekiah Parker, in his stove-pipe hat, and his spouse Abigail, in her stiff crinolines, should come to life! What a scene

might be enacted in the old sitting room of "Three Gables," where Betty Jane and Harry Creighton sat side by side on the shining haircloth sofa. Already a revolution had taken place. The bow-legged centre table, with its ghostly marble top, had been relieved of wax-flowers under glass, that had adorned this one space for decades of years, and instead a vase of lilacs wafted their fragrance about the room; the family Bible still occupied its accustomed place, with a fuzzy-wuzzy mat between it and the cold marble of the table top. With their backs set grimly against the papered walls, the stiff haircloth chairs, each with a starched crocheted antimacassar clinging tenaciously to it, looked askance at the uninviting sofa that hitherto repelled the visitors at "Three Gables," now held in its deep recesses the mistress of the mansion, and one who had not come there since many a day. The china shepherd and shepherdess on either end of the painted mantel, blinked at the perforated cardboard mottoes over the doors, and in her sombre black frame a maiden clung courageously to the "Rock of Ages," while the raging waves beat mercilessly about her naked feet. Silent stood the old melodeon in a corner of the room, with a book of gospel hymns opened thereon. Seating himself before the instrument Harry struck a few wheezing chords, and then through the discord broke into the "Merry Widow" waltzes, while the yellowed keys groaned in agony.

"That's quite a lively air," tittered Betty Jane; is it a new hymn?"

"No,—it's a new "Her," answered Harry, as the strains floated merrily out of the open window, and set the birds warbling, in the lilac trees. Mrs. Baxter, scarcely believing her ears, crept down by the roadside to make sure that the sounds came from "Three Gables," where the garden blooms spilled their scents, and the tightly closed door with its polished brass knocker gave no hint to the villagers of the most interesting chapter in the love romance of Betty Jane, of "Three Gables."

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THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY
ANNIE S. SWAN

EPITOME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

This thrilling and pathetic story has reached a stage in its serial publication, when for the benefit of our readers who have missed the pleasure of reading its initial chapters, it is desirable, and indeed necessary, to epitomise it up to date, and thenceforward from month to month till its final culmination.

CHAPTER I. Is the revelation of a financial catastrophe in which John Reedham, then about 44 years of age, and a partner in the firm of Lowther, Currie & Co., stands out as the conspicuous figure and the culprit. The other partners are Sir Philip Lowther, James Currie, and George Lidgate.

Lidgate is the only partner at home when the revelation takes place. He had been the friend of Reedham for 20 years. The two confront each other, and as the senior partners, Lowther and Currie, hard relentless men, were to return next day, Lidgate determines to give Reedham a chance of escape and an 18 hours' start of the hounds of justice and retribution.

Reedham avails himself of the offer, and on departing implores Lidgate to look after "Bessie" and the boy. "Bessie" was his wife, a beautiful and fascinating woman, 34 years old, thoroughly devoted to her husband; and "the boy," whose name was Leslie, was his son, then 14 years old, at school.

Lidgate proceeds to Reedham's home and discloses the defalcation to Mrs. Reedham, whom "he had loved and lost"; but the existence of his love seems to have been disclosed for the first time at this dire and disastrous interview.

CHAPTER II. James Currie, one of the stern and relentless partners, visits Mrs. Reedham, and in the heat of his inveighing against her husband, Leslie, the son, suddenly enters, and having heard the closing words of the animadversion he practically orders James Currie to retire. This was the first declaration of the fervent faith of a sanguine boy either that his father was innocent or that he would return and remove the stain on his life by a noble retribution.

From the first, in spite of an apparent kindness and an evident desire for conciliation on Lidgate's part, Leslie evinced a distrust and hostility to Lidgate.

CHAPTERS III and IV. Reedham, disguised as a broken-down clerk, seeks shelter at the house of an old servant of his, Mrs. Mary Anne Webber. She did not recognize him, but he reveals himself to her, rents a room in the house; and thenceforth, with the secret of his identity known to her alone, he becomes Thomas Charlton. The Rev. Mr. Fielden, Vicar of St. Etheldreds, gives him a card of introduction to Archibald Currie, the brother of James Currie, his former partner. Archibald Currie is one of the finest types of generous, benevolent, business men; Charlton calls on him at his home, and obtains employment at the warehouse, 18 Old Broad Street, London.

Archibald Currie had in his home a young lady, named Katherine Wrede an orphan, whom he regarded as his ward and who called him Uncle. She at once gets interested in Charlton, and Archibald Currie told her, in taking Charlton, he was "drawing a large cheque on the Bank of Faith." But hearing that even in the intense excitement and indignation at his fall, all loved Reedham, Katherine Wrede said to "her Uncle" that people "don't talk like that about a weak or merely wicked man."

Stephen Currie, a son of James Currie, now appears on the scene and makes love to Katherine Wrede, which she sternly resents.

Thomas Charlton works along in the office of Archibald Currie becomes his confidential clerk, and gains position and influence day by day to the disgust and disappointment of one man only—Richard Turner.

CHAPTERS V. and VI. A year elapses. Bessie Reedham is keeping a small house in Burnham for paying guests or boarders. The boy leaves school, takes a position as a book-keeper which he forfeits on account of a resented remark made about his father.

Lidgate at this juncture returns from a trip to America. Interviews Mrs. Reedham, who still believes her husband is alive and will clear up the mystery. At the interview she asked Lidgate the amount of the defalcation, as she said: "Leslie was to reimburse his debt and would redeem it." This, too, was the boy's ambition. Noble boy, worthy man. Lidgate goes to Archibald Currie, and gets Leslie a position in his office. Lidgate confesses to Katherine Wrede his love for Mrs. Reedham and declares he would "marry her and take care not propose such a thing."

Lidgate, while going in to interview Archibald Currie about the boy Leslie, is met by "Thomas Charlton" coming out. No recognition on Lidgate's part. A very close acquaintance to Charlton.

Lidgate and Archibald Currie discuss Reedham's strange case, and each expresses confidence in him. Katherine Wrede in turn discusses Charlton with her uncle, and affirms a growing trust and confidence in him.

Stephen Currie again appears on the scene and makes new declarations of love which Katherine resents.

Richard Turner, the envious employe of Archibald Currie, now becomes a more ferrety instincts, and dogs the steps of Charlton to his humble abode. He is at last rewarded of a strange revelation, and of the depicting of a class of character that is as revolting. Turner himself was an utter incompetent and was really a man of no mind solely from feelings of charity.

CHAPTER VII. Leslie Reedham received into the office of Archibald Currie, and placed under the charge of Charlton! Surely at that moment of anguish and trial the latter had fully expiated all the misery he had wrought.

Leslie tells Charlton at their first introduction about his father and reasserts his fervent faith that he will one day vindicate himself.

Charlton tells Mary Ann Webber of his new boy-charge.

Possibility of Charlton, whose position and influence with Archibald Currie were now fully assured, going abroad to disentangle some complications connected with the Colonial branch of Archibald Currie's business.

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS CHANCE.

Archibald Currie had no partner. Since the death of Abraham Wilett, the original founder of the firm, he had pursued his way alone. It entailed a colossal amount of work upon him, but, as he was fond of saying, it had its compensations. He found the chief one in the fact that he could do absolutely as he liked without consulting or considering others. To a man of his temperament, and somewhat quixotic method of conducting business, this liberty was peculiarly satisfying and welcome. His brother James, though not admitted into his confidence, knew enough of the methods of business at Old Broad street, to be able to describe them as suicidal. Yet in spite of all, Archibald had amassed a considerable fortune, how considerable James did not know. That it must be ample he gathered from the large sums his brother gave to charity, and the lavish conduct generally of his private life. It was a mystery to James Currie, who had no great faith in his elder brother's acumen.

But in this estimate he was entirely wrong. Archibald Currie in business was very keen, and as we have already said, seldom made a mistake in his man. He had gathered a strange crowd of derelicts about him at Old Broad street, but he kept his own hands firmly on the reins. Then he had bound most of them to him in ties of gratitude which nothing but death could break. The life stories of his own staff would in themselves make interesting reading. He was beginning to realise now, however, as age and its accompaniments began to creep upon him, that perhaps he had made a mistake in not having taken a partner earlier in life. He discovered now that while he had many eager and willing servants, there was no one to share the burden that was beginning to press. Now, when he would have slackened off a bit, and

eventually retired, there was no one to take his place. It was a curious position, and an unusual one, for a man of his standing to find himself in.

As he sat at his desk surrounded by the accumulation of the morning's mail, his face wore an unusually harassed look.

It was the African mail day, and the news was disquieting. For a time he was at a loss how to act.

It was now the month of May, and Charlton had been in his employment almost two years. His thoughts naturally turned to Charlton, in a dilemma which he could not for the moment unravel. The natural outcome was to ring the bell and ask that he might come to him at once.

Charlton was now fully established in Old Broad street, and enjoyed his employer's full confidence. On the whole, he was a favourite with the rest of the staff, chiefly because he was very retiring and inoffensive, and gave himself no airs. The only man who hated him and longed to see his discomfiture and disgrace was Richard Turner; that worthy was still biding his time. Charlton entered the private room with the quiet assurance of the man who knows that he is welcome and trusted.

Archibald Currie turned to him kindly, not forgetting to smile, in spite of the worries gnawing at his mind.

"Read that, Charlton, and tell me what you think."

Charlton took the letter and read it through.

"There seems to be a muddle somewhere," he said when he had finished. "A panic among all concerned."

"Panic," that's the word. A regular war fever or scare. They don't seem able to grip the fact that now's their opportunity. You remember I spoke to you in the autumn of last year about going out. You'll have to go now, immediately, as soon as you can get ready."

"I am ready, sir, if you think I am the man."

"There is no one else," said Archibald Currie with a sigh. "And in the last two years I have proved you. Do you know Charlton, that today, for the first time, I realise my sixty-five years."

"You don't look them, sir."

"That's neither here nor there; I feel them, which is the chief thing. I can't face the South African journey and the organization and direction that is needed there. I must leave everything to you, and give you absolute *cart blanche*."

Charlton's lip slightly quivered, and the blue spectacles suddenly grew dim.

"Sir, it is a great trust you would place in me. I might easily betray you."

"Yes, but you won't," said Archibald Currie with the easy confidence of the man who knows. "How soon can you be ready? This is Thursday. What about Saturday's boat? Would it be possible?"

"Quite; I could go tonight for that matter. I have no ties, I can rise up and walk at any moment."

"It has its advantages," said Currie, but with a scarcely perceptible sigh. "Just get on the telephone to the steamship company and ask them what they can do."

Charlton passed into the outer office, and was absent about five minutes.

"Plenty of berths, Mr. Currie. I will call round at lunch time and settle it," he said when he returned.

"Ah, that's all right. It's a ghastly time of year for South Africa. You'll have to occupy yourself tomorrow or this afternoon in getting a suitable outfit. Go to the proper place and take their advice, and send the bill to me."

"Thank you, I shan't want much. A man who can carry his belongings in his hand scores on occasion, and I can buy what I want in Cape Town."

"A man after my own heart," said Archibald Currie heartily. "You can see for yourself what a little foresight now would mean later on, especially in the event of war. I will give you *carte blanche*. You must charter steamers, build them, if need be; get everything in

readiness for what may happen, and let us be first in the field."

Charlton nodded understandingly. The prospect of such scope filled him with lively anticipation. The man who is wholly trusted, provided he is capable, can work wonders.

"I grasp the situation fully," he said.

"And when in doubt, cable, cable for all you are worth, never mind the expense; but I don't think you'll be in any doubt. The thing is as plain on the face of it as a pikestaff. We've got to get ready, to be ready for any emergency, and if it doesn't come off, well, we don't lose anything. Try and knock that into them, and steady them a bit, don't you know, that's what they want."

"Yes, sir."

Archibald Currie was silent a moment gazing through the window at the blue sky.

"And Charlton, I need scarcely say that I hope this will be worth your while. Engineer this bit of business successfully and I'll make you a partner when you come back."

"Mr. Currie, that would be impossible! Who am I to have such an honour conferred? It would be too much, sir. I am satisfied with what you have done for me already, as indeed I ought."

"That's all right, my boy," said Archibald Currie affably. "We won't say any more about it. You'll be six months gone, I should say. When October comes, we'll have another talk. Meanwhile are you disengaged this evening? Come out to Hyde Park Square to dinner, my ward will be pleased to see you, and detached from the routine here, we can go more fully into affairs at Port Elizabeth."

Charlton thanked him, and with a full heart withdrew. His pulses thrilled at the prospect opening out before him. In six months time, perhaps, he would have accomplished that object he had set before him. He would then throw himself on the mercy of Archibald Currie, and face the world a new man. But above and beyond all he would restore his home. God alone knew how hard it had been to play the part in the last six months, how often he had been on the

point of betrayal, especially where the boy was concerned. His only safeguard was to keep away from him as much as possible, to say little, to cut down opportunities for which his whole being longed and craved. But while he had sternly repressed himself in one direction he had encompassed the boy with an atmosphere of loving care. The whole of the office, understanding that young Reedham was Charlton's special protegee as well as in special favour with the master himself, seemed to vie with one another in doing him kindness. Leslie Reedham, indeed, found his lines fall in pleasant places, and his happiness shone in his face.

He knew that his heart was warm to Charlton, that each day was brightened and made alive for him by his kind word. And out of the fulness of his heart he had spoken at home. Bessie Reedham was so grateful to the unknown friend who had made the way so easy for her boy, that more than once she had wished to thank him on her own account. But the letter she had often penned in her mind remained unwritten.

In the course of the afternoon when Charlton was out regarding the preparations for his hurried journey, James Currie made a call at Old Broad street. This in itself was so unusual that his brother looked naturally surprised to see him.

"A most unusual honour, Jamie," said he in his most genial mood, feeling the relief consequent upon Charlton's acceptance of the trust offered. "How are you all? It seems ages since we heard anything about Fair Lawn?"

"Well, it isn't our fault. You know you refused my wife's last invitation to dinner," said James Currie rather coldly, for the memory of it rankled.

"Ah, well, I explained that I had practically given up dining out, and it is a long drive to Hampstead. Tell Jane I'll come one of these odd days and make my peace with her."

"Oh, she didn't care, I assure you, but she blamed Miss Wrede. We seem to have lost you altogether since she came to London."

"It isn't that, Jamie, but I'm getting to be an old man, fonder than ever of my own fireside. Tell Jane I'll give a big dinner myself to atone. How's business?"

"Only so-so. We haven't recovered yet, Archibald, from Reedham's disgrace. But of course these persistent rumours from South Africa have a disquieting effect. Have you any letters today from the Cape? I thought I might pop round to inquire whether you had any first-hand information?"

"I think that war is inevitable, James, but whether sooner or later I don't know. I'm sending a representative out, he sails on Saturday."

"Who?" inquired James Currie, interestedly.

"Charlton, you remember the man who has been here about two years. An uncommonly smart chap, and reliable."

"It's a big thing, and you don't know anything about him, practically. Hadn't you better be careful?"

"I think I know my man; anyway, it's all settled and he sails in the Walmer Castle on Saturday."

"Well, I hope it'll turn out all right. I sometimes wish I had asked you to take Stephen in with you. It's a more secure business than the Stock Exchange, and he hasn't the kind of brain for our business. He'd do better handling your kind of business. I suppose it's too late now?"

"I am afraid so," replied Archibald doubtfully. "There's nothing the matter with Stephen's brains, Jamie," he added good-humouredly. "He would probably have used them to better purpose if he hadn't had a father before him."

"He hasn't been indulged too much, excepting perhaps by his mother," replied James Currie in an aggrieved voice. "And he's a good lad without any vices."

"He's too cock sure of himself, Jamie. A little experience of life will make him a better man as it does or should do all of us."

James Currie was silent a moment, uncertain how to proceed. He had come to plead a certain cause with his brother and the opening was not very propitious.

"Fact is, Archie, Stephen's just at the age when a young man is unsettled. Marriage would cure him of the faults you speak of, and after all they're very slight faults. You know without my telling you that he's not been the same chap since he met Miss Wrede."

"I can't help that, Jamie."

"But after all, you're so far responsible, for you introduced her into our circle, where I'm bound to say she's done some harm. Stephen hasn't done a good day's work since he fell in love with her, and if I could see them married now it would be the best thing that could happen, I feel sure, for everybody concerned."

"That's a matter for the young people to settle for themselves," Archibald observed.

"Well, so far, of course, but a little judicious advice or pressure is sometimes of use. Miss Wrede is playing fast and loose with Stephen, and his mother is very angry about it."

"Pardon me, I don't agree with you," said Archibald, a little hotly for him. "I can't see where the fast and loose comes in. They hardly ever meet. She said only the other day she hadn't seen him for over two months. You must allow that isn't very hot love-making."

"Ah, but before that she led him on. Well, we needn't argue about that. I may as well own up that I'm here to-day solely on Stephen's account to ask whether you won't do something to hasten matters. No doubt she means to have him in the end, for of course he's a good-looking chap and a fair match. But her coquetting foreign ways are driving him off the straight, Archie, and I hope you'll put in a word, seeing the mischief has been partly brought about by you."

Archibald Currie straightened himself in his chair, and squared his shoulders. A little angry, he spoke with unusual brusqueness.

"You ask what's impossible. I've spoken to Katherine again and again, and even so far back as the first year she came from Bruges she told me quite plainly she would never marry Stephen. She has never swerved from that, and

I'm afraid that's the answer both Stephen and you will have to take. I'm sorry, but Stephen will have to take his disappointment like a man."

"Well, the lad's run may be at her door," said James Currie gloomily. "He's off his sleep and meat, as the saying is, and as for his work, it's a vanishing quantity. I feel very bitter about this, for Stephen had his chances in more desirable quarters. Robert Bracebridge's daughter would take him tomorrow, and her fortune won't be less than thirty thousand."

"You're blaming me for this, and it isn't just," said Archibald Currie quickly. "I can't do more than say I'm sorry, but, after all, Stephen has to take his chances in the fortunes of war, and he's not the first man who has had to start life on the heels of a personal disappointment."

James Currie rose, somewhat gloomily. He could not gainsay what his brother had said. Archibald's own life story was a case in point; but he was bitterly disappointed and sore all the same, and could not hide it.

"You might have given Stephen the chance to go to South Africa for you. Couldn't he go yet, even with this Charlton? He could be useful in many ways, and I won't charge you his expenses. He'll have to get away somewhere. Do you think it would be any use his coming to Hyde Park-square and trying to get a final answer from Miss Wrede?"

"I think she's given him his final answer, not once, but many times," replied Archibald.

"And about South Africa?" he inquired, as he turned towards the door.

"I have no objection, of course, but the time is very short. Would he be prepared to start on forty-eight hours' notice, or even less. Charlton sails on Saturday afternoon."

The door opened at the moment, and Charlton himself appeared, having returned from his visit to the offices of the steamship company. At sight of James Currie he gave a start, and, with a hastily-muttered apology, turned away. But his principal called him back.

"Come in, Charlton, and be introduced to my brother. I think you have never met."

Charlton had no choice. Accustomed as he was to the exercise of a perfect and colossal self-control, which had become second nature to him, the ordeal was the most searching he had yet been through.

But he did not shrink. He came a little way into the room, thankful that the blinds had been drawn closely down to shut out the glare of the afternoon sun. As Archibald Currie spoke the words of introduction he bowed, but apparently did not see James Currie's only half-offered hand.

James Currie was jealous of Charlton's influence with his brother, and not, as he might have been, happy in the thought that he had found someone he could trust. He had, indeed, no faith in Archibald's judgment of men. There was thus some comedy in their relations one to another.

"I have been telling my brother of your hurried preparation, Charlton," said Archibald Currie pleasantly, "and how willingly you have fallen in with all my arrangements."

"It is a duty as well as a pleasure, sir," replied Charlton in a low voice.

"Will you excuse me now? A man is waiting on the telephone. I merely looked in to say that I have engaged a second-class berth."

"First-class," put in Archibald Currie.

"No, second, it is good enough. The accommodation is first-rate. I'll go now."

He went out by the door rather abruptly, fancying that James Currie had moved to a position where he could better see his face.

"A queer-looking cuss," he observed, as the door closed. "What does he wear those blue goggles for? I could swear he doesn't need them."

"His eyes are weak. He's a good-looking man enough, Jamie. You're prejudiced."

"I could swear he isn't what he seems. There's a furtive uneasiness about him that is suggestive. But I'm not surprised, Archie, knowing what your fads

are. You'll get let in one of these days, perhaps this time, who knows, then perhaps you'll be a little more careful about the scum of the earth."

"Jamie, I wish you'd pick your words," said Archie good-humouredly. "I am certain Charlton's going to score for me this time."

"Well, let's hope so. I shouldn't care for Stephen to go out with that man, and he wouldn't care for it himself."

He took up his hat and they left the room together. As they passed the clerk's desk, Archibald Currie stopped and let his hand fall for a moment with a very kind touch on Leslie Reedham's head. He half paused, as if to speak, and then seeming to think better of it, passed on. But outside he made an announcement which surprised his brother not a little.

"That was John Reedham's boy, Jamie. I would have presented him to you, but I couldn't remember whether you ought to remember him without introduction, and was afraid you might not wish to see him."

"Reedham's boy!" repeated James Currie, stopping in the passage and looking blankly at his brother's face. "Well, upon my word, Archie, what next? You are incorrigible."

"The sins of the fathers," said Archibald musingly. "We needn't visit them on the innocent heads. He's working very steadily, a nice lad, and devoted to his mother. It won't hurt you after all, Jamie, so you needn't glower over it. Give my respects to Jane, and if she'll be at home on Saturday afternoon I'll come up and make my peace after I get Charlton away."

They shook hands, and James Currie passed out. There was no good arguing with Archibald, he told himself, as he proceeded slowly down the street. He would be eccentric and unaccountable, to the last day of his life.

The conservation, however, had upset Archie more than he knew. He left business early, and got home to Hyde Park-square a little after tea. Katherine was at home, and flew to wait on him. Whatever worries met him in the world

of business, the welcome at home never failed.

He told her about the trouble in South Africa, and of Charlton's hurried commission to go at once. She seemed deeply interested; he even fancied as he spoke that a slight shade crossed her face.

"You don't think with James that I am digging my own grave trusting this man so far," he said, as he took his cup of freshly-made and fragrant tea from her hand.

"No, certainly not," she answered, and the tea was spilled, by whose fault neither of them knew. She stooped, and with her handkerchief wiped the stain from his sleeve, apologizing with a faint smile.

"So you think he's all right, Katie, eh? Well, you've seen a good bit of him lately and I must say I'd trust your judgment faster than James'. He's a sort of Ishmaelite with his hand against every man. You never get good service starting on these lines, my dear."

"No, I should say not. Has he been speaking against Mr. Charlton, then?"

"Yes, this afternoon. He thinks he'll make a mess of the Cape business, or perhaps do me altogether. But I'm easy. I like Charlton. He's straight, and there never was a man who worked with such a will. He's a perfect galley slave. He's coming out to dinner tonight, and he sails on Saturday afternoon."

"How long will he be away?"

"Six months probably. I'm sorry to send him out at this season. Some men would have objected. If I'd been ten years younger, Katie, I would have tried to engineer the thing till August or so, and taken you with me. A big change would do us both good."

She made no reply, but he thought her face unusually grave.

"My brother came to me about another matter this afternoon, Katie. Charlton was by the way. He was championing Stephen's cause."

Her colour rose, and he saw her hand clench a little.

"Uncle Archie, it is not kind nor right that I should be pestered like this. Why won't anybody believe, even you, that I have been quite fair and straight with Stephen Currie. I have told him as plain-

ly as any woman can speak that I can't and won't marry him. Will there never be an end of it?"

"Apparently not. He's very much in love."

"But I am not," she said rebelliously. "I shall have to leave London if he keeps on tormenting me like this. I had a letter from him yesterday; I burned it without telling you. I am so tired of it all. Let's go away somewhere where we can't see or hear anything about the James Curries."

Her eyes were full of tears, which surprised Archibald Currie. He could not remember seeing her in tears before.

He was quick enough, however, to enter into her mood, and they drifted into talk of their summer plans, which ended in a project of immediate excursions into the country to look for a suitable home as a permanency. The hours quickly passed, and when Charlton arrived to dine at half-past seven he found Miss Wrede in the drawing-room alone. She was looking extraordinarily handsome, in a diaphanous black robe and no ornaments but a big bunch of roses in her corsage.

"Good-evening," she said, and her voice had never sounded sweeter or more womanly. "Excuse my uncle not being down, will you? He will be here immediately. He came home very tired and worried from the city, and I persuaded him to lie down. He has had a lovely sleep, and feels so much better. So you have a very long journey in prospect? It is good of you to be so willing to relieve my uncle of part of his anxiety. He is very happy about it."

"And I also. It is the chance of a lifetime. He will never understand how much I owe to him," replied Charlton, in a full voice. "I suppose you are aware that he picked me up a derelict and set me on my feet? He has often spoken of my willing service, making far too much of it. You will quickly understand that any service I can render must first of all be a thank-offering."

Her eyes glowed, her sweet, proud mouth trembled a little as she bowed her head.

"I understand that, but nothing will ever make me believe Mr. Charlton, that you became a derelict, as you express it, through any fault of your own."

He straightened himself at these confident womanly words.

"Ah, what a comfort you would be to a man who might aspire to be your friend!" he cried involuntarily. "Your words sink deep into my heart, believe

me, I am unable to justify them, I can only say thank you. It is women like you, and men like Mr. Currie, who help to lessen the woe of the world."

She heard the sound of footsteps in the distance and her uncle's voice.

With a gesture of infinite grace and friendliness she took the bouquet from her bosom and gave him a rose.

(To be continued)

The Test of True Manhood

Frank H. Sweet

TAIN'T no use to pester me any more, Hamp," she broke in suddenly; "you ain't fitten to marry."

"But why ain't I fitten?" he pleaded. "I can lick any man round here, an' you said yourself only yes'day that I was harnsome an' mighty good natured, an'—"

"An' barefoot," she finished scornfully. "Sakes alive, Hamp Paddleford, ye ain't s'posin' I'd marry a man who's got nothin' in this wide world but a runt pig his pap was too lazy to care for. I ain't no ornary Coon Flat girl," and she drew herself up to her full height, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. "'Tain't cause I'm not usen to it," with a proud, comprehensive sweep of her head toward the earth floor of the cabin. "My pap brought mam here, an' she's been here ever since, with not so much as a new shovelful of mud put on the chimblly that was only finished half way up."

"No, it's all been Coon Flat so fur, but 'tain't goin' into no marryin'. My man's got to have a cabin with a floor to it, an' a cow an' hens, an' shoes for meetin' days—"

"I'll get all of 'em, Posey, every cussed one," he urged. "You know—"

"Yes, I know; mam says pap was goin' to make her a plank floor, but he never did. An' he was big an' strong

an' harnsome, like you. It's jest the Coon Flat way. Now there's Tyke—"

His humility vanished instantly.

"Doggone Tyke!" he snapped. "He's got a cabin with a floor, I know; an' a cow an' hens, an' is dickerin' for a mule; but he ain't got nerve to fight a 'possum. An' he's bow-legged an' squints an' ain't more'n five feet high. If a gal like you is willin' to stand up 'longside of Tyke, then I ain't in the hunt."

She looked at him placidly.

"I ain't sayin' but you're the better favored, Hamp; an' I do like you, an' I ain't 'shamed to tell so," she commented; "but you're twenty-five years old, an' ain't never owned a pair of shoes for meetin' yet. Tyke was here yes'day an' 'lowed to sheer all he's got, an' he's a still in the mountain that'll bring a plenty right along."

"An' what did you say?" sullenly.

Posey laughed a little, then her face grew sober.

"Wall, I run him from the cabin, fust off," she confessed; "but he wouldn't take that answer, an' sneaker back to the door an' begged me to think it over. He said he'd come ag'in to-morrer." She was silent for a few minutes, then threw her head back defiantly, looking squarely into his eyes. "An' I have thunk it over, Hamp Paddleford, an' made up

my mind for good an' all that I won't ead my days on no mud floor. That's all the answer I've got."

She looked superb as she stood there in the doorway, and Hamp caught his breath in a half-sob of longing and despair; then he turned and slouched down the path.

Opposite his own cabin he paused hesitatingly. His mother was seated in the doorway with pipe in mouth, ready for a talk. She had seen him with Posey. So he slouched on to the next cabin, to where his particular friend lay sprawled at full length upon the leaves.

"Done seen ye," the friend drawled significantly; "went up the path full swing, an' come back with head droopin'. Hope the brook ain't runnin' over no rocks nor nothin'."

Hamp grunted and threw himself upon the leaves.

"That onary Tyke was hangin' round thar right smart yes'day," the friend continued, reflectively. "Course they's nothin' to it; but gals—"

"He's lottin' to marry her, Sam," Hamp said, listlessly.

"What!" and Sam raised himself to an elbow and looked at his friend queerly. "Tyke carryin' off your gal, an' you lyin' here a-dreamin'. Why don't ye shoot him?"

"What's the use," mournfully. "Twould only put me further away from Posey. You don't understan' her, Sam. She'd say I was too big to jump on a little, sawed-off thing like Tyke—an' she'd be right. Not but what I'd like to shoot him though," vehemently, "jest like I would a skunk or snake. It's all he's fit for, to be shot. But I can't resk hard feelin's with Posey."

Sam dropped back disgustedly.

"Gals are cert'ny queer," he grumbled. "I'm glad I've never got in with none of 'em. The idee of a harnsome critter like Posey sidlin' up to Tyke, when a man like you was makin' eyes at her."

"Oh, 'tain't the man, Sam. Posey likes me well enough; but I ain't no plank floor, nor even a cabin; an' Tyke has both, an' other things. I've never thought much about flowers bein' needed to prance 'round on; but when Posey spoke

like they was, I knew she was right. If Posey'd say everybody ought to wear coats even when 'twas hot, like preachers do, an' that we should have shoes for every day in the week an' I was lookin' in them eyes of hers when she said it, I'd know she was right. Posey ain't like no other Coon Flat girl that ever growed. Why, Sam," earnestly, "if one of them little birds should drop twenty-five dollars right down here on the leaves, I'd be willin' to put every single one of 'em into a plank floor for 'osey to walk on."

Sam gave a long, low whistle, and dropping his head back upon his hands gazed thoughtfully at the bits of blue through the interstices of foliage. Ten, fifteen minutes; then he suddenly returned to his position on one elbow.

"You must get Posey the floor, Hamp," he declared.

Hamp merely grunted something about getting his granny.

"But you must," Sam insisted, rising to his feet in earnestness.

"Why, man, you're the one who ought to be shot, not Tyke. I ain't no gal man, but if I was an' had one like Posey, no cussed little floor could come between us. She should have floors till she couldn't rest, if I had to bark my knuckles an' keep my gun barrel red hot to git 'em."

"Tyke's comin' to-morrer," Hamp muttered, rising dejectedly to his feet. "Right to-morrer; an' from the way Posey spoke, there ain't to be no if an' mebbysin'. She'll snap 'yes' or 'no' right out, an' she'll stick to what she says. She won't do no monkeyin'. The only way I can see is to shoot him, an' that would make things wuss. A floored cabin's boun' to cost a plumb heap."

"Yes," agreed Sam, "boun' to. But I've been piecin' the thing out. You know that big hoss farm down in the valley?"

"Hinckle's—yes. But he's done sold out."

"I know, to a whole passle of folks from the North—more'n a hundred families, some say. They're startin' a vil-lage an' a whole lot of truck farms to grow stuff for city sellin', an' the hoss

farm is bein' cut up an' divided. But what I've been piecin' out is this: They don't know nothin' 'bout hosses an' are tryin' to sell 'em off, an' the animals are rummin' wild all over the place. Hinckle an' his men have gone away, an' the new folks don't know you an' me from Adam. We'll slip down to-night, an' while you're makin' up to 'em with that smooth way of talkin' you've got, I'll snoop in among the scattered hosses an' run a couple into the bushes. Then you'll jine me, an' we'll git 'em over t'other side the mountain by mornin', to that man Shanks. He'll buy anything at half what it's wuth, an' not ask a question. To-morrer he'll slip 'em over the line into another State, an' that'll be the end of the matter, only that you an' me will have forty or fifty dollars apiece."

"Bill Todd got caught up with when he tried to run a hoss from Hinckle's last year," said Hamp, thoughtfully. "He's in jail yet."

"That's dif'runt," contemptuously. "Hinckle had a pair of eyes in every fence post on his place; an' besides, you know Bill Todd. A cow could catch up with him. Will you go?"

"Will I go?" Hamp turned suddenly to him with face transfigured; he was another man—his form dilated, his eyes flashing. "Will I go?" he repeated. "Man, I'd go if there was two pair of eyes in every post, an' each pair sightin' me across a gun-barrel. Ain't Tyke comin' for an answer to-morrer? I'd give up 'cause I couldn't see no way; if I could an' 't was to pull down the moon, I'd kick my legs an' arms off a tryin'. You ain't looked in Posey's eyes an' seen what I have. Come."

Sam grinned derisively.

"Been hangin' round Posey 'bout three years, nigh's I can rec'lect," he commented, "an' ain't never had a spurt like this afore, not even a spurt big 'nough to steer ye into a pair of shoes for meetin' days. Reckon Tyke's crossin' the trail has sort of stirred you up. But come on. They's no sort of hurry, for 't ain't noon yet; but I don't reckon ye'd be satisfied to wait now ye've struck a scent."

It was ten miles to the new settle-

ment in the valley; but their long legs made it in a little less than two hours. As they approached the cluster of dwellings that were taking the place of the big barn and stock yards, they noticed what seemed an unusual gathering for even the building of a village. Nor did they hear the sounds of saws and hammers. Instead, nondescript wagons were standing about, with horses hitched to wheels or tailboards; other horses were fastened to the fences, with saddles on, and men were walking about or gathered in groups in earnest conversation. Hamp and Sam paused irresolutely and looked at each other; then Sam nodded, his face clearing.

"'Lecton, of course," he said. "I heered they was goin' to call the neighborhood together to talk over a school-house an' a courthouse, an' to 'lect town officers an' a sheriff, but didn't know when. This is it. Wall," reflectively, "I don't reckon it makes any dif'runce to us. Only 'stead of skulkin' off one side I'll go straight on with you into the crowd. Two more won't make no jar. We'll sidle round an' make friends till 'bout dark, then I'll slip a couple of hosses into the bushes an' tie 'em. Folks won't notice with so much goin' on, an' you makin' yourself conspicuous all the time. Arter a while I'll come strollin' back unconcerned like an' you an' me'll talk some with everybody and then prance off straight opposite, circling round to the hosses arter dark. That'll prove an allerbi in case one's needed. But look yonder."

Hamp turned. A big negro was heading directly toward them, running at full speed. But as he drew near and saw them, he suddenly swerved, sprang over a fence, and sped across the field toward the nearest wood. With a "Somethin's done broke," Hamp cleared the fence at a bound and sped after him. The negro was a large man and a good runner, but Hamp was larger and swifter. At the end of a hundred yards' dash his hand dropped heavily upon the negro's shoulder, swung him round, and began to drag him back to the group of men who had by this time joined Sam.

"Ding me, if that wa'n't the best capture I ever saw," called one of them de-

lightly, as Hamp approached with his prisoner. "A clean jump an' run, an' a clutch like a steel trap. That's the way folks ought to be took. Come to 'lection, I s'pose?"

"Wh, yes, sort of," Hamp acquiesced, "me an' my friend Sam, 'lowed we'd step round an' git 'quainted a little."

"That's right! That's right!" heartily. "We want everybody round to jine in with us an' git law an' conveniences started. We need 'em bad. This black feller's been makin' chicken business pretty brisk lately, but we didn't have any lawful place to shut him up. I've kept him tied in my barn three days, waitin' for 'lection to provide suitable officers an' places. Live near by?"

"Bout ten miles."

"Wall, that's pretty close in a neighborhood like this; but I hope you'll come in closer still. It's a mighty good thing to have a neighbor who can capture criminals in such an easy, off-hand way. Folk'll all be glad to know you. See," smiling and nodding significantly toward a group that was hurrying toward them, "there comes a passle now. S'pose you tell me your name so I can do the talkin'."

Hamp glanced sideways at Sam; but Sam was looking straight ahead and did not appear to see him. Still, in spite of the gravity of his face, he was conscious of a slow, convulsive wink, apparently directed at a turkey buzzard floating in the distance.

"I'm Hamp, for short," he said, answering both the man and the wink; "Hamp Paddleford, altogether. My friend is Sam Pollock. An' we'll be glad to jine in your 'lectin' an' other business. We come down jest to be neighborly."

"Good! good for you!" cried the man, slapping Hamp between the shoulders. "You're the right sort. My name's Thompson—Bill Thompson—an' that's my house right ahead, the big one. Now for the introducin'."

During the next half hour Hamp passed from one group to another, soon establishing himself as an open-hearted, good-natured fellow who was ready to make friends. And his character was saved from undue gentleness by the story

of the negro's capture, which followed him everywhere.

At length a man stood up in a wagon body and began to talk, and the scattered groups closed in about him, Hamp and Sam in the very front. And to all appearance there were none more interested than they in the fate of the school-house and court-house and jail, and in the selection of suitable committees and town officials. But though their hands and voices were always emphatic and conspicuous, they were used in a judicious seconding of the popular sentiment. In time the office of sheriff was reached, and as had been the case with the other offices, it was to be decided upon by the popular and easy method of showing hands. Those of Hamp and Sam had been in the air most of the time; but now when the name of Bill Thompson was called, they rose a little quicker and their voices went a little higher. But as the noise began to subside, Bill Thompson himself was heard speaking.

"Sorry, boys," he said; "but I've got to decline. You know how I'm fixed. Got more work than any two men ought to do; an' you know a sheriff needs time of his own. Get somebody less busy."

There were a few moments of consultation, then someone called "Jake Potter!"

"No, no, boys," came a hoarse voice from somewhere on the other side; "I'm like Bill Thompson, got too much work. Try ag'in."

"Hamp Paddleford!" cried Bill Thompson suddenly. "He's the man we want. Why didn't we think of him before? He caught the negro, an' he's big enough an' quick enough to catch anything. Hamp Paddleford's the man."

"Hamp Paddleford!" "Hamp Paddleford!" "He's the man we want!" yelled the crowd, "Hooray!"

Hamp's hand had gone up instinctively at the first sign of a name being called. Now it dropped abruptly; and he stood there with eyes and mouth wide open, amazed, dazed.

"What's it mean, Sam?" he whispered hoarsely, "Are they foolin'?"

"Shet up, you fool!" Sam snapped. "Don't give yourself away now. No, they ain't foolin'; though you needn't

hold up a hand to vote for yourself. Great snakes! with a low, hilarious chuckle which was wholly lost in the yelling of the voters; "it beats anything I ever heerd of. We'll take a dozen hosses 'stead of jest two. You're to be the sheriff who'll go off in search of yourself. Ho! ho! Bet a dollar you don't catch yourself, Hamp."

But Hamp did not notice, did not even hear. His eyes were still blinking at the crowd, his mouth was still open. He heard vaguely, "I nominate Hamp Paddleford to be sheriff," and a little later, "Hamp Paddleford is voted sheriff, to go in office today!" Then he felt Bill Thompson's hand upon his shoulder, and heard his big bluff voice saying:

"Congratulate you, Paddleford. It's a good job for a man who ain't drove with work—you ain't drove, are you?" anxiously.

"N-no, not very," Hamp answered mechanically.

"Then it's all right," in a relieved voice. "The job'll turn you in seven or eight hundred dollars, mebbe a thousand. And it would be better if you could come and live in our village. It would be handier. Married?"

"No."

"Wants to be, though," Sam grinned.

"Good. Bring her right down—tomorrow if you can. I know a nice little cottage all furnished that can be got. Come to my house first an' let me help you get started."

"But I don't," Hamp began, when Sam nudged him sharply.

When Thompson left he drew Hamp aside. "Look here, man," he expostu-

lated; "don't you go to hintin' nothin' away. It's the biggest plum that ever fell into two men's mouths, an' we can make our cussed fortunes if we only do things on the quiet."

But a new expression had come into Hamp's eyes.

"You 'low it's all straight an' sure," he asked, slowly; "that I am to be the sheriff for good an' all?"

"Course."

Hamp drew a long, deep, wondering breath, a breath which reached down to some germ of honesty and ambition that lay beyond the influence of Coon Flat.

"Then I reckon you'd better give up that hoss stealin' idee," he advised; "cause if you don't I'll be obleeged to 'rest you."

Sam stared at him.

"Rest me?" he demanded.

"Yes; ain't I sheriff?"

"But you're in it with me, man."

Hamp shook his head gravely.

"Not any more, that way," he answered. "A sheriff has to be plumb-square, an' to look sharp for folks who ain't. Don't let's have any fallin' out, Sam, you an' me; we're too good friends. But there's to be no more buttin' ag'in' the law. Mebbe I can git you a job with me as dep'ty or somethin'. Now let's go back to Posey."

And Posey he saw—

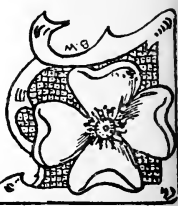
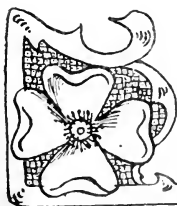
This new limb of the Law;

And with rapture and love, all serene

She heard with delight

Of his fortune that night,

And promised to be his fair Queen.



Legend of the Ghost Canoe

Arthur James Smith

OUT of the night a small voice whispered, and the stream rippled through the darkened glades. Some tiny bird rustled slightly, as a fairy moves, among the leaves, and a stealthy mink glided down the sloping bank with an almost imperceptible sound. All was as silent as only nature in her slumber can be: a dream of stillness, and a magnificent solemnity of quietude. A fish leaped now and then, or a squirrel knocked a little sprig into the stream, with so infinitesimal a sound as to scarce be heard.

Where the stream empties into the broad sea it splashed merrily over bright stones and barred sands: a diamond glinting across the dull eye of night. Occasionally a bird, some nighthawk or belated wild fowl, skimmed over the water, and called to the echoes with its cry. Or a soft wind murmured in the forest, and stirred the leaves. On this island, man had seldom trodden, an Indian from the surrounding tribes only very rarely, and a white man never. In the broad Gulf of Georgia, beneath the moon's pale light, the island is one of a group: gems in a perfect setting by day; and dark patches of mystery and enchantment by night.

Far out upon the waters of the Gulf, in the midst of the shimmering moonlight, a solitary canoe, paddled silently and easily by one occupant, was approaching the island. Like a cloud upon the bosom of a mirror it did glide on and on, effortless, a sprite of the elfin world. Its very motion was silence, yet it was upon the beach, near the stream, and the lone paddler walking to the trees, seemingly in a moment. There she, for it was an Indian maiden garbed in the fashion of a race long gone, but once powerful, remained for a short time,

then emerged, bearing a branch of green shrubbery, and stole silently through the night. Away into the moonbeams and the shadow the canoe swept, and was swallowed in its vastness.

Before the huts of the earliest settlers replaced the forest giants, or their ships were moored to rude log docks, or anchored in the harbours, a tribe had its villages and canoes in those islands that dot the gulf. Now the visitor can see but few traces of those people; they have lived and are now vanished, as the star of morning before the brightness of dawn. For all time have they gone, no more their old men shall sit in council or the young men hunt and fish; they have passed forever, like the child of one's dreams, and the place of their birth knows them no more.

But, where the setting sun trails his long, glorious beams across the burning furnace of a sky, and brightens the barred clouds, these men and women of the Makatawas dwelt by the side of the Gulf. Since the beginning of time, or at least as long ago as the oldest men could remember, they had lived there, and their ancestors had hunted in the nearby forests and fished in the streams. Occasionally the young men from neighboring tribes swept down upon the villages, but they had always been driven back, for the hunters of the Makatawas were brave, and their numbers, in days of prosperity, as thick as the leaves upon the pine groves.

In one of these raids it chanced that Guatilano, the young chief of the invading tribe, was captured, and imprisoned in the central hut of the village. There, pacing proudly up and down in his narrow quarters, with his tall plume sweeping the roof, the youthful chieftain, disdainful and haughty as though presid-

ing at his own council, refused with scorn the advances of his captors. They could not bring him to terms; never, he said, would his ransom be paid by his tribe, and never would they put themselves in the power of the Makatawas to secure his release. Rather would another be named to lead his tribe, and they, furious as the grizzly when disturbed in his lair, would swoop down and destroy the Makatawas, driving them before their band as the winds of early winter blow the scattered leaves. But all his eloquence and pride served only to anger the Makatawas, who, gathered together in a great consultation, told each other, and finally shouted with one voice that the stranger must be tested by the ordeal, must make his way, unaided, across a dreadful canyon, a narrow cleft in the mountain, where, far below, the waters from the gulf had formed a great, deep lagoon. If he could cross safely on a slender trunk of a tree which only the medicine men knew aught of, he might return to his tribe, and no warrior of the Makatawas would dare try to do him harm. But, as they listened to the chief, and watched the stately, impassive Guatilano, the medicine men smiled to each other.

While Guatilano was captive, and listened proudly to the sentence of the tribe, it happened that Wamato, daughter of a powerful medicine man, saw him often and loved, as she had never thought to love this tall chieftain. So, when she heard the chief speak, she, loveliest of the tribe's maidens, crept away into the forest and wept. She alone had spoken to Guatilano, words of love as soft and sweet as the murmur of drowsy wings among the wild flowers, and had looked into the eyes of the warrior, tender when his deep voice told of his love, and had lived her whole life in joy when clasped in those strong arms. That night, which might be the last that would ever fall for him, they whispered together hour after hour, for it would never do to have their words listened to by the warriors who guarded the hut. Then Wamata pleaded with her lover to hand to his captors the emblem of peace, that branch of which told of submission, and which only chiefs and

medicine men knew. It was not yet too late, she urged, to gather the branch, she would bring it, and her father had power enough to accept it in the name of the chief; arguments to which Guatilano listened smiling, but gently waived away. Even the lover had to give way before the pride of the chieftain.

That next morning, long before the sun had thrown his shafts of gold over the gulf, Wamata crept to the dwelling of her father, the medicine man, and woke the seer as gently as the dawn wakes the sleeping skylark. Then she spoke, quietly but passionately, in words inspired by love, and made intense by haste. Her father, listening, realized suddenly that she was, in a few hours, changed from a careless child, to a woman, capable of a woman's love and thoughts, and that all would give place to this—the greatest desire of her life. So he told her, while the light of day crept into the room, of the island upon which the tree of peace grew, and pledged his word to put off the ordeal as long as could be done in the face of the chief and tribe. He, the girl said, was powerful, his word had great weight in councils, for his power was barely second to that of the chief himself. The medicine man, as the words poured forth, smiled with the satisfaction of the flattered, and again promised.

It was sunrise, and Wamata paddled out upon the waters, meeting the beams that the herald of brightness sent dancing across the wavelets, and sending her frail canoe skimming towards an island far distant. It was the goal of her hope, the spot upon which, as her father had said, the branches grew, and there she hoped, even against his will, to find the leaves which would deliver Guatilano from his enemies. On she flew, paddling strongly, and without thought of fatigue, for, in a very few hours, her lover must risk death over that fearful chasm, and every moment was as precious as the sound of his voice when he spoke of love. As the canoe drew nearer and nearer to the island, its speed increased, the paddler's hopes soared, and when Wamata stepped out upon the shelving beach, she ran lightly and gracefully to the forest. There she

was hidden a moment in the foliage, but, bearing a spreading branch of beautiful leaves, soon came out and hurried back to the canoe. Placing the greens in the front of the craft, Wamata stepped in, and, with the sun now high in the heavens, started back to the tribe.

In the meantime the Makatawas had assembled near the canyon, and were impatiently listening while their most powerful medicine man, the father of Wamata, was speaking to them. They were in the act, he pointed out, eloquently, of placing the greatest chief of the northern tribes in danger of his life, a deed that might be fraught with importance to them, might mean a terrible war, slaughter of women and children by avengers as countless in number as the salmon which swarmed up the streams, and the utter extinction of their tribe. Could they know, he asked them, of the young chief's power, or judge the anger of his people? As well expect to pitch their villages in the bottom of the ocean, or carry away the mountains. And so the medicine man spoke with them, but they were loth to listen, and the young men smiled scornfully when the tribes of their captive were mentioned. Had they not captured him in open warfare, and were they not entitled to do with him as they saw fit? Assuredly they could think for themselves. They were not children, or women, and the time for the trial was already past. Even as the medicine man spoke, there was a commotion in the crowd, and Guatilano, as proud and tall as when he led his own warriors, was taken to the front. He looked neither to right nor left, nor did he gaze at the chasm, but scorn curled his thin lips, and there was no trace of emotion on his fine face. Still the orator pleaded his cause, but suddenly a roar burst from the assemblage, and it was evident that the warriors of the Makatawas would wait no longer.

The cleft was three times the width of an active man's leap, and so deep that the waters at the bottom could scarce be seen. A truly dreadful place, and one in which the souls of departed members of the Makatawas, denied the bliss of the happy hunting ground, were con-

demned to mingle forever with evil spirits. Brave indeed would the warrior be who dared paddle in that lagoon after nightfall. A tree, slender and pliant, had been thrown over it, and Guatilano was brought to the brink. Without any sign of weakness he, the descendant of a thousand chiefs, stood for one moment, then stepped on the narrow bridge. As a young forest giant is erect, so was Guatilano at that minute, and not a sound could be heard as he walked out on the bending trunk. It shook beneath him, but he walked on; the watchers eyed each other in wonder, for it seemed as though the chief would cross the terrible height. Then a fierce shout of joy broke forth; the tree cracked suddenly, but still Guatilano, not hastening in the least, strode on. Again the Makatawas looked at their council and each other. Had the medicine men, for the first time, failed them? Once more the yell of fiendish delight shook the hills, and rang in the forests, for the tree snapped, and Guatilano, disdaining to utter a sound or clutch at the precipice, fell down, as a meteor falls and was swallowed up in the black waters of the lagoon.

All this time no one had noticed a canoe, away out upon the gulf, rushing through the water, and paddled by a girl, whose strength was wonderful. Beneath her vigorous strokes the paddle bent, the waters swirled, and the canoe swept along. Where she was, the occupant of the canoe heard a dull roar, one that caused her to strain her eyes into the distance, and redouble her efforts. Soon after came a cry, more distinct, of many fierce voices, and Wamata threw all her strength into the paddle strokes. Fear clutched at her heart, fear for the tall chief, whose plume had swept the top of his hut, and the canoe sprang ahead faster than ever. She was coming near, and presently could see her lover step to the edge of the precipice; a terrible cry escaped her, and she watched, fascinated, and dumb, the last scene.

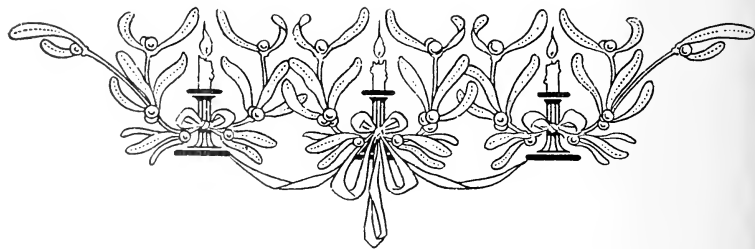
As in a stupor Wamata drove her canoe forward, paddled to the village of her fathers, and stepped out upon the

beach like one who treads for the first time upon a strange world. She saw the pebbles upon the sand, and heard the water lapping in the rocks, but all was unreal as a dream that has passed. Up the winding path to the dwellings she walked, still carrying her branch, and presently reached the tribe, but scarcely heard the shout, of amazement, and almost fear, that they raised when their eyes fell upon the branch. Her father's voice, trembling as he saw the girl, came to her ears like that of a spirit, something intangible, and for a time she could not realize what was meant by their cries. Then she knew; her mind grasped the meaning of these leaves, carried by the messenger of one tribe to the chief of a rival, and the stupor dropped from her. Walking, unhindered, to the cleft, the girl turned upon them all, holding the branch on high, and suddenly broke it in two pieces. The cry came again from the tribe, and the warriors seized their weapons. That action could mean but one thing: war to the death and the end of all time; war without mercy or truce. Even as they called, Wamata, with the young chief's name upon her lips, dying away as the night-ingle's at dawn, turned suddenly and cast herself from the cliff to the dark waters, and Guatilano's soul was called

in a voice as clear as the tone of a silver bell, waited from the clouds.

It is always night now, in the chasm, dark and fearsome, and the tribes hear strange sounds from the lagoon, and see wierd lights far below. Then there is a cry that comes from the depths, the note, apparently, of some silvery throated bird, calling to its mate. But the tribes know that this is from the throat of no bird ever placed in mortal forest, or seen by man. They know that it is Wamata's voice; that she is calling to her lover, Guatilano, the plumed chief, and that they have met in a realm where they can love as the purest souls love, and know no care of war and trouble. Every night, old men say, as their fathers said before them, Wamata, in a shadowy canoe, leaves, the lagoon and paddles out upon the Gulf, straight into the moonlight.

Hours pass, and she returns, moving swiftly, with a branch in the canoe, and disappears into the lagoon, whence no man has ever followed. And until the end of time none shall ever enter on those nights, but all may stand enthralled upon the cliff, or float about in dainty craft, and hear Wamata call to her lover; listen to a cry so pure and sweet that it seems the ethereal world has yielded to the pleading of mortals, and opened its gates to let the singing of angels sweep to the ears of the earthly throng.



A Term of Exile Shortened

J. H. Grant

ONE long red ray of sunlight bored its way through the cloudy pillars of the western horizon, and stretching across the broad, brown prairies silhouetted, for a moment, the figures of two travellers. They rode closely side by side, ever and anon glancing anxiously about as though they feared some sudden appearance; impossible as such might seem upon that level waste.

At length, one of the two, a dark, slender youth of some eighteen years, began to gather up his bridle rein.

"I shall go now, Sis," he said, "you have only a few miles more; you won't be afraid. It will soon be dark and I have yet twenty good miles to make before I get back to Hargreave's ranch. Besides," he added in a lower tone, "if Father happens along and sees you riding with me, he's likely to treat you badly."

"Come home with me, Harry," pleaded his companion, her eyes full of tears and her voice pregnant with emotion, "Father may not mind and oh, Harry! I'm so lonely there, without you."

"I can't Sis," said her brother tenderly, but firmly, "I miss you too, God knows, and I often long for home; but he called me a coward and struck me, and ordered me away, all because I refused to drive Jameson's cattle to the pound. Jameson's a good fellow and his cattle were not doing any harm." The boy's eyes flashed and his dark cheek flushed, as he brought his horse to a standstill. His sister glanced fondly toward him. She knew that it was chiefly on her account that Harry had refused to do Frank Jameson an injury and she also knew that it was because of her, that her father had desired the injury done.

"Harry," she wailed, in alarm, as she saw him about to wheel his horse west-

ward, "Harry, if you love me, do come home with me, I'm—I'm frightened," she added shudderingly, as she stared into the gathering shadows and crowded her pony close to his. "I don't know what it is," she half whispered, "but it's something awful and it's going to happen to me tonight. You must protect me Harry, you must."

"What are you frightened of Sis?" "This isn't like you at all," reasoned Harry, but, as he caught a glimpse of his sister's blanched cheek he ceased to speak and rode quietly by her side. What had come over the girl, he could not imagine. He thought it must be a momentary attack of nervousness, still it troubled him in a vague sort of way.

"I'll come home with you, Dear," he said, soothingly, after a time, "but I won't stay. I went when he told me, and I'll come back when he asks me; not a minute sooner."

"Then you'll stay away a d——d long time," said a gruff voice close by. "Get to H—I out of here. You're no son of mine, you cowardly pup."

"Helen," said the new arrival, turning suddenly upon the trembling girl, "did I not forbid you to speak to that disobedient whelp? Now I'll give you one more chance. Come home out of this at once."

"Oh, Father ——," began the girl, but she got no further. There was a rush, a scurry of flying feet and a coyote sped by, savagely pursued by two great wolfhounds. Helen's pony, trained to hunt, gave one joyous snort, and in spite of the girl's frantic efforts to restrain him, dashed madly after the hounds. The father apparently glad of a channel in which to vent his feelings, gave rein to his willing horse and followed recklessly. Harry with difficulty curbed his broncho

and gazed anxiously after the retreating figures. Suddenly his face paled; he dashed the spurs into his horse and tore frantically after his father and sister.

"Catch her rein father," he screamed from a dry, tightened throat. "She's going straight into the 'Devil's Bath.'"

Already the father had seen the danger. A few rods ahead the dogs and their prey were skirting the very edge of that awful hole, shunned alike by every man and beast of the plains. He saw the devilish glare of its alkaline surface, and in his terror fancied he beheld, floating above, the gauzey form of the unfortunate settler, whose body together with his wagon and ox-team lay somewhere in the unknown depths.

"Hold tight Helen," he fairly shrieked, as he spurred his horse and clutched desperately at the bridle rein. The little broncho was too quick for him. It sped onward and the larger horse lost ground. Under ordinary circumstances the wise little animal could not have been forced within rods of the dangerous pool, but in his excitement he followed close to the trail of the dogs. Onward he galloped, apparently unaware of the treacherous turf that rimmed the pool and was ever ready to precipitate the unwary into the terrible waters. The men could do nothing but look on in helpless terror.

Suddenly there was a startled snort, the broncho threw himself on his haunches and veered sharply to the right. The rear girth snapped like a ribbon and the girl was projected into the air, as from a catapult. A smothered splash, a gurgle and the thick waters closed above her. Her father rushed to the sagging bank, his face ashy pale and his eyes bulging from their sockets with superstitious fear.

"She's gone, she's gone," he wailed as he waved his arms hysterically, "no creature ever returns from those waters."

"What?" he shrieked, as Harry strode silently by him, "Stop," he cried again in anguish, as he fumbled feebly for his son's collar. The youth thrust him aside, as though he had been a mere grass hopper.

"I'm going too, father," he said quietly. Another splash, a few sluggish wrinkles and both brother and sister were hidden in the slimy depths.

A little distance off the snarling and snapping of the dogs told that they had come up with their prey. From somewhere near came the sound of galloping hoofs and the clatter of empty stirrups.

A few wild ducks whistled hurriedly by, on their strong wings and the sheen of the stagnant waters glimmered dimly in the dusk of the evening. For one moment the distracted father gazed in silence, then with a long, despairing, wail, he threw himself on the ground.

"My children, my children," he moaned. "Come back; come back, just for a moment; one moment to say you'll forgive me."

A heavy splash brought him to his feet in an instant and he saw a large section of the spongy bank disappear in the water. What had pulled it from its position?

In a few seconds Harry and his sister were safe upon the bank. The youth soon rid himself of the poisonous waters, but it took some time to revive his sister. When at last she was able to sit up and talk the father rose slowly to his feet.

"My son," he said, looking into Harry's pale face, "I have misjudged you. You are the bravest boy on Plum Creek Plains. Can you forgive me and come back home?"

"Yes, Father," answered the youth promptly, and Helen, who was listening, rose joyously and kissed them each in turn.

How Young Hunters and Fishers are Reared

Bonnycastle Dale



DURING a year's Natural History work on the shores of the Pacific, while my assistant Fritz and I did a thousand-mile pedestrian trip in the slowest time on record, we came across many an isolated little home in cove or inlet, on the banks of some tiny river, or on some almost barren desolate island. Here in these human "nests"—sometimes mere huts of "beach-combers" work—we found the young of this always interesting family—Man—being reared to make a living from the ocean and the forest.

It will interest the boy readers to know that some of these little chaps could teach many a wise man when the

subject on hand was the birds and beasts and fishes that inhabit this climate-blessed region. Fritz and I were paddling—we do part of our pedestrian trips in a canoe—along the tide-flats formed by the estuary of a small mountain stream, on all sides rose the red trap rock, diorite, a copper-bearing rock, forming a range of high rough hills, rude in form but magnificent in their colouring; bright green firs on copper and iron stained red rocks. The sea water of this inlet was discoloured to almost a milky white by the tiny, innumerable millions, of lately born atoms, too small to be observed by the magnifying glasses we carried. All about us rose the snow-capped mountain ranges of Washington and British Columbia. Outside this sheltered inlet ran the great Straits of Juan de Fuca. Here all was silence and peace—"Bang"—"Bang"—the echoes of those two gunshots poured forth in two steady roars from an opposite bay, and were caught and torn by the hills and valleys; until a volley re-echoed from all sides. Instantly Fritz's paddle was stuck angling ahead—slanting out from the bow—the canoe followed its guidance and away we darted across the now silent inlet.

Ahead in a little bay, where the sun had not yet dispelled the shadows of this hilly country, were two young lads struggling with a large bald-headed eagle. The elder boy in his eagerness to secure the big bird got too close and had his hand badly torn by the sharp claws of this bird of prey.

"He just killed a brant, it couldn't dive nor fly fast enough an' he caught it," said the younger of the pair, a lad of twelve. No wonder the eagle wanted the brant, for of all the web-footed game



birds that fly this smallest bird of the goose family is the best eating, its very inability to dive prevents it getting at the shell fish and lower orders of marine zoology and saves its flesh from that awful taste, half fowl, half fish, that so many of the ocean wild fowl are spoiled by. The elder lad told us how these bald-headed eagles preyed on the ospreys, diving at the great fish hawk as soon as it rose with a freshly caught salmon, and with crest erect and big yellow eyes flashing, great hooked bill and sharp claws threatening, "bluffed" the osprey into dropping its prey. We had several times been witness of these one-sided fights and had greatly admired the dexterity with which the eagle scooped up the fish from the water without wetting even its tibia—the feathered covering of the legs. We also saw one of these excellent flying birds leave the half-finished circle it was leisurely floating in, dart from it as an arrow from the bow, and with a rushing sound—as though a great spurt of flame was leaping through the air—fall twice the height of the great red (?) fir trees, its wings now

screeching with the speed of its plunge—and catch in expert claw a truly beautiful cock pheasant that had vainly tried to cross the inlet.

Later in the fall we have seen the elder of these lads step ashore from the canoe with many a dead pied gribe, so when you see those neat little turbans, and those dressy white feather muffs and hat crowns and sets of glistening gribe "furs", you can remember that the young hunters of the Pacific Coast have their share in the forming.

Once while toiling afoot along Puget Sound, where there was water enough goodness knows "but not a drop to drink," we came upon a "beachcomber's" shanty. It was roofed with the cabin top of some ill-fated steamer; its windows were portholes, its door was half a hatchway, and while we noted the splintered bulwark that formed the doorstep, the owner—a big yellow-whiskered Swede—showed us an unbroken electric light bulb that came floating ashore uninjured, even the incandescent filmy wire was intact, during the same storm that splintered the heavy oak bulwark. Wrestling a precarious living from old ocean this hardy northman also educated his two lads to a like uncertain livelihood—alas, the little yellow haired mother had not weathered the first winter in this shack of divers winds and drafts, and even her grave spot was now lost under the shifting sands that swept up from beach to lagoon. We watched the two little chaps, miniature northmen both of them, deftly catching crabs at low tide. While the younger lad propelled the big unweildy, flat-bottomed fishing boat, the big boy dipped up edible blue crabs that in the coast city markets sold for twenty-five cents apiece, all these boys got as their share was five cents a crab, and noting the weight of the boat and the size of the wee lads—one was seven and the other eleven, and comparing it all with the strength of the surf and the force of the heavy tide rips that run on these coasts, we wondered if the education of the lads would ever be completed. However, we entered the shack and had a very welcome drink of pure spring water, water taken from a spring that



ebbed on the shore and could only be procured at low tide, as it actually rose fresh into the sea. On the table was the dirtiest and greasiest pack of cards it had ever been my misfortune to see. Neither the lad nor I nor the Gordon setter, Daisy, had eaten a bite since sunrise—and would not for ten miles yet if we could not buy some sort of food from this lonely cabin. While the Swede was showing us a wonderful heap of flotsam and jetsam he had piled up on the sands I suddenly missed the dog, and running back to the cabin, I found that she had eaten the best part of that lamentable pack of cards; there she sat, with a foolish smile on her black face and the half-eaten ace of hearts protruding from her mouth. We procured better food for the setter and some for ourselves, and later, were able to replace the cards with a new and cleaner lot. "Oh I miss dot solitary so much," the Swede told me. Poor man it was superfluous to play solitaire there.

Now the millions of salmon that seek this long Pacific Coast to spawn and die, for remember that every salmon of this family reaches its four years old maturity only, unless caught by Indian or white man in their many contrivances, to starve itself for three months or more,

so that the bodily cavity is filled with the six thousand eggs of the female and the two big milt bags of the male, and then, after swimming as much as fifteen hundred miles up some fresh water river, until it is torn and ragged and sore, to deposit the eggs and milt and then die, Fritz and I have seen so many on the bank of a river that we fled from the awful place as the odor was unbearable.

These salmon provide great sport and make some money for these little chaps in these isolated places. We sat and watched a little Indian lad, a dusky boy of not more than ten, cleverly spearing big salmon out of one of the pools above a riffle in a mountain river; he threw the long cedar pole—tipped with a rude barbed point, usually a great fish hook straightened out—with much skill, throwing it ahead of a darting fish much as we shoot ahead of a flying bird; he steadily drew out plunging dog salmon and coho salmon, fish weighing from six to twelve pounds, until he had as many as he thought his younger brother and he could "la-pesh ne wab," that is the way he said it in Chinook; he meant "carry on his fishing stick." The way he did it was to pass the end of his cedar pole through the gills of the salmon and half drag, half float them, up the stream



to the little fir pole sided, cedar shake covered, structure they called home.

You must not think I quoted the genuine coast Indians' native tongue in those two Chinook words, for Chinook is a jargon of English, French and Spanish words, oft mispronounced and misspelled, mingled with a few of the native words of the tribes, they use this jargon speaking with the white man and with other tribes, but each tribe has its own language full of strange clicking sounds.

Well those little lads could gather in fifty pounds of half-spent, half-spawned salmon every day—they call them "sammon," so closely does the Chinook copy the intruders' tongues. These fish were split down the belly—not much time was spent in cleaning them—then they were smoked and hung away for future use. No doubt this is one of the causes of the heavy death rate of the Indians; fully half of the people have died off in the last fifty years and whole tribes have disappeared, leaving not a trace or tale behind. These starved salmon, after struggling up these rivers, are slime covered, fungus covered, with tails stripped of flesh and skin and the very bones exposed from contact with the rocks. They are unhealthy food, imper-

fectly cleaned, often not smoked sufficiently to in part manner cook them, often eaten thus half raw. Also the exposure consequent on catching them would kill a whole vilage of white boys. Day after day we studied the salmon for three months on this stream. We saw these little brown lads wet to the hips; they waded in boots and stockings and knee pants unheeded, and were wet all day and all week. Often I have urged them to dry themselves at our lunch fire; they seemed to think this a very needless thing and sat steaming and sweating there in their soaking clothes. Poor chaps, if they do live to grow up, and then follow the usual calling, the seal hunting, they meet a speedy end when some day the schooner disappears in the thick fog or else, as one young lad just returned from Behring sea told me "Solliko-chuck, keel; a-pie, cosho Siwash," literally, rough sea, upset,—then he graphically turned his finger down, meaning that the Siwash went to join cosho, the seal.

The little white boys on these rivers are expert in catching and landing a salmon. In fact their lives are so intermingled with the birds and beasts and fishes that, later, when they grow up, they make the best men obtainable for

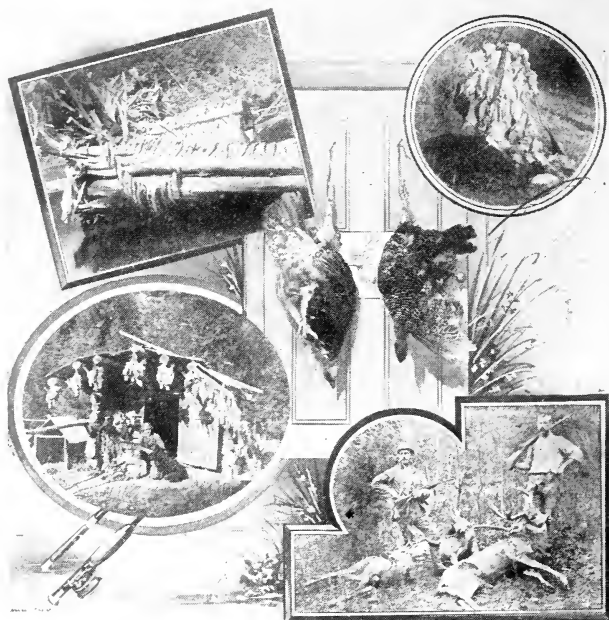
the great fish trap industries, timber "cruisers," guides for tourist when in search of big game.

They are little adepts with the steel traps, and as the mink and marten, the coon and land otter are plentiful, they have plenty of field practice until the time they are big enough to set the larger traps for bear, lynx, beaver and that universal, but harmless to man, animal, the Puma, commonly called the panther. This Island of Vancouver has plenty of them, as well as many wolves. The boys have myriad attractions, alas many of them have no chance to get schooling, remember I am speaking of the most lonely isolated cases, for in all settlements we find excellent schools. So the deer, and the bear tempt their rifles, the trout are waiting in every

deep pool beside the bank for the worm baited hook so miraculously dropping from the alders above, the big edible crabs are waiting on the sands at the river's mouth, the ring-necked pheasants are crowing in the woods as if a whole barnyard of game cocks had escaped; the quail are feeding on every trail; the willow grouse, our old friend the ruffed grouse, whirr from many a cover; the wild ducks and geese and brant, the plover and snipe and turnstones cover bay and pebbly beach and spit, and the little lad grows into a big, healthy hunter or fisher, untroubled by the ills and worries some of the city bred, well educated lads, must of necessity meet in this life, where brotherly love and self-sacrifice are better than mere animal enjoyment.



"Step ashore from the canoe with many a dead Pied Griebe."



The Game Fishes of British Columbia

By John Pease Babcock,
Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for the Province.

IT is the purpose of this short paper to tell of the game fishes of the Province of British Columbia. It is not intended to be exhaustive. Fishermen seeking any more detail than is contained herein, or maps of the Province, are requested to write to the Bureau of Information of the Provincial Government, Victoria, B.C.

British Columbia having a coast line of over 7,000 miles, being the source of the Columbia, Fraser, Thompson, Kootenay, Skeena, and many other large but less known rivers, containing fresh water lakes of great extent, like the Kootenay, Okanagan, Quesnel, Shuswap

and the Harrison, besides thousands of lesser lakes, it is not surprising that she should stand at the head of the Provinces of Canada in the wealth of her game fishes. The salmon products of the Province alone amount to from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per year. Upwards of 33,000,000 of salmon that were bred in her waters were captured in 1905. Two of her five species of salmon may be taken with troll or fly. The fresh waters of the interior of British Columbia teem with the only true trout indigenous to the waters of Canada. Her game fishes comprise two species of salmon, several species of trout and two



charr, one of which is not indigenous to Eastern Canada. Of the salmon, only two—the “Spring” and the “Coho”—are of particular interest to anglers, because the other three species cannot be taken with any lure. The Spring or Tyee salmon of the Province is the largest and gamest of the salmon family. It is the one known in Oregon as the “Chinook” or the “Columbia,” in California as the “Quinnat,” and in Alaska as the “King” or “Tyee.” It freely takes the troll in fresh or salt water, and occasionally rises to an artificial fly. Sir Wm. Musgrave killed a specimen with rod and line at the mouth of Campbell River in September, 1897, that weighed 70 pounds, and measured 4 feet 3 inches in

length. A plaster cast of this magnificent fish may be seen in the Provincial Museum in Victoria.

A great many of these powerful salmon, weighing from a few pounds to sixty odd, are taken every year by anglers in the salt water reaches from Victoria to the waters at the extreme northern end of Vancouver Island and all along the coast of the Mainland. More are taken in the vicinity of Victoria, Vancouver, Cowichan Bay and the mouth of Campbell River, because they are more fished for. At some seasons of the year they may be taken in every estuary and at the mouth of almost every river in the Province. The best months are from July to November. At many

points on the Coast of Vancouver Island they are taken as early as February. The Indians of the west coast, during the early spring, keep the markets of Victoria and Vancouver well supplied with these big fish, which they catch with hook and line. During the greater portion of the year the fresh fish trade of the two cities named is supplied with both Spring and Coho salmon caught with hook and line. The latter are more numerous than the former, and while of smaller size, generally, are just as game. Indeed, many anglers consider the Coho more game than the Spring salmon.

It is often stated that the Pacific salmon do not take a fly, but having caught both the Spring and Coho salmon in the Province with a fly, the writer feels justified in denying this statement. Trolling with rod and line in fresh and salt waters is, however, the favourite method in use amongst anglers for catching salmon in the Province. Few anglers appear to have sufficient patience to try for salmon with a fly, possibly because trolling produces many more fish with much less effort. I have no doubt that the same amount of energy and persistence one sees displayed on Eastern Canadian, English and Scotch salmon rivers, by anglers who have to depend upon the fly to take the fish, would raise an equal number of salmon in the estuaries and rivers of British Columbia. One familiar with bait-casting methods wonders that it is not more practised in the waters of the Province, as it is an easy matter to place one's boat or canoe in waters where the salmon are breaching with great frequency, and where a spoon can easily be placed within their sight.

The water best known and frequented for the capture of large Spring or "Tye" salmon is at the mouth of Campbell River, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, just south of Seymour Narrows and north of Cape Mudge, where, in July and August, one may see anglers from every clime hunting for record fish. Like most other coast points, one may reach this place by steamers either from Vancouver or Victoria, though many go there and to other points along the coast

in their own yachts. Campbell River holds the record for big fish, but for numbers one may do as well at many other points along the coast. That large expanse of water which lies to the north of Vancouver Island is seldom fished by anglers, though rivers that there empty into the sea are all salmon rivers, some of which produce as many Spring and Coho salmon as the mighty Fraser itself. On the Mainland, the Harrison River, above the City of Vancouver, is the most accessible and productive water for those who desire to take salmon with a fly. Very few Spring salmon are there taken by that method, but one may take a good many Coho in October and even as late as November.

The trout of British Columbia comprise most of the recognised varieties of the Pacific Coast, though varying greatly in colouring and markings; and because of these and other slight modifications present many difficulties to the ichthyologist, so that it is not surprising that the fisherman finds it difficult to determine just which variety of trout he is catching; but, notwithstanding the doubts he may have upon that score, he will never be in doubt as to the game qualities of whatever variety of trout he may be engaged with in the waters of the Province.

The steel-head trout of the Province more closely resembles in habit, form and colour the salmon of Europe than any other fish found in the Pacific. By a few writers the steel-head in many sections is still classed as a Pacific salmon. It, like the Pacific salmon, is generally anadromous and spawns only in fresh water; but, unlike the Pacific salmon, it survives spawning and returns to the sea, where it remains until it again comes into fresh water to spawn. In the Kootenay and Okanagan Lakes the steel-head variety is very common, and does not go to salt water at all. Specimens of the steel-head taken from salt water are commonly seen in the markets of Vancouver and Victoria during the winter and spring months. They run from four to twenty pounds in weight, though occasional specimens weighing as high as thirty-two pounds.

have been taken. As a game fish, many anglers, including the writer, consider the steel-head the gamest fish taken in fresh waters.

The numerous varieties of trout found in the upper tributaries of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, and in the great lakes and streams that belong to the Columbia watershed, within the Province, are not easily distinguished one from another. As already stated, the large specimens taken from the great lakes, in technical character, follow very closely the sea run of the steel-head; yet one also finds specimens with the well-known markings of the cut-throat and rainbow varieties. Because of the many differences in colour, form and habit, they are given many names, and offer a productive field for the student who delights in fine differentiations.

In addition to the salmon and trout which abound in our waters, there are two species of the charr that afford both sport and food. Of these the most common is the "Dolly arden" or "Bull Trout" (*Salvelinus malma*). It is found in most streams and lakes on the Mainland, and also in tidewater, and ranges in weight from a few ounces up to thirty pounds. Specimens in excess of two pounds in weight are seldom taken with a fly. The adults freely take any style of spoon. The other charr (*namay cush*), the trout of Lakes Superior and Michigan, is not common south of the fifty-second parallel, and, so far, has not been found in any waters on Vancouver Island or in salt water. Only the very young are taken with a fly. They are plentiful in Quesnel and other northern lakes, are not such fierce fighters as the steel-head and other trout, but are one of the best, if not the best, fresh water table fish in the Province.

Returning to the trout of the Province, the writer does not know of any lake or stream within its boundaries from which the angler may not at some season of the year fill the largest of creels in a day's fishing. In many of the smaller coast rivers and streams the season is limited to a few weeks in the spring, and again in the fall after the first heavy rains, though an expert angler may succeed

at any time in taking a few big ones from any of the large streams. On the larger rivers and lakes of the interior the seasons vary somewhat, depending chiefly upon the spring and early summer freshets. Either just before or just after high water is considered the best season for angling the streams; very few of the lake-feeding streams can be successfully fished during high water. In the big lakes, like the Kootenay, the best trolling is to be had in June and July. The great Okanagan Lake often affords rare sport during the winter months to the angler who wants big fish.

Fly fishing in the big lakes, at the mouths of tributary streams, is usually at its best during the period of high water, and as soon as the warm weather brings the flies out in the early spring. Nothing easier than fishing from a boat at the mouths of the tributary streams of Kootenay Lake—such as Fry Creek, near Kaslo,—can be imagined. As one writer well expressed it, "It's a fat man's game and too easy." Considering the sport to be had at the mouths of the tributary streams of the Kootenay, Okanagan and Shuswap Lakes, it is to be wondered at that so few anglers are to be found there during the fishing season.

Most of the fishing waters of the Province are easily accessible by steamer, rail or stage. The wagon roads and trails of the Province are exceptionally good. Even the practically unfished waters of the Cassiar and Cariboo districts are within easy distance to the man of leisure who wishes first-class sport on the unfrequented water-ways of a healthy and wonderfully beautiful country.

Along the coast line, and on its streams, the Indians with their wonderful canoes, hewn from great cedar and spruce trees, are always available. Boats of every description are obtainable on the main waterways and large lakes. Even most of the small lakes that are so numerous in the hills and mountains in every section have boats or craft of some description suitable for fishing. One intending to make an extended trip through the northern waters of the Province should be provided with a canvas

boat. In most districts of the Province anglers will find good hotel accommodation accessible to the fishing waters.

To the canoeist, the rivers of the Province, with their chains of great and small lakes and connecting channels, afford the best and most attractive opportunities for sport of any part of the west. From Cowichan Lake down the twenty odd miles of the Cowichan River to tide-water, as well as the hundreds of miles of the Fraser, Skeena, Kootenay and Columbia Rivers, the most cautious as well as the most daring boatmen will find rivers to their taste, upon which they may journey for days amidst scenery unsurpassed, and where fish and game abound. Since Simon Fraser, a century ago, made his famous canoe journey of discovery through the mighty canyons of that great river which now bears his name, adventurers, woodsmen and prospectors have traversed most of the waterways of British Columbia, but to the man with a rod, a camera, or a pencil and paper, these rugged highways are, many of them, unknown. Many of the coast rivers, such as the Cowichan and the Ninkish, afford safe and delightful waterways, where one may journey through forests and canyons where nature is yet seen in her pristine beauty, for much of the way; where the fish rise eagerly to your flies; where deer look down from the high rocks on the banks, and where neither troublesome flies, snakes nor poisonous plants are found. The Cowichan in April, May and June is the most beautifully wooded, flower and fern-bedecked water-road known to the writer. The famous and beautiful Nipigon River in Ontario, of which so much has been written, may afford more fish for a longer period of the year than the Cowichan or the Ninkish, but it is not comparable with either, from a scenic point of view, and the trout of the Cowichan are more game, and there are no flies to distract the sportsmen. Unlike the Cowichan, the Ninkish affords better fishing in the autumn.

From the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in eastern British Columbia three most attractive

long canoe journeys are offered—the Kootenay, the Columbia and the Okanagan Rivers. One may start upon the glacier-fed streams and journey hundreds of miles upon comparatively placid waters through the gigantic mountains of the Rockies, Selkirks and Cascade ranges, now into the wilds, now over bottomless lakes, over and around cascades and falls, past beautifully situated villages, productive fields and orchards, thence out of the Province into the States of Washington and Oregon, and on, if one wishes, to the waters of the Pacific that wash the beach at Astoria. Camping along the Provincial part of these waters in August, September and October, there are no flies or other insects to bother one; little or no rain, and the waters are cool and clear and the fishing is excellent. There are no preserves for trout or birds or deer, though shooting is not permitted by law previous to September 1st, and mountain sheep and wapiti cannot be killed at any time. To run the last-mentioned rivers, one needs to bring his own canoe or boat. In running the coast rivers and the rivers of the north it, is customary to engage the Indians, who supply their own canoes. Men who have travelled in the wilds tell us that the coast Indians of British Columbia and south-eastern Alaska have no equals in the management of a canoe up stream, that with the aid of their unshod canoe poles they can go anywhere. A great pleasure awaits the fisherman on his first canoe trip in British Columbia, and not all his excitement and joy will come from his rod, though the fish are large and game.

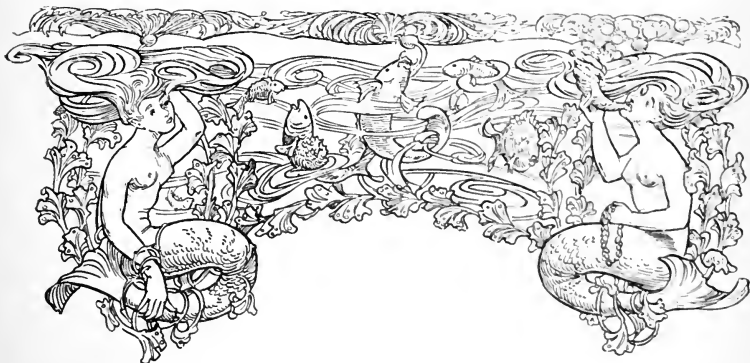
In fishing for salmon in British Columbia, strong rods are necessary. Many use the English and Scotch two-hand rods. The medium length rods are better suited to fishing from boat or canoe. When fishing near a convenient beach like that at Campbell River, where landings are easily made, the long rods are better, as one can go ashore to land the fish, but where landings are not convenient, as at Cowichan, Oak Bay and most of the reaches where trolling is done, short rods are much more serviceable in bringing the salmon alongside for the

gaff. American anglers generally use the short, heavy two-jointed tarpon rods, since they bring the fish to gaff quicker than the longer English rods; but it is questionable whether there is as much sport in the play. Reels for salmon fishing should have a capacity of from 150 to 200 yards of 24-thread American or No. F. English linen line. Heavy fish are caught sometimes with lines 100 yards long, but in most such cases much more of the credit is due to the clever handling of the boat or canoe. If one's boatman is an Indian it may be necessary to direct his movements in the playing of the first fish, but once he understands what is expected of him—and most of them do not have to be told—he is very keen to follow or pull away from your fish as the necessity arises. In pattern and size, the spoons used to take salmon almost equal in variety and number the artificial flies used by trout fishermen. At Campbell River, during the past season, a large pear-shaped lead spoon, with closely intersecting lines scratched upon the dull-coloured surface every day or so, was in much demand, and is said to have been the most killing. The regulation shapes in nickel and copper spoons of from four to six inches in length are, however, more commonly used in trolling for salmon in the Province. In fly fishing for Pacific salmon, the writer has found the medium size Scotch flies of

bright colours and silver bodies most serviceable.

For trout fishing, the standard, ten and one-half to eleven-foot split cane or bamboo rod, from seven to nine ounces in weight, is generally conceded to be the best for such rivers as the Thompson and Kootenay; but for streams less rough and swift and the "fish lakes" of the mountains, lighter rods will afford more sport and pleasure. Reels for trout fishing should carry 100 yards of line for the big stream fishing, yet, on many of the lakes, shorter lines add something to the occasional anxious moments in the play of a big fish. Trout flies of small size are generally used on interior waters, though flies of medium and large size are oftentimes serviceable, according to the condition of the water. For the coast and Vancouver Island streams, larger and more gaudy patterns are in greater demand. Anglers will find that tackle dealers at Vancouver and Victoria carry full stocks, and all through the interior one can obtain the popular flies used on neighbouring waters.

The Provincial Government requires non-residents to take out a Provincial Licence for angling after January 1st, 1909. One licence will cover the entire Province. Applications for angling licences should be made to the Provincial Fisheries Department, Victoria, B.C.





A Beautiful Level Stretch of Land.

The Nechaco Valley

THERE are two ways of reaching this Valley. One is by boat on the Skeena River to Hazelton and then by pack train through the Bulkley and Endako River Valleys to Fort Fraser. The other route, which is much the cheaper, is from Ashcroft on the Canadian Pacific Railway as a starting point, using the British Columbia stage line up the Cariboo Road to Soda Creek, then by steamboat to Quesnel and from there by pack train along the Telegraph Trail to the Nechaco Valley.

South of the 53rd degree of latitude and near the head of the Salmon River, which falls into Dean Channel, the Nechaco River takes its source in the foothills of the Coast Range. It runs northeasterly for a long distance, receiving many large feeders, until it falls into a large trough-like depression near Fraser Lake. This depression follows the 54th degree of latitude in its general direction and has an average width of from ten to forty miles. This large extent of land from Fraser Lake to Fraser River,



A Wonderful Growth of Grain.

about seventy-five miles in length, is drained by the Lower Nechaco River.

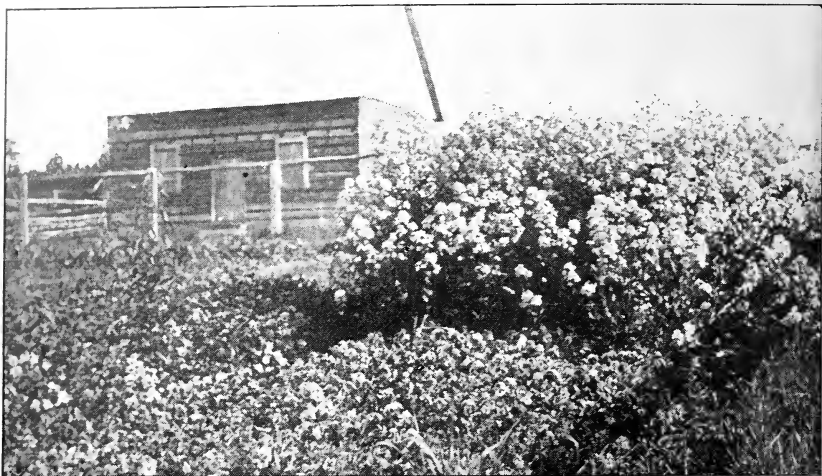
The best part of the Valley is the portion just east of Fraser Lake, along the Nechaco River and around Lakes Tachic, Noalki and Tsinkut and the country intervening. One would term the valley level but it is slightly undulating, enough so as to give good drainage. There are two kinds of soil, viz., a fine white silts and black loam, but the white silts is more in evidence and in most places is from thirty to forty feet in depth. It is very rich and of the finest quality, and is entirely free from sand, gravel and stone. In fact the soil and lay of land are of such an even nature that one could select a farm blind-folded and not make a mistake.

The ground is generally covered with thickets of small poplar, with here and there a few spruce, but prairies of large extent often occur. These appear to have been caused by fires and are more abundant near the trails and rivers, where the Indians and white men generally do their camping. These prairies are covered with the greatest variety of nutritious grasses, pea-vine and vetches and even in the wooded portions, grass, pea-vine and vetches of different species grow to such a height that it is very difficult to travel in it. In many places this

growth was higher than the horses' backs. The timber is mostly too small for construction purposes, but along the rivers and shores of lakes a good supply of building timber can be had cheaply.

The Valley is nicely watered by beautiful lakes and streams. The Nechaco River is from five to six hundred feet wide and is one of the prettiest of streams. It has a gravel bottom, the water is clear and the current quite swift. Four or five miles south of the river are three fine lakes, the names being mentioned above. They have nicely gravelled beaches and sand bottoms and the water is excellent. These beautiful lakes and hills surrounding the Valley make a most impressive sight. They are drained by the Stony and Tsinkut Rivers which empty into the Nechaco. Throughout the entire Valley well water is easily obtained at a depth of from twelve to eighteen feet, and in all wells inspected we found the water to be most excellent and free from all alkaline substances.

Trout, sturgeon and whitefish are very plentiful in all the lakes and rivers. During the months of August and September the Nechaco abounds with salmon which make their way from the sea to their spawning grounds. They



Flowers Grow to Profusion in Nechaco Valley Gardens.

are taken in thousands by the Indians who dry them for their winter supply of food. Deer and bear are numerous. Coyotes are plentiful and can quite often be heard howling at night. There is also the rabbit, beaver, muskrat, fox, wolverine, marten, lynx, fisher and otter. Partridge, pheasant and grouse abound and in season the rivers and lakes teem with geese and ducks.

One would not wish for a better climate, there being no extremes. The days during the summer months are hot but not uncomfortably so, and the nights are cool, thus insuring good sleep. By enquiring of the Indians and homesteaders we ascertained that the winters are short and mild, that the snow-fall is very light, usually about twelve inches in depth and never drifts. We were also informed that they never thought of feeding their cattle until Christmas and as a rule they could be turned out again in March. Another good feature is the absence of heavy winds, but there is always a refreshing breeze from the West and one feels its cooling effect even on the hottest day. Rains in the summer are quite sufficient as was evidenced by the luxuriant growth found.

The Grand Trunk Railway, with its terminus at Prince Rupert, is being push-

ed at a rapid rate. Its route through British Columbia is via the Yellowhead Pass and up the South Fork of the Fraser River to Bear Lake. It crosses from here to the Willow River which it follows to the Fraser, and along it to the Nechaco near Fort George, from where it follows the south bank of the Nechaco River to Fort Fraser. From here it follows the south shore of Fraser Lake and along the Endako and Bulkley Rivers to the Telkwa; up this river to the headwaters of the Copper River and down it and the Skeena to its terminal point, Prince Rupert.

The unique climatic conditions, the scenic beauty of the landscape and crystalline purity of lakes and streams would give life here an indescribable charm, but the fertility of the soil, as demonstrated by the wealth of vegetation thereon, proves that as an agricultural district it is as greatly favored by nature.

The gardens produce different vegetables and small fruits which are exceptionally fine.

Fruit culture has made little development but there is not the slightest doubt that the hardier varieties, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, etc. would do well, as they are now grown



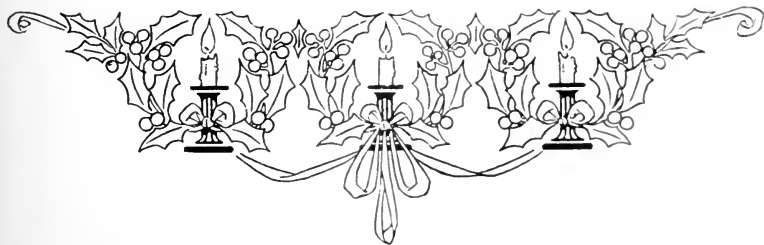
The First Church Congregation in the Nechaco Valley—The Pastor is Seated at the Extreme Left, Facing Reader.

successfully at Hazelton, Barkerville. Quesnel and Soda Creek where conditions are similar. The wild fruits growing here consist of cherries, crabapples, strawberries, dewberries, service or saskatoon berries and other varieties.

Stock raising and dairying is a necessity on the farm and must be indulged in sooner or later in order to get the best

results. More ideal conditions could hardly exist for this line of farming, as all grasses do well and the winters are short and mild.

In every way the Valley presents great attractions and advantages to the settler, and with the completion of the railway doubtless it will rapidly fill up.



The Latest Strike in Kootenay.

Edgar W. Dynes.

THERE have been many great strikes in Kootenay. In the early sixties, hundreds flocked to the Rock Creek placer diggings; and in a few years, "thousands" were taken out. In the early nineties, Joe Morris discovered the Le Roi, War Eagle and others of the Rossland group that have since made the Red Mountain City famous, while a year or so later, Henry White wearily climbed the hill from Boundary Creek and located the immense ore bodies that have made Granby a well known word on stock exchanges all over the world. The rich findings in the Silvery Slocan followed at about the same time. Five years ago the wealth of the Lardo was on every lip, but now there has been another strike—some say the greatest ever made—and in the shadow of the achievements of former days.

The latest strike is unique, in that the energetic prospector now uses a shovel instead of a pick, and a plow rather than a drill. He works always on top and never goes down below; while he uses powder for blowing out stumps, instead of the shining rock. This new discovery did not come suddenly. For over twenty years a few faithfuls have been pegging away, and now they have struck firm and hard against the fact that the Valley and Bench Lands of Kootenay will produce luscious and juicy fruit, the equal of any district in the world.

The strikes of former days were followed by a great rush.

Ninety-four witnessed a stampede to Rossland, where at that time you could sell a wild cat for a fortune and buy shave for fifty cents. The Slocan received its share of the newcomers. A couple of years later the Boundary country became the mecca and towns sprang up in a night. The lure of the shining metals brought the multitude yesterday. The lure of the fruit lands is bringing them today.

A Soft Fresh Skin

Is a baby's birthright, but in after years more often the result of proper care.

Old English Olive Cream

applied each night softens and smoothes the skin and imparts that fresh, healthy glow so essential to beauty.

50c per bottle.

A sample mailed on request.

W. M. Harrison & Co., Ltd.

Mail Order Druggist.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

P.S.—Send for free copy of our "First Aid" Manual.

The beginnings of the present rapid development of the fruit industry really date back to 1885. In that year W. H. Covert located a pre-emption near what is now the town of Grand Forks; and the first fruit trees planted in the Kettle River Valley, he brought in from Spokane on the hurricane deck of a cayuse. Although part of the original three hundred and twenty acres located by Mr. Covert has passed into other hands, the whole estate has during the past season produced over twenty-five carloads of fruit. There were a few other pioneers in the fruit industry in other parts of Kootenay; and when a few years ago the results began to appear, fruit growing became a permanent and powerful factor in the development of Kootenay. The optimist leaned back and laughingly remarked, "I told you so," while the pessimist had to admit that all his previous remarks about the absurdity of the Kootenay ever becoming a fruit growing section were very wide of the mark.

The man in the West who ventures to be a prophet is treading on dangerous

ground. Particularly so, if he be pessimistically inclined. Twenty years ago we were told that wheat could only be profitably grown in a small restricted area of our Prairie Plains. We were also given to understand that these great stretches of land would be available for ranching purposes only. Everyone acquainted with the development of Central Canada knows what is being done in this region today. So that, the Kootenay in accomplishing what was long considered the impossible, is only following in the wake of the wheat districts further east and incidentally adding more lustre to Canada's crown.

The best proof of the value of any industry to the community in which it is situated is the character of the settlements which it establishes—permanent or otherwise. Mining towns have often sprung up, as it were, by magic; and then after a few months of unusual activity, disappear quite as mysteriously from the realms of commercial prosperity. I have already stated that the fruit industry is attracting a large number of

"You May Break—

You May Scatter The Vase—if You Will—

But the Scent of the Roses

Will Cling to it—Still."

You May Use Every Grain:—

Throw the Wrapper Away:—

But One Thing Will Remain—

And for Many a Day

You'll Remember the Delicate Fragrance—

And Say

"A Dainty—Efficient—Toilet Expedient

is

ROYAL CROWN WITCH HAZEL SOAP

'Tis Certainly Fine."

settlers to Kootenay. What effect will their coming have upon the community in particular and the country as a whole?

The effects are already becoming evident. It is only a few years since this new immigration movement began to be felt, but already the results are most beneficial to all classes of the community. The money, the fruit grower makes is put into circulation in the community in which he resides. Contrast this with the large profits made by some of the big mining companies which go largely into the hands of foreign shareholders.

With the advent of the new era the Kootenay is becoming a land of homes. The transitory conditions in most of the mining camps have never been conducive to the building or buying of homes. A vein may pinch out; there may be a drop in the metal market; a strike may come on; and various other contingencies may make employment uncertain.

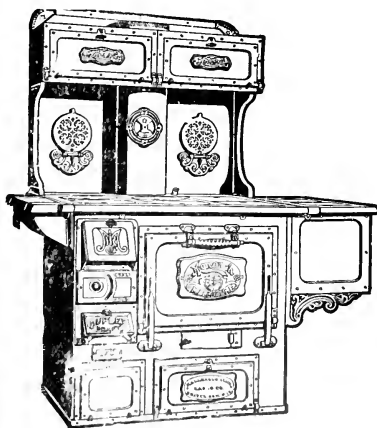
Not so with the fruit grower, however. His operations are confined to the location he has selected; and very naturally he goes to a good deal of trouble to beautify his home and surroundings.

The physical features of Kootenay are such that they very easily lend themselves to the blending of that scenic beauty which so delights the eye of the tourist. Beautiful lakes, and foaming rivers and creeks are numerous; and fruit growers prize and appreciate a lake-shore location. Several years ago Earl Grey was so charmed with the locations on Kootenay Lake that he bought a fruit farm for himself and one for his son. In a letter published a few months ago he intimates his intention of bringing his family out next year and camping for a month or so on a beautiful spot he discovered along the trail between Argenta and Athelmer which he travelled over during the summer just passed.

At the close of the strawberry season of 1907, even the most enthusiastic Kootenaians were compelled to sit up and take notice when Mr. O. J. Wiggan, of Creston, gave out a statement that he had sold over four thousand three hundred dollars worth of strawberries off four acres of land. It sounds like a Cobalt story or a tale of the Arabian knights. But it is a sample of a few of

THE MONARCH RANGE

IS THE PRIDE OF THE AMBITIOUS HOUSE WIFE—WHY?



1st. It will outwear any other range made as it is made out of Malleable Iron and Russian Sheet Steel.

2nd. It will bake your bread, biscuits and pastry perfect in less time and with less fuel than any other Range on the market.

3rd. It has Malleable Iron Frames which are riveted to the steel body with Norway Iron Rivets, therefore you will never have the experience of the seams opening up; beware of the so-called steel Range with Cast Iron Top and the seams plastered up with stove putty as when it dries and falls out of place your Range is ruined.

When writing for a **Monarch Range** cut out this advertisement, mail it to us and we will allow you \$2.50 of purchase price.

Send for Range Catalogue.

Sold only and guaranteed by

Hodgson & Stearman

HARDWARE MERCHANTS,

546 GRANVILLE STREET

VANCOUVER, B.C.

the records that are being made in these latter days in what was once considered a mining district, only.

It is also rather interesting to note that with the probable exception of strawberries, potatoes and perhaps a few other vegetables, large quantities of fruit are still being imported into Kootenay. The home market is a large one and not yet nearly supplied. And, although the producer seems to be catching up with the consumer in many lines, the development of the mining and lumbering industries of Kootenay will continue to furnish an ever expanding market.

This new development has not come without creating regrets in some quarters. Regrets among those who, years ago, scorned the idea that fruit growing would ever become a reality in Kootenay on a commercial scale, and as a consequence let slip rare opportunities to secure land then considered worthless but

land that is now valuable beyond the wildest dreams of hope. But, be this as it may, all will rejoice in the growth of a new industry which means great potentialities not only to the district itself, but also to the Province of British Columbia, and to the Dominion of Canada.

Poor gold at last has lost its lure.
To grow the Fruit is more secure.
It spreads its wealth in wider fields;
It won't exhaust—for ever yields
Rich treasures far exceeding gold;
With every year its powers unfold.
Homes full of Peace spring up amain.
Men strive the Joys of Life to gain;
The hearth once made, sweet love prevails
Men find content that never fails;
And fertile vales and valleys bloom.
Turn in good friend—for you there's
room.

For you there's room—step in and see
The Fruitful Lands of Great B. C.



"Method of Travel Where the Iron Rails Do Not Reach."



Picturesque Scenery, Salmon Arm.

Salmon Arm

SALMON ARM is a busy shipping point and a fast developing settlement in the valley of the Salmon River, where it empties into the Salmon Arm of Shuswap Lake. It is situated nineteen miles west of Sicamous Junction and 316 miles east of Vancouver. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the settlement, and a good wagon road connects it with Enderby (10 miles), Armstrong (25 miles), Vernon (40 miles), and Shuswap (30 miles) by way of Tappen Siding, Notch Hill and other settlements.

The Salmon Arm district is comprised of three distinct valleys—the Salmon River Valley, Canoe Creek, and Edenville, and the benches adjacent thereto; embracing all the northwesterly portion of the Okanagan Valley contiguous to Shuswap Lake.

Fruit growing is afforded unexcelled advantages for these reasons:

The climate is mild; the contiguous lake exercises a mellowing influence; the soil is fertile; there is an abundance of

moisture, and there are ample shipping facilities.

One of the most valuable assets of this district is its delightful climate. It is not excessively humid like the Coast Districts. It is not as dry as the lower Okanagan. There is enough rain for domestic and agricultural purposes; and irrigation is absolutely unnecessary.

The summer is never excessively hot, and at sun down there is always a grateful dropping of the temperature, bringing cool evenings and restful nights.

In winter there is no extreme cold. This season only lasts about three months and its temperature does not average over 12 degrees of frost. The Spring opens early and almost immediately merges into summer, both the spring and autumn being delightfully mild. The presence of some 79,000 acres of water, as comprised by the Shuswap Lake, in the vicinity tend to equalize the atmosphere in all seasons.

The soil varies from a deep black loam in the valley bottoms to a rich clay



Ranch Scene, Salmon Arm.

and sandy loam on the benches or rolling lands.

Being on the main line of the C.P.R. the dangers of spoilage incurred by excessive handling and transhipping of perishable fruits are minimized, and being also a day nearer the market than branch line points insures all fruit reaching the prairie market in first-class condition.

One of the most striking features of recent Canadian development has been the growth of B. C. as a fruit producing country. The Salmon Arm district possesses stretches of territory calculated to accommodate thousands of settlers, where soil and climate so work together as to produce one of the most fertile districts in the world. Its fruit has already beaten the oldest fruit-growing lands in annual world-competition for the gold medals presented by the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain. Apples of every variety, plums, pears, prunes, cherries, peaches, strawberries and raspberries of rarest quality grow to full and luscious maturity. Their size, flavor and perfection of coloring being unsurpassed.

The markets are practically inexhaustible, the prairie and mining sections of Canada readily absorbing all the fruit; and the large influx of settlers into the country assures a continuous increase in the demand.

A Farmers' Exchange has been established and is carrying on a successful business. This institution has proved to be a decided boon to the producer as it relieves him of all worry in finding a market and collecting accounts. The highest standard of grading has been introduced, nothing but the highest quality of produce being shipped, which permanently places this district in a position to command the highest available prices.

Thos. Earl, of Lytton, who was the first to discover the suitability of this district for fruit-growing, and who was inspector of orchards for some years—appointed by the B. C. Board of Horticulture, in describing the large area of land in the upper country where fruit was being grown successfully, said that all the way from Lytton east along the C.P.R. to Salmon Arm and from there south to Penticton, he found fruit to be doing well; but, he said, Salmon Arm was the ideal spot. Conditions seemed to be just right for the growth of healthy trees, and the flavor and color of the fruit was excellent. Since that time, a few years ago, it has been proved that Mr. Earl knew what he was talking about. W. J. Brandrith, of Ladner, secretary of the B. C. Fruit Growers' Association, says the same after several



Orchard Scene, Salmon Arm.

years spent in visiting the different districts of the Province.

The products of the bottom lands of the valley are varied, it being well adapted to the production of all staple crops. Timothy, clover and alfalfa give heavy crops of fodder. Dairying is carried on extensively, there being some 300 gallons of milk shipped to main line points per day. Mixed farming is successfully followed and should be especially suitable to farmers used to similar conditions in the East.

The large landowners now see that they do not need so much land from which to derive a good income, and are selling in lots of from five to forty acres to suit the incoming settlers. Wild land can be bought from \$25 to \$75 per acre. Improved lands are worth from \$200 to \$1,000 per acre.

There are excellent educational facilities, five public schools in the outlying districts, a splendid four-roomed school with high school department in town.

The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Church of England and Catholics all have well-appointed churches. Good stores of all kinds supply every want, while a branch of that excellent institution, the Bank of Hamilton, flourishes

in the midst. A first-class, commodious and up-to-date tourist hotel was built during last year, and it is a splendid acquisition to the town. The much needed accommodation of a wharf has been supplied, the Dominion Government having made an ample appropriation for its completion and maintenance.

The beautiful waters of Shuswap Lake and tributary streams afford excellent sport with rod and line. Game of all kinds is plentiful along the shores of the lake and in the surrounding hills. Large numbers of tourists and sportsmen find plentiful, pleasant and absorbing occupation during the summer and shooting season.

This is a place where the surroundings all tend to the making of life truly pleasant and worth living, and to the betterment of mankind in general.

This is a place for everyone having a little money with a desire for work, as well as for every one with plenty of money without a desire for work but with a desire for a beneficial and multiplying investment of his means with the positive assurance of an ideal home.

The Secretary of the Salmon Arm Agricultural Association, Salmon Arm, B.C., will supply further information upon request.

The Supremacy of Salmon Arm.

British Columbia is a Province of tremendous natural resources and enjoys unrivalled climatic advantages.

No one can make a mistake in living or working here.

It is of course true that some Sections are more favored than others.

The Salmon Army Valley is justly entitled to SUPREMACY because it combines the advantages of sufficient rainfall and the consequent freedom from the necessity of Irrigation with the maximum number of SUNSHINY DAYS.

It is not in a DRY BELT nor yet in a WET BELT, but rather in a District of happy and comfortable Medium.

In the heart of the Valley lies the Town of Salmon Arm, a settlement possessing splendid Educational, Institutional and Social advantages.

It is on the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 316 miles east of Vancouver.

The surrounding District boasts many bodies of Navigable Water, giving cheap, and easy communication; and has a soil ideally suited to the growing of fruit as well as all the products of mixed farming.

We want you to communicate with us in a frank, candid way.

Tell us your ideas, needs, and requirements, and we shall give every possible piece of information. Booklets and Land Lists for the asking.

The Salmon Arm Realty Co.

SALMON ARM, B. C.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED REAL ESTATE BUSINESS HERE

Seeding Time on the Prairies

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Bury it well with your seeder,
Deep into the procreant plain;
And fill up your patented feeder,
The prairie is hungry again.
Steer a straight line to the sky-line,
Scatter the grain as you go;
Pass up the slight bend to the high line,
Leaving your treasure below.

Give to the earth just a tittle
Of all she has given to you;
Give back to her keeping a little
Of all that is only her due.
Go with a heart that is ready,
Welcome your wonderful guest;
With hand that is steadfast and steady,
Give of the food she loves best.

Give, and the hungry shall bless you,
The markets shall glut with your meat;
The homage of nations confess you,
The Lords of the Kingdom of Wheat.
Crowned with the crown of your labors,
Wielding the weapons of peace;
The click of the binders your tabors,
The harvest your Golden Fleece.

Sow in the Spring-time, refusing
To harbor a thought that would ban;
The soil with your spirit infusing,
Go forth in the strength of a man.
Toil with the hope that is girdless,
Beat out a song as you go;
And pray with the prayer that is wordless,
God and the silence will know.

Yours is the heritage splendid,
Lo! yours is the pride of the earth:
Go, plough till the furrow is ended,
Then take what the furrow is worth.
Many the acres unbroken,
And many the trails unprest;
But the Voice of the Land hath spoken—
The Workers win to the West.



The Home Stores Limited

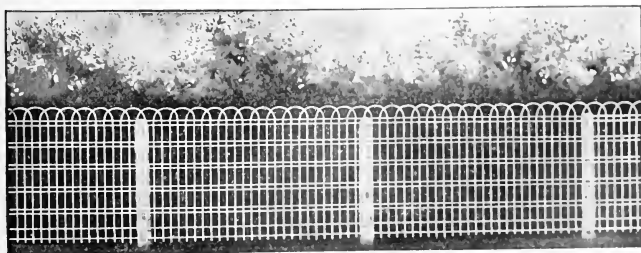
The success of Vancouver City has been phenomenal; but as yet we have only felt the first glint of the Sun of Success whose radiant beams will within the next year or two suffuse the City and miles upon miles around it with a glow of prosperity transcending that experienced by any other Canadian Commercial Centre.

"Nothing succeeds like success," is an adage as applicable to the City as to the individual; and its accuracy is verified by the phenomenal number of new businesses, and enterprises—commercial and manufacturing—that are springing up, and locating themselves in Vancouver. They are acting wisely, and design no doubt to avail themselves of that great tide in the affairs of Vancouver which she has taken at the flood and

which, like that in the affairs of men, will inevitably lead her on to fortune.

One of our new enterprises is "The Home Stores, Limited." It is really to be a Departmental Store supplying everything from a "needle to an anchor." But unlike the great departmental stores of the East, such as that of Eaton & Co., it will neither be a close corporation nor a family monopoly. It will belong to all who invest their money either in buying its shares or buying its wares. It will in fact be a co-operative store in the highest sense of the phrase, having features in its constitution not only new but absolutely protective. These features will act as an automatic guarantee of the Company's fidelity.

The prospectus announces "That the net profits, after providing for expenses,



PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1909 prices and illustrated booklet.

E. G. PRIOR & CO. - VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA 222P

**In Chase & Sanborn's
Seal Brand Coffee you
have the fragrant berry at
its best, with nutriment
and stimulant combined.**

**Rightly made it is a
strength-giving draught
of real pleasure. Try it
to-morrow morning.**

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

97

interest on capital, and the incidental risks of business, will be distributed every year pro rata among the holders of membership certificates."

These certificates will be offered to the Public at \$10 each.

The income derived from the sale of these certificates alone, and nothing else, is to be appropriated for the purposes of dividend to the holders of the Common Stock of the Company. The Preference shares which constitute the bulk of the Company's stock, will receive interest at the rate of 10 per cent. After this, and the payment of the ordinary expenses, the net profits will "be distributed to the holders of membership certificates." The Preference stock is offered to the public at a premium of \$2.50 per share of \$50 each on easy terms of payment; and the membership certificates are payable \$5.00 on application, and \$5.00 six months after.

The Home Stores will also open Cash Deposit Accounts with their customers and for their convenience. Interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable twice a year, will be allowed on these deposits. Orders for either cash or goods will be honoured against these deposit accounts.

Considering the magnificent future of Vancouver as a manufacturing and commercial city, as a shipping and ship-building port, as the Gateway of the Pa-

cific and the Door-way of Western Canada, and remembering the gigantic fortunes that have been made by Departmental stores in the United States and by such concerns as T. Eaton & Co. and Simpson & Co., in Canada, under much less propitious circumstances, the proposal of The Home Stores, Limited, seems to be one not only commendable to the public as a sound investment but one which the average householder should seize with alacrity. He must spend his money on such commodities as The Home Stores will sell; and why should he not have his goods at a minimum price, with interest or dividends amounting to a large proportion of the entire profits on his family expenditure?

The permanent Board of Directors will include well known business men of standing and integrity, and all information is procurable from Mr. A. S. Vaughan, Provisional Secretary, 441 Richards Street, Vancouver, B.C.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

Motor boating at Nelson, the capital of the Kootenays, has for years been a favourite pastime, and the Kootenay Launch Club is looking forward to a large membership this year, as the town now boasts of several motor-boat builders. Among the latest to enter the business is The Kootenay Motor Boat Co.,

Ltd., owned by N. Wolverton and his son, A. N. Wolverton, who is the energetic secretary of the Launch Club. A splendid factory has been built on the shores of the lake, at the foot of Ward street, which has been completely equipped with electrically driven machinery. The company will make a specialty of the "Kootenay Flyers," a combined semi-racing and pleasure boat, besides turning out a line of reasonable priced heavy working motor-boats designed especially for the fruit grower and market gardener whose homes are principally along the magnificent water stretches of the Southern Interior and who find this means the most economical and quickest for getting their produce to the market. The company has secured the sole agency for British Columbia for the Smalley engine, with which they will equip their launches. Several orders are in hand and a fine

racing boat is just being completed for Mr. A. N. Wolverton, which will be entered in the motor-boat races during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition this summer at Seattle, Wash.

WIRE FENCING.

Owing to the rapid increase in the export business of The Page Wire Fence Company, of Walkerville, Ontario, since the introduction of its "Empire" white fencing for railway, farm and ranch use, it has been thought best to have the foreign business handled by a company of a name similar to that of the fencing, and to this end The Empire Fence Export Company, Limited, has been formed. It is owned and controlled by the same people as the old company. The head office and factory will be at Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.



AS REQUESTED.

An official of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill., which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners, tells the following:—

"In October last a man named August Hultzberger took out his first papers. As he was about to leave the court-room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

"In a few days August turned up again. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying:

"'Vell, here I vos.'

"'Pleased to see you, I'm sure,' said the clerk, with polite sarcasm. 'Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here.'

"August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. 'It says, "Redurn in five days,"' he explained, 'und here I vos!'—
Harper's Weekly.

A Canadian Lake

Ada S. Walker

Where the surges break, by a lonely lake
 Encircled by living green,
 Where, his thirst to slake, from out of the brake,
 The wild deer glides unseen.

Where on wave-washed sand, twixt water and land
 The sandpiper spends his days,
 Where the beaver band, as with human hand
 Build homes by the quiet bays.

Where echoes around, the booming sound
 Of the bittern's lonely dirge,
 From the far-off bounds, of the marshy ground
 By the water's ceaseless surge.

Where the white swan glides, as the wave he rides,
 Amidst the flashing spray;
 Where the wild duck bides, in the ebbing tides
 Till he wings his southward way.

Where the silvery gleam, of the seagull's wing
 Flash circles of living light—
 Where the grey loons scream, o'er the waters ring
 As he wheels his lonely flight.

Where the breakers roar, twixt the reef and shore
 In measureless monotone—
 By the echoing reach, of the limestone beach
 Where the waters sigh and moan.

Where the emerald sheen, of the trees that lean
 Far over the water's edge—
 In the depths are seen, like a low ravine
 Where sand-willows line the ledge.

Where the seaweed drifts, by the rocky cliffs,
 On waves crested high with foam—
 Where the silvery rifts, of the wind cloud drifts
 Through the blue of Heaven's dome.

It's there I would stray, far, far, and away
 From all human sights and sounds—
 And I'd dream all day, of the Rainbow Way —
 To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

For 'tis only by that lake so fair
 That the soul finds perfect rest
 In that sweet, pure air, each thought is prayer
 Offered up from Nature's breast.

So there let us go, when from every woe
 Our souls shall desire to part
 Where the breezes blow, and the waters flow
 Near to Nature's inmost heart.

Thus strengthened are we, as we rest by the lea
 In mind, in soul, and in heart,
 More brave and more free from sin we shall be,
 More nobly to play life's part.

SALMON, ARM, B. C.

**We Carry
The Stock**

and can supply your needs in
SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE.

Also

**BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,
GUNS, AMMUNITION,
STOVES, TINWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, ETC.**

NEELANDS & CO.

Salmon Arm.

MY DISPLAY

Of

**FANCY GOODS
SMOKERS' REQUISITES
CONFECTIONERY
JEWELRY and
CHINA.**

is unsurpassed in Salmon Arm.

**I WANT A SHARE OF
YOUR TRADE.**

S. H. LAWRENCE

Frank's Barber Shop.

Is the place to visit when in Salmon Arm. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Face Massage a specialty. Everything up-to-date.

**FRANK P. ROBICHEAD, PROP.,
SALMON ARM, B.C.**

Gibbard & Boutwell

**CARPENTERS AND
CONTRACTORS.**

Estimates furnished on all classes of work in the building line. Sash and Doors, Moulding and Turnings kept on hand at lowest prices

SALMON ARM, B. C.

Homeseekers

When you visit Salmon Arm and need an outfit I can supply you. I carry the largest and best assorted stock of General Merchandise.

S. M. McGUIRE

GENERAL MERCHANT

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED BY THE EVAN'S GOLD CURE TREATMENT

The Evans Institute has now been established over fourteen years in Winnipeg and one year in Vancouver. It has met with entire success, even in cases which had been regarded as absolutely hopeless. The treatment not only entirely dispels the craving but creates a positive distaste for stimulants. It also restores the nervous system, induces natural sleep, creates a healthy appetite and improves the general health of the patient. The treatment is gradual, and patients are allowed their usual stimulants until in from four to five days, they no longer want them.

We refer, by permission, to the following from among the thousands who are familiar with and approve of the Evans treatment: The Hon. Hugh John

Macdonald, ex-Minister of the Interior and ex-Premier of Manitoba; Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, Holy Trinity, Winnipeg; Rev. Dr. Duval, Moderator, General Assembly, Presbyterian Church of Canada; ex-Mayor Andrews, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor Ryan, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor Jameson, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor McCreary, Winnipeg; Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Winnipeg; Dr. F. S. Chapman, M.D., Winnipeg; Judge Pritchard, Carman, Man.; Prof. J. H. Riddell, Winnipeg.

A prospectus containing full information regarding the treatment will be mailed privately on application.

The Evans Institute of Vancouver has now removed to more commodious quarters at

950 PARK DRIVE (Grandview Carline) VANCOUVER, B.C.



RESTAURANTS.

The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 762 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. W. F. Winters.

OLD BOOKS.

I buy Old Books, Magazines, Manuscripts, etc. Have on hand large selection of reference books and works. Write full particulars. E. J. Galloway, 782 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TIMBER

We are exclusive dealers in British Columbia Timber Lands. No better time to buy than now, for investment or immediate logging. Write us for any sized tract. E. R. Chandler, 407 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

If you are coming to British Columbia write and tell us. We will put you in touch with responsible parties who will send you literature. Westward Ho! Publishing Co., Ltd.

MOUNT PLEASANT MILLINERY,

2234 Westminster Road, Vancouver, B. C.

Special Designs
in Modish Styles

The \$5.00 Hat Shop

MRS. M. SINCLAIR, Proprietress

The Most Beautiful Display of Hair

Goods and all the newest styles in Shell Combs, Bands, and Barretts, Wavy Switches, from \$5 up; Straight Switches from \$1.75. Mary T. Goldman's Hair Restorer for the use of ladies and gentlemen, by far the best article on the market.

Mail orders receive the most careful attention.

Madam Humphreys

589 GRANVILLE STREET,

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM

Or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless—we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOURAUD'S CREAM' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For Infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

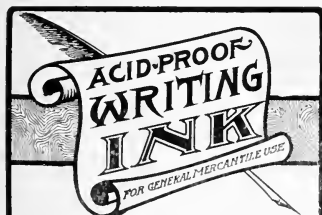
GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair.

Price \$1.00, by mail.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop.,
New York City.

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Wholesale Distributors,
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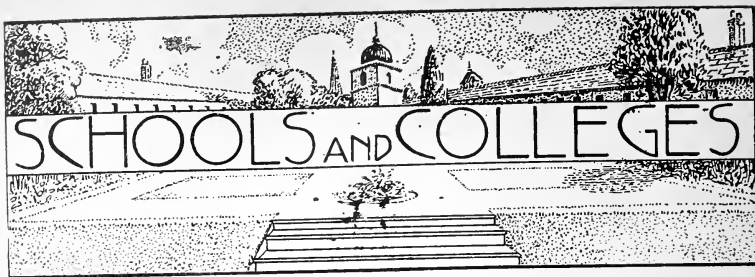
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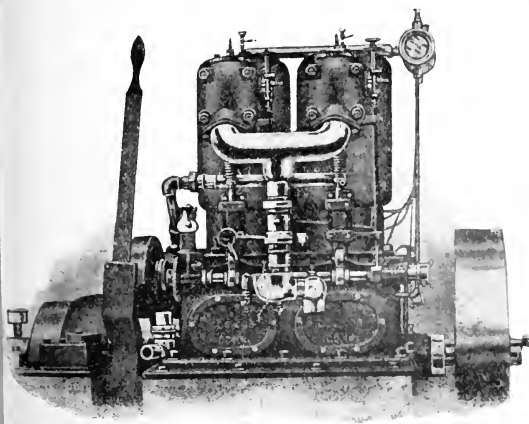
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An advertisement for B.C. Boat and Engine Co. Ltd. It features an oval illustration of a motorboat on the water. To the right of the illustration, the text "B.C. BOAT AND ENGINE CO. LTD." is written in a large, stylized font. Below this, it says "THE 'FERRO,' 'HOLLIDAY,' 'AUTOMATIC' & 'THORNYCROFT' MARINE MOTORS. ALSO MARINE PRODUCER GAS PLANTS". At the bottom left, it says "AGENTS FOR". At the bottom right, it says "CATALOGUE REQUEST".

B.C. BOAT AND ENGINE CO. LTD.
THE "FERRO," "HOLLIDAY," "AUTOMATIC" & "THORNYCROFT" MARINE MOTORS. ALSO MARINE PRODUCER GAS PLANTS
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The fuel bill of our FOUR-CYCLE MOTORS will save you one-half the cost of motor in one season.

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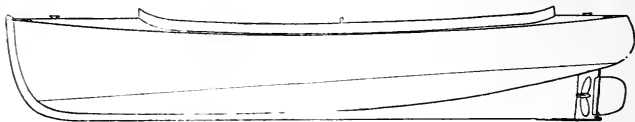
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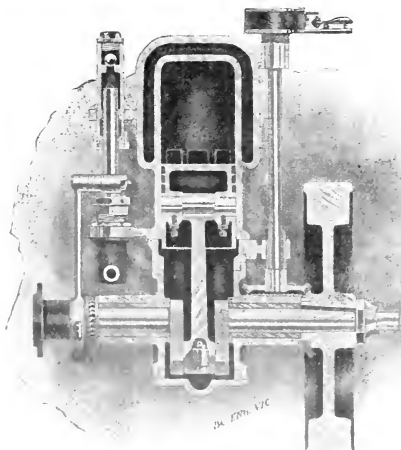
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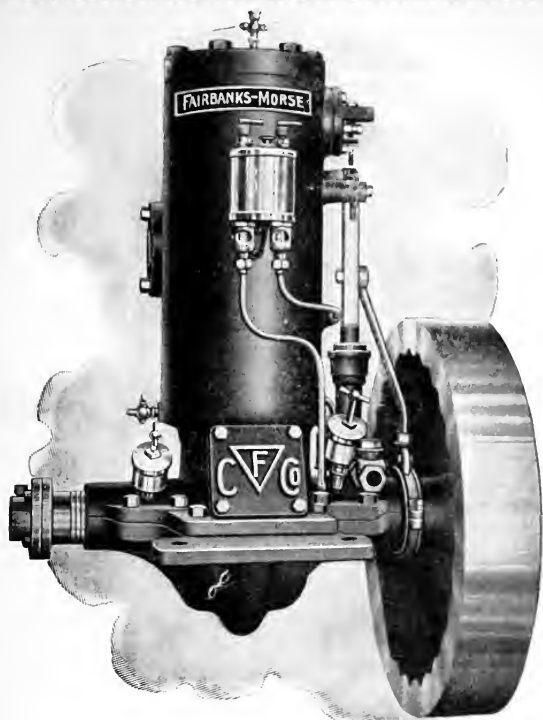
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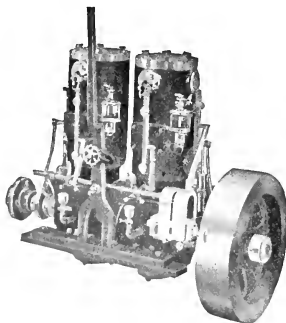
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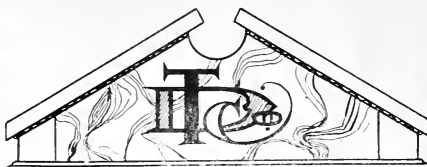
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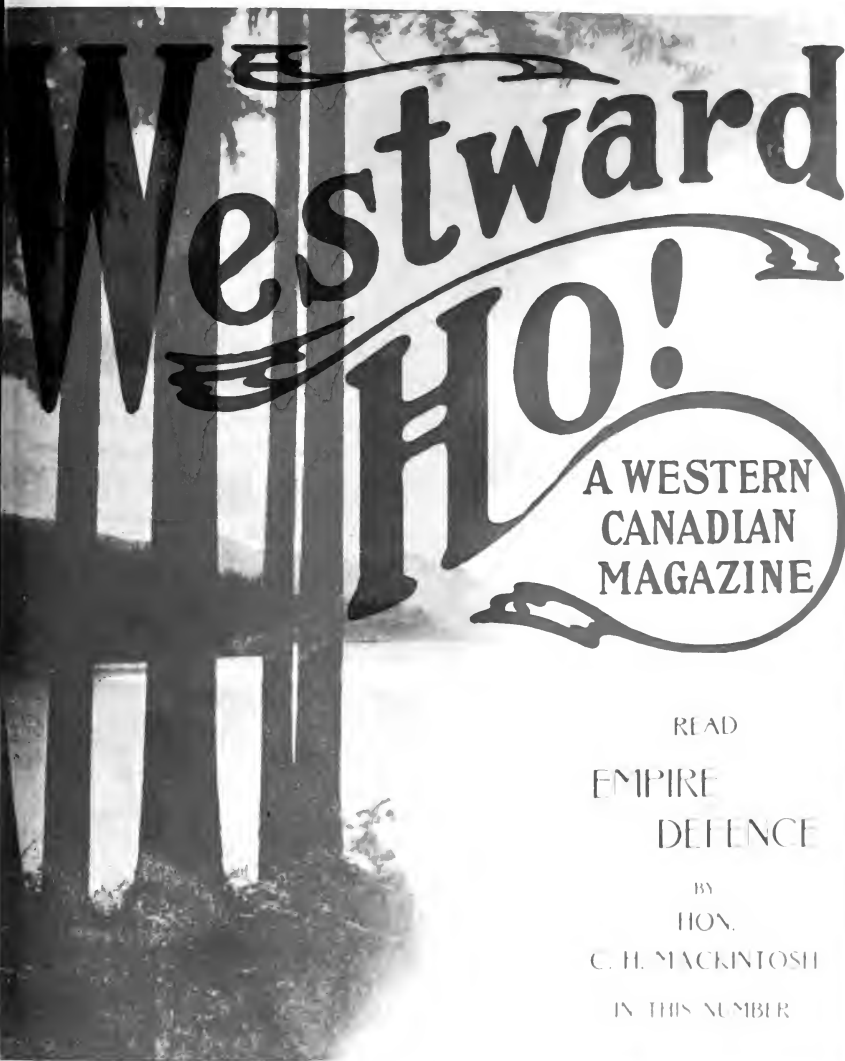




FM
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Vol. IV.
No. 5

MAY, 1909



Westward HO!

A WESTERN
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

READ
EMPIRE
DEFENCE

BY
HON.
C. H. MACKINTOSH
IN THIS NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY THE WESTWARD HO PUBLISHING CO., Limited
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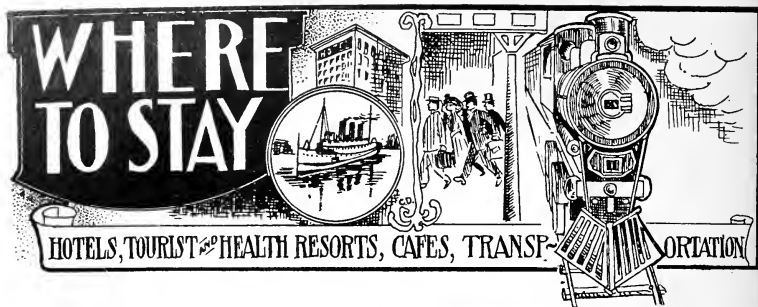
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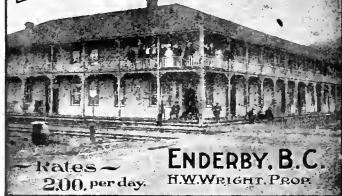
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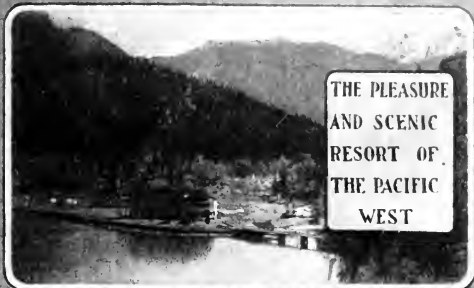
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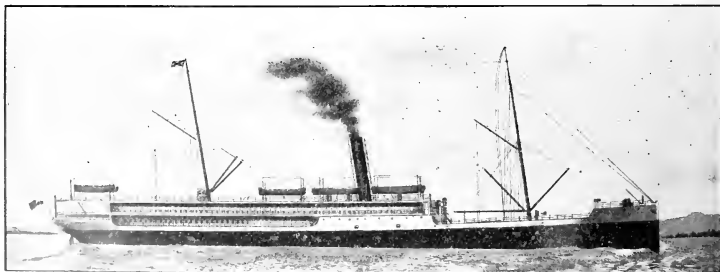
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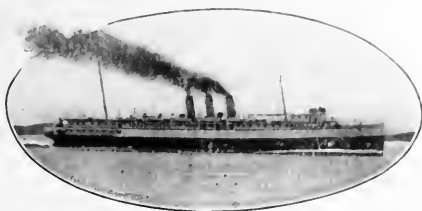
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613 Hastings Street W., Vancouver, B. C.

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



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In Canada and British Possessions, \$1.00 per year. Single Copy, 10c.

In United States, \$1.50. Single Copy, 15c.

THE WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

536 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Notice To Our Readers

Our subscription price for Westward Ho! has been and is now \$1.00 per year for Canada and British Isles.

For several reasons this price in the near future will be advanced to \$1.50 per year; single copies, 15 cents.

The principle reason is that we propose to increase the size and quality of the magazine. It will contain more illustrations and articles of interest to readers at home and abroad. We want Westward Ho!, a Canadian publication, to be the equal of any magazine in America. Of course this cannot be accomplished at one jump—it takes time, but each issue from now on will be a step in that direction. Our June number will be essentially an ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION number. July—the Dominion number, will contain interesting pages with plenty of good pictures, and each number thereafter will feature seasonable topics.

If your present subscription is about to expire, renew NOW!—at OUR PRESENT PRICE; don't wait until the advance, unless you want to give us the benefit of the additional 50 cents.

Remember, your renewal before our advance will carry you through a year of very interesting numbers, and that, too, at the old price of ONE DOLLAR for the twelve issues.

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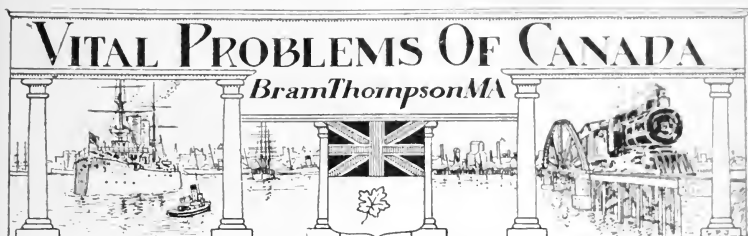
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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Vol. IV.

MAY, 1909

Number 5



Canada's Crux.

CANADA'S NATIONAL EXISTENCE, the most Vital of all the "Vital Problems of Canada," has within the past few weeks been forced upon the Canadian people.

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, to contemplate the apathy to, or obliviousness of, a problem so momentous, until its sudden projection before the Dominion with menacing mien; and 'tis melancholy to record the fact that Canada was awakened to the Vitality of it by a culmination of circumstances, extraneous to her, and to the urgency for its immediate solution by a movement in which she had no part, though it is a movement begotten of two cardinal articles of her own National creed—patriotism, the love of the people for their own land and Nation; and loyalty to the Empire of which that land and Nation form an integral part.

Patriotism and Loyalty! Illustrious and magnificent parents they are of the glorious twin conception—National integrity and Empire solidarity; but, alas

for Canada! She is, so far, only a proclaimer of a faith, and an applauding spectator of a great co-operative work—a work of others—a work in which she was not only entitled to participate, but of which her own geographical position, her vastness, wealth and resources, and the corresponding instinctive behests of self-preservation, might well have made her the Leader.

Canada has been aroused by the cry of Great Britain in danger; but so profound was her slumber, and so quick was her awakening, that at first she was dazed and unable to appreciate the startling conditions that confront her. Like a blind man suddenly invested with sight, wonder and bewilderment for a time transcended every other emotion; and she could neither form, nor give adequate expression to, a correct idea of her newly acquired perspective.

Canada will become calm and composed, and we have no doubt that the voice of her people will be clear, emphatic, and irresistible in its final enun-

ciation. But as this is only an opinion, or rather an expression of faith, the necessity still exists of unravelling the entanglements of the present position.

There are many disseminators of false doctrine, and there are many jarring voices in Canada to-day.

The Truth alone can save us; and the Truth can make us free.

THE TRUTH sometimes is unpalatable; but as long as it is the Truth, I fear not its first effect, knowing that its after consequences completely obliterate all earlier impressions, and bring an eternal relish for the rectitude of reality, and a loathing for spuriousness of sentiment and sophistry of speech.

THE TRUTH is that Canada has been so intent on making and calculating her wealth, that she has forgotten the means of protecting it. This conduct is the quintessence of folly. Similar conduct in an individual, or an enterprising business concern would be reckoned as insanity or madness; and is the Nation to be reckoned as wise, that rejects precautions which are universally employed by individuals and regarded by them as absolutely indispensable?

Will any Millionaire count out his hoards of wealth on his window sill, ostentatiously displaying them before the world, and there leave them unprotected and unguarded in the belief that the admiration of the spectator will stop at admiration and will overpower every impulse to appropriate at least a part of what dazzles his vision? If any Millionaire perpetrated such folly, he would soon cease to be a Millionaire. He would find that a dazzled admiration quickly becomes covetous, and lustful for the possession of the thing that excites it; he would find that he had no alternative but to guard his treasure, and that if he could not guard it or protect it, he would have to surrender it. After its surrender he could remember the remonstrances of his friends, and lament his infatuated credulity. But he could never recover what he had lost—what he had, himself, enticed others to admire, and seduced them by temptation to appropriate.

The arrant folly of such a man is the arrant folly of Canada to-day. That is the Truth, let him who will grin, writhe and twist as he tries to swallow it.

WILL CANADA, OR WILL SHE NOT, SET ABOUT GUARDING HER TREASURE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE? THAT IS THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

To clear our view we must demolish some delusions.

Canada is a Maratime Power, and she aspires to become a Nation of World-wide Commerce; yet she has not even the nucleus of a Navy; and what is more, she does not admit any necessity for a Navy.

Are the people of all the other great Commercial and Maratime Nations fools—the people of Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Japan, Spain, Italy, the United States of America and numerous others? Those Nations, perceiving that Commerce follows the Flag, and that the Flag must be protected even when it floats on the Mercantile Marine, have constructed and maintained National Navies. They have grown to greatness by doing so. Can Canada grow to greatness by ignoring the experience of the World, and by defying the lessons of history?

We are told that "Canada is part of the British Empire and the Imperial Navy, protects us." This assertion when analysed will be found to be untenable.

In the first place, *there is no Imperial Navy.*

There is a British Navy sustained almost entirely by the people of the United Kingdom; but Canada has neither lot nor part in it. I do not say she should have lot or part in it, I simply state the incontrovertible fact that she has not.

In the next place I ask: *Is there a British Empire?* Let us see.

There was a British Empire when the Colonies were Colonies *simpliciter*, and the Over-sea Dominions were outgrowths, or expansions of the United Kingdom. Then the Colony of Canada was entitled to the defence and protection of the British Navy, irrespective of the question, how or where the Naval Revenue was raised.

But, that time, apparently, has passed, for Canada repudiates the name and the status of a Colony.

Constitutionally, I believe, there is no intermediate condition between the status of the self-governing Colony and that of the Nation. But assuming, for the purpose of meeting any contrary opinion, that there was a transitional period when Canada, ceasing to be a Colony, was advancing to Nationhood. During that period I admit that the United Kingdom was under an obligation to co-operate with the embryo, or evolving nation in maintaining its necessary Naval defence; but the obligation was, secondary to that of the new Nation itself, and it should have relatively diminished as the adolescent nation became more and more self dependent. At best the transition was a semi-dependent condition, and if it ever existed, it exists no more, even in the opinion of Canada herself.

ON THE COLONY BASIS THERE IS NO BRITISH EMPIRE, nor is there any obligation on Great Britain to protect Canada. This is Canada's own decision, and let her be the supreme judge.

WHAT THEN IS CANADA, and how does she stand in the world of Nations? She is not Independent, nor does she aspire to Independence.

It is said she is a "*Nation within the Empire*." I believe the phrase is my own, framed several years ago, and used in some recent articles of this series, to indicate in contrast to the idea of National Independence, the greater and more glorious future that must await this Country by simultaneously attaining to Nationhood and co-operating with the Empire.

IS THERE THEN A BRITISH EMPIRE OF CO-ORDINATE NATIONS: AND IS CANADA ONE OF THESE NATIONS?

Canada's highest destiny would be within such an Empire. Great Britain has done all in her power to establish such an Empire. Canada has all the attributes of Nationhood except those powers and prerogatives which cannot be conferred until the responsibilities appertaining to them are fully recognized and undertaken by the Canadian people. The British Empire can be formed and

consolidated by Canada, and the other self-governing States, undertaking those responsibilities.

If Canada had undertaken them voluntarily, she would not be in the humiliating and anomalous position she occupies to-day—a position analagous to that of the wayward son, who persistently asserted his independence, except in the matter of his means of subsistence, which he continued to permit the "Old Man" to provide for him as a matter of honour and glory, and as a memento of the otherwise repudiated paternal relationship.

If Canada undertakes her duties and responsibilities of Nationhood, and co-operates with the other Self-governing States, the British Empire will, so far as she is concerned, be formed; and she will be a Nation within the Empire.

The act and the choice must be her's alone.

The present deplorable predicament is the necessary and natural sequence of pusillanimous procrastination, and puerile prevarication on the part of the Leaders of Canadian thought in grappling with the problems of Canadian Nationhood—problems that for years have been rolling up accumulating complexities and dangers. These complexities and dangers were concealed from the people who were allured or deluded by the *Siren Song* of Wealth without responsibility, of Nationhood without the attribute of Nationhood, until the Country was well nigh within the talons of relentless destruction.

Now that the awakening has come, I am happy to think the *Vox Ducum*, the Voice of the Leaders, is not the *Vox Populi*, the Voice of the People.

The warning that the Naval Supremacy of Great Britain is menaced; that the Fate of the Empire is in the balance; and that the destiny of the self-governing States is at stake, has come with a strange simultaneousness—almost with a united voice—from Whig and Tory, from Liberal and Conservative, from Labourite and Socialist, from the Little Englander and the Greater Britainite. Who can doubt its authenticity when such men as Lord Rosebery, Frederic

Harrison, and William T. Stead—sublime altruistic heralds of peace, affirm it, and proclaim to the people what men like A. J. Balfour and Lord Roberts had previously declared, and what the Liberal Premier of the United Kingdom has now accepted as an indubitable fact? Clearly it is no political or party manoeuvre, nor is it a Jingo Scare.

The fate of the United Kingdom is the fate of the Empire. How often have we proclaimed it, and how often has the echo of our words been the only response? Now, at all events, the fact is recognized; and once again Truth has triumphed.

CANADA MUST NOW DEFINITELY ASSUME HER POSITION WITH ITS RESPONSIBILITIES. Her action must be the action of a self-respecting member of the great Confraternity of Nations that constitute the British Empire. We have had enough of the sophistry, the polite palaver, and the unwept tears of sentimental devotion and love to the Mother-Country that have so long characterized the Imperial utterances in our National Parliament, while we witnessed that same Mother-Country drooping in strength, though still unaided, shouldering the burdens that we ourselves should have helped her to carry.

The Mother-Country, the Mother of our Parliament, the Mother of our Freedom, deserves no doubt our gratitude for the magnificent heritage she has donated us, as she deserves and receives the applause of the World for the beneficent influence she has exerted in the cause of humanity and civilization, through her Naval Predominance.

But shame, a craven's shame must stigmatize the Canadian name, if the people of this Land continue to suck the Vitals of our kinsmen in the old world—the depopulated Irish, the impoverished Scotch, and the financially oppressed English—while we swell in number, year by year, and revel, some in absolute, others in comparative luxury, and all enjoy an atmosphere utterly oblivious of want or of financial care.

The Canadian people will not incur this odium; and they will not transmit it to their children.

I know them too well to doubt their manhood. But they must not be drawn into a wrongful apprehension of what is required of them; and they must carefully discriminate between gratitude and duty, between generosity and the acquittance of an obligation.

The Canadian people must draw an acute line between duty to themselves and generosity to others, between their obligations to the Empire, and gratitude to the Mother-Land, no matter how strong may be the impulses of devotion, and loyalty and love.

If they will do this in the Light of Truth; and if their acts correspond with, and conform to that Light, then Canada will be at once transfigured before our very eyes. We will then behold in reality, what is now only an imaginative creation and a figment—a British Empire with Canada a Nation within the Empire, self-reliantly discharging her own obligations.

What could Canada ask for more; and what higher tribute could be paid to our dear Old Mother-Country than to say that this is all she expects from her daughter people, and from her sister Nations?

How beautiful is this thought, this elucidation of our present complexity, compared with the attitude assumed by so many aspirants to the Leadership of the public sentiments of Canada?

My complaint is against these so-called Leaders, and not against the People; and my efforts are not designed to direct the people whose own inherent appreciation of right and wrong, and whose own instincts of self-interest and self-preservation, will if left to themselves, inevitably find the proper path; but my efforts are designed to demolish the spurious pretexts by which the self-constituted Leaders have decoyed and deceived the people in the past; to demolish them so completely that they can never again be resurrected from the rubbish heap of discarded and disgraced shibboleths.

I am not speaking here as a party politician. I draw no distinction between the Leaders of one party, and another. Both of them appear to me equally culpable; for while those of one party pur-

sued the path of folly, those of the other either concurred in or made little or no effort to counteract that folly; and certainly both failed to bring before the people at the General Election, the Country's unprotected condition, its utter dependence upon the United Kingdom, and the continual and ever augmenting menace that exists to our integrity as a Nation through the growing inability of Great Britain to maintain and sustain an Imperial Navy Force commensurate with the requirements of the Empire, without the co-operation of the other sections of the Empire.

"All roads lead to Rome"; and all these propositions were approachable from our own immediate affairs, as well as through the intricacies of the Tariff Reform movement in Great Britain and the Intra-Empire Tariff proposals which are a corollary, or natural sequence of its success. But none of these themes were admitted to the propaganda of either party during the recent Election to Canada's National Parliament. And what is more, the man who attempted to introduce or speak on any of them, was peremptorily tabooed, or politely told that while he might thunder and philosophise like a Burke, or arouse enthusiasm like a Demosthenes, or a Pitt, a Gladstone or a Beaconsfield, he was stirring up controversies that had better be allowed to slumber for the next half century or so. This was the caucus mandate; and it could not be contravened.

Silence is sometimes as eloquent as words; and no silence is more eloquent than the silence of cowardice.

THE ELOQUENT SILENCE OF COWARDICE during the Election is one of the charges that I bring against the Leaders of the people, concerning the question that has now so rapidly unfolded, and overtopped every other question.

Eloquent silence is not, however, their only offence.

Some of these Leaders availed themselves of other times and opportunities, when the *Vox Populi*, the Voice of the People, could not be heard, to secure the *Auris Populi*, the Ear of the People, and to inculcate as pernicious, and as fatal doctrines as ever were enunciated. Even

in the midst of the present commotion, these doctrines are being rung in our ears.

We are told by Tergiversators, in the form of Politicians, and by narrow-minded Egoists, in the form of Journalists, that though Canada is a Nation, she is in no need of a Navy; that she is a peace-loving Country, without aggrandizing ambition; that she is perfectly safe and absolutely secure; and that she is less an object of envious aggression in her defencelessness than if she were armed and fully protected both by land and sea. Some of them even say that, supposing a hostile attack were contemplated on Canada, *Canada has an adequate guarantee of her safety in the Monroe doctrine.*

These insane declarations would be dangerous indeed if those who enunciate them really believed them. But they do not believe them. They use them for temporizing purposes; and they fulminate them for the sake of bluster. These declarations are contradictory of the most self-evident facts, both of history and of actual conditions.

Because we are a peace-loving Country and devoid of aggrandizing ambition, is no deterrent to the warlike and aggressive propensities of others. If it were, then the United States, in their Naval and Military expenditure, must be colossal fools. The *Monroe doctrine* is their doctrine; it is a doctrine of non-aggression; but it has never been a doctrine of passive resistance. The astute "Yankee" of the days of Monroe, extreme puritan though he may have been, did not sport with his Country's destiny. The United States of to-day have only recently been brought face to face with a condition that ratified the wisdom of those who, while preaching peace, prepared vigorously for war. The *Monroe doctrine*, in fact, was not what these praters in Canada say it was. It was essentially a challenge to the World; and the States, from the start of their National existence, prepared to put the World at defiance.

If they had been content to act in accordance with the interpretation of the *Monroe doctrine* now made by these

Canadian ranters, they would have vanished before now, off the map of Nations; or they would have been obliged to hoist the White Flag and surrender the Keys of their Country to the truculent Jap, when very recently he stood with a menacing aspect at their gate and demanded admittance. That was an instructive spectacle—ferocious defiance in the eye of both; a succession of fierce growls; a curl or two of the nose; and a deep wrinkle and quick recession of the lip from the glittering teeth, firmly set, and savage in size and strength. Then a subconscious conviction stole over both and reflected itself gradually in the eye of each, that the match was too equal for certain victory; and, as if by mutual consent, they mutually withdrew. Withdrew to what? The one to deplore, and the other to eulogise the peaceful efficacy of the Monroe doctrine? No; they withdrew to prepare for war; for preparedness for war, they saw, is the only guarantee of peace.

If now the Japanese were thus defiant with the peace-loving Americans—the inventors of the Monroe doctrine—what would they be with Canada if it were not for one thing—that Canada has Great Britain and Ireland behind her?

THE JAPANESE WANT AN ENTRANCE UPON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Why should they fight the United States, if they could gain a peaceful entrance on the Coast of British Columbia?

To the Jap one part of the Coast line is as good as another.

Does any one believe in face of the avowed determination of the Japs, to dominate the Pacific, that the Government of Canada could negotiate with them on paper about the limitation of their numbers coming to this Country, if it were not for the existence of the British Navy?

Does any one believe that without the British Navy, any Oriental exclusion Act passed by British Columbia, would have any effect whatsoever; that it would not be a wretched fiasco and an invitation to certain destruction?

And does any one believe that the United States who were not strong enough to kick the aggressive Jap from

their own door recently, but by a simulated truce, coaxed him away, would, for the sake of the Monroe doctrine alone, recklessly put to hazard their own Country by trying to drive off the Jap from Canada if he tried to effect an entrance there?

They might; nay, I am sure they would, whether the Monroe doctrine is dead or alive, co-operate with Great Britain's Navy or Canada's Navy to resist the Jap and administer to him a sound chastisement—even to annihilate him. But they would not try to do it alone; or if they did, and if they succeeded, does any one believe they would renounce their right to the Spoils which always belong to the Victor? Certainly not; for the United States that contested so strongly the question of the Alaska frontier, know full well that the Pacific Coast line of British Columbia is the greatest of Canada's great heritages—one of the most valuable assets of the British Empire—all important in Commerce; indispensable in War.

So much for the protection of the Monroe doctrine.

NOW AS TO THE NEED OF PROTECTING OURSELVES.

This surely is a Canadian problem, and very far removed from the Vortex of European Politics against which Canadians are warned.

We have not reached the Era of Universal Peace, and it is not likely to arrive for several centuries—not at all events, while the Oriental Nations are growing resurgent and becoming aggressive, not while the aggressive German is bent upon a Military and Naval dominance, and upon finding an outlet for an expanding population that can no longer find space for their foot in their homeland.

Canada is as likely to be the scene of attack by Germany, as is Great Britain. Canada is more likely to be invaded by Japan than by any other country under the Sun.

Whether at all events, an attack were made upon Great Britain, or upon Canada itself, the destiny of Canada would be involved in any contest by the United Kingdom.

If Great Britain went down in a contest, the Empire would fall asunder. If Great Britain won, it would be with such a depletion of her strength, such an exhaustion of her resources such an impairment of her Commerce, and such a drain for many years to come upon her treasury, that she would be obliged to relinquish her altruistic policy of supporting an Empire Navy; and she would be obliged to abandon the Over-Seas possessions to their own Fate. Another Empire would have fallen!

In face of all this Canada, who boasts so vehemently of the British Empire, and of her imposing place in it, is told that she has no obligations to provide her own protection, or to support in any way, the Navy that now holds the Empire together and imparts to it much of its prestige. Her would-be Leaders, I prefer to call them her blatant deceivers, invoke her against taking any step that might render more difficult a commercial negotiation about the admission of some Foreigner's Merchandise and warn her, with an uplifted finger of ominous portent, not to be drawn into the Vortex of European Militarism.

They say, however, after gallant Australia, and heroic New Zealand have shamed them out of their poltroon passiveness, that springing from a sense of gratitude and generosity, Canada is willing, when the emergency arises, to make any reasonable "Sacrifice" for the honour and aid of the Mother Country. They do not admit that the emergency has arisen or that it now exists.

All I can say is what I recently said at a meeting of Vancouver Citizens, when I was the means of preventing the passing of a stultifying resolution to this effect—however much the boast may smack of loyalty and devotion, it is a three-fold insult. It is an insult to the people of the United Kingdom, it is an insult to the people of Canada, and it is an insult to the Empire.

The cause that is at stake is a cause in which Canada is vitally concerned. It is, in fact, her own.

If the people of Canada admit this assertion, then Canada owes a duty to herself, and an obligation to the Empire.

How can they in performing that duty and that obligation, left so long undischarged, and so long a burden on one portion of the Empire alone, assume the attitude of benefactors and designate their act as a "Sacrifice" on their part, for the honour and glory of the Motherland? This is making a virtue of a necessity with a vengeance.

If Canada does not admit the hypothesis that the cause before us to-day, is a cause of vital concern to herself; if it is not necessary for her either to have a Navy of her own for National defence, or to Imperialize Great Britain's Naval Force by contributing to it, and making it adequate for Empire purposes, then seeing the many requirements she has for capital to develop her resources, the proposal to allocate any part of her Public Revenue, either to found a National Navy Force, or to subsidize the Navy of Great Britain is reckless madness and rank extravagance. It is *Ultra-Vires* of any Elective Government; for necessity and utilitarian advantage are the only justifications for Governmental expenditure.

Is there, then, any present necessity or prospective utility in Canada now initiating the nucleus of a National Navy, or pending her doing so, of her contributing in any way to the maintenance of the Standard of the British Navy, so as to make it, in the meantime, adequate for the needs of the Empire? Assuredly there are both a present advantage, and a prospective utility to Canada herself.

The act would make Canada a Nation among the world of Nations—incalculable present prestige; and a Nation within the Empire—intestimable future splendour!

The Empire, not Great Britain, needs Canada's co-operation.

The Empire needs Canada's co-operation because Canada is a part of the Empire, and the brightest star in the Anglo-Saxon - Language - speaking constellation of Nations now under the British Crown.

Can Canada remain indifferent to anything that pertains to the Empire? Is she so absolutely besotted with selfish-

ness, with self-concentration, that she is willing to be a part of the Empire only on the condition that the prestige derived from it and the protection afforded by the Navy which guards it, cost her nothing—only on the condition that the upkeep of that Navy should be borne by others?

If that is Canada's attitude let her renounce her adhesion to the Empire, and in the words of her own vernacular "Get Out"; and as soon as she has done so, she will find very quickly whether the Singers of the Siren Song of Nationhood without the responsibility of Nationhood, are friends or foes.

But I know this is not the attitude of Canadian People however much it may be the attitude of their temporizing Leaders.

I say, then, Oh Canadian People, ye are a Nation, a free Nation, let quibblers and ranters descant as they may. Ye may, by one single resolution of your own, emerge from, or remain within the Empire. In either case ye cannot exist or attain your greatness or fulfil your destiny without performing the duties of Nationhood. Forever ye owe them to yourselves. They are all that are required from you by the Laws of God or man; all that your Great Sister Nation, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, expects at your hands. By rendering them to yourselves, ye acquit your obligations to the Empire,

within which your amplest scope and most glorious future lie. Render them in whatever way your wisdom and prudence may dictate as being most conducive to your National well-being and safety. But render them; do not shirk them; do not deny them; and do not be deceived longer into the blind belief that they do not exist.

Render them! BE MEN worthy of yourselves, worthy of your great Country, and worthy of the Empire of which ye are a part, whose continued rise must bring you corresponding glory, and whose decline or fall would inevitably efface your Nationhood or project you and your children into a Vortex of Strife and Bloodshed more revolting and more disastrous by far than all the Militarism that Europe has witnessed for Centuries.

In our strong right we bid aggression
halt,

And treason fear our British bugle
call;

Our bond of Empire brooks no vile
assault,

We rise with Britain or with Britain
fall.

Thus shall we take our high and sovereign
place,

And Canada for truth and honour
stand;

A loyal people, a united race,

A happy nation in a glorious land.

A Song of Empire

Blanche E. Holt Murison

For God, and King, and Empire,
We raise the patriot song;
For God, and King, and Empire.
We rally and grow strong.
Defence, but not Aggression,—
We send the challenge back:
Where'er in proud possession,
We fly the Union Jack.

For God, and King, and Empire,
For grander ends of Good;
For God, and King, and Empire,
And nobler nationhood.
For laws that know no barter,
For Freedom's sacred fame:

The glory of our charter,
The honor of our name.

For God, and King, and Empire,
This shall our watchword be;
For God, and King, and Empire,
For Peace and Equity:
That baser thoughts may perish,
And no decadence mar
The heritage we cherish,
Nor dim our splendid star.

For God, and King, and Empire,
Our covenant shall stand;
For God, and King, and Empire,
For Home and Motherland.

The Story of a Frock

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

PROLOGUE

My first glimpse of city life I caught from the show windows of a fashionable dry goods shop in London, where I remained only a few days, being sent from there to a dressmaking establishment, where after being probed with innumerable pins and needles—, my long smooth lengths cut into all kinds of shapes by sharp shears, in the hands of busy women—; I suddenly found myself pieced together again, and transformed into a beautiful gown, to be expressed to the rectory in the little village of Willowsmere, several miles from the roar and traffic of busy London. I now became the property of the rector's eldest daughter,—Miss Nancy Wilmot: and thus began the first chapter in the history of the frock that has marched steadily and decorously through a growing family of fourteen charming girls.

SUCH a pretty frock, said Nancy, surveying her form which I enveloped,—“and how the girls will envy me! I wonder what impression I will make on the new curate, in my gown of gray.”

Then, blushing, she murmured, “How foolish of me.” And donning a jaunty hat, that sat well on her pretty head, she was soon on her way to church, where sitting later in the old fashioned, high-backed pew, she listened to the new curate's discourse on worldly vanity. Very charming she looked, as with downcast eyes and air demure, she joined in the hymns, or bowed her head in prayer.

Evidently the Reverend Walter Allingford, the new curate, thought as I did,—for often I found his gaze wandering towards the gray-robed figure, whose face was suffused with blushes when she caught his glance of admiration.

After services were over, the curate accompanied the rector and his family home, and accepted readily their invitation to lunch at the rectory.

Arthur Dean Wilmot, rector of St. Giles in Willowsmere, was a quiet, methodical old clergyman, living in the belief of the “Lord's tempering the wind to the shorn lamb,” but the winds of adversity howled around the old rectory, and the cupboard was oftener empty than full, as the rector's labors in the vineyard of the Lord were not in a worldly sense, remunerative. The rector's wife, a sad-eyed, meek little woman, aided her husband in his clerical work, and spent many weary hours planning the renovation of the threadbare wardrobes of the fourteen girls, and truly they were a pretty flock,—but “born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air” of Willowsmere, where lads were scarce, and lassies largely in the majority.

Well, to return to Nancy,—for over a year I had done good service in her wardrobe. I felt her heart beat when the curate singled her out from the bevy of fair girls.

I listened to his declaration of love, heard her soft, shy answer and knew the whole story, before it was announced in the family circle, that Nancy was to become Mrs. Walter Allingford.

“Good,” exclaimed Maude, “I am so glad that one of the family succeeded in landing this new fish, for which every girl in the village has angled. Well Nance, you are a dear,” she said, kissing her sister. “It was the gray frock, Maude,” Nance laughingly answered, “and I think instead of including it in Mrs. Allingford's wardrobe, I had better pass it along to you for luck.”

So began the second chapter of my existence—remodelled for Maude. Six

months of wear at church sociables, receptions and concerts, when a new arrival in the form of a young M. D. made his appearance in the village. I was shocked to see the sly flirtation carried on between the doctor and Maude. He became a frequent visitor at the rectory, and it rather amused me that he always looked so innocent when in the minister's presence, who, deeming him a paragon of excellence, made him ever welcome. Many an embrace I received from the M. D. as his arm stole around Maude's waist, and my serenity was much ruffled; but the flirtation did not last long, for the doctor meeting a pretty face with a substantial income, came less often to the rectory, and finally his visits ceased altogether. I was not sorry. Maude wore a dejected air for a few days, then straightway forgot all about him. I have since heard her laugh over her brief romance with the doctor, and when she whispered to Hetty of her engagement to Deacon Dodge, who had been looked upon as a cynical old bachelor,—I smiled at the fickleness of woman.

"But Maude," pleaded Hetty, "you don't surely love that old man, do you?"

"Love him,—you little goose—why no! It's not necessary to love a man to marry him from Willowsmere!—Oh, no,—my dear, there are too many Wilmot's to feed, clothe and house, so it behooves me to accept the chance of lessening the number, and I cheerfully pass along the faithful gray frock to you dear. You will find it somewhat mussed, and much wrinkled, Hetty, child, just as I should be if I remained much longer in Willowsmere."

"But Maude,——"

"No arguments, now, sister mine; run away with the frock, else I may change my mind. I must be off, and tell the rest of the girls that they are to have the adorable deacon for a brother-in-law. Ha—ha!"

I knew her laugh was a forced one, but if her pride was ruffled by the doctor's fickleness, my smoothness certainly was, and many days, poor patient Mrs. Wilmot spent over me, before I recovered from the effects of my wounded feelings, sufficiently, to be made, into a

dress for Hetty, the madcap of the village.

"Now Mammy, dear," she said, as her mother was putting the finishing touch on me, "be sure and make me look charming, for Major Arnold is home on a furlough, and today I intend calling on his sister, Mattie."

"For what?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

"Why, to see the Major's sister, to be sure; but really to catch a glimpse of the brave soldier, who has resolutely remained away ten years, fearing to face the artillery of females in Willowsmere."

"Why Hetty,—your speech is shocking!"

"Now,—now Mammy,—don't scold, with thirteen sainted daughters, surely you can afford one hoyden, but it's all right, for father is going to make some parish calls, and—here he comes now with the gig, so a kiss Mammy, and I must away."

Off she tripped, and I felt quite proud to be worn by such a pretty miss. She jumped into the gig beside her father, and soon the old mare was trotting down the lane, trying to appear young, for at least one occupant of the rickety gig.

We had gotten out on the broad road, when suddenly the mare took a notion to run,—and horrors!—she would not stop. The old gig swayed and lurched, creaked and groaned; the rector hanging on to the reins, coaxed and pleaded, but all to no purpose; we were bowled along at a dizzy pace, when lo!—a wheel rolled off the gig; the rector was shot through the air, and landed in a ditch. Hetty and I were thrown in the roadway, where we lay covered with dust. The old mare fell with a thud, gave two or three convulsive gasps, and breathed her last. Her mission was accomplished; she had run her last heat, leaving us though, in rather an undignified position, at the very gate of Major Arnold's home;—and yes,—it was he who, rushing out, stooped over Hetty, with an air of great concern, to find her, not in a faint as he had probably expected, but laughing immoderately behind her poke bonnet.

"Aren't you hurt?" he asked, lifting her to a sitting posture, with her head resting against his shoulder. (Then I felt her heart give a great leap). "Are you able to walk to my house with assistance, or shall I carry you there?"

"Oh! please don't trouble about me," she answered; "I am all right, but see to my father, for I fear he is hurt."

Looking up they beheld the rector, hatless and muddy, standing before them with a dazed expression in his eyes, and the slime of the ditch oozing from his shabby broadcloth. Another fit of laughing seized Hetty; then, recovering herself, she said: "Forgive me, dear Dad, but you look so funny, I cannot help laughing. Tell me, are you hurt?"

"No, child," he answered, "are you?" "Only shaken up a bit, that is all," she cried, jumping to her feet. Then, catching sight of the prostrate mare, the rector groaned aloud, but Hetty with a demure air, said, "Never mind Dad. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

This was too much for the major's equanimity, and even the rector was forced to laugh. Then the Major led the way to the house, saying: "If you will accept the hospitality of our home, sister and I will do our best to make you comfortable; and if I mistake not, you are my old friend, the rector of St. Giles."

"Thank you, Major, I am glad you have not forgotten your old friends; this is our little Hetty, grown to womanhood. We were on our way to call on your sister, but poor old Joan was in a hurry, and announced us rather abruptly. It will indeed give us pleasure to renew the acquaintanceship," and, crossing the rose-covered porch, we were soon resting comfortably. An enjoyable day was spent at the Major's, and I saw that Hetty had already made a deep impression on the soldier's heart. In the evening he drove them home in his smart trap, and though the village gossips wondered why the Major's furlough was extended from one week to a month, I knew why, and so did Hetty. Then came a parting of six months, but the Major again returned to the attack and carried Hetty off,—a willing captive, to reside in London, as Mrs. Arnold. Such warm

letters as passed between them during the Major's absence, cause me to wonder that I was not severely scorched in the region of Hetty's heart, for after kissing each missive, after several readings, she would hide them in my folds, then she would read and re-read until every word must have been forever fixed on her memory; but when she left for her London home, she gave not a glance toward the discarded gown, that had clung so closely to her in all her happy moments. I was tossed aside, only to be brought to light again by the thrifty mother, who fashioned me into a frock for Gertrude—; docile, faithful Gertrude, who could draw the most wonderful sounds from her violin, and for four months I was her close companion, my sombreness always brightened by a flower, a colored ribbon, or a knot of lace, until I began to feel quite proud of my appearance; then as she outgrew my limits, with a sigh of regret she handed me over to Lucile, the studious one, who so long as she had a book, gave no heed to the color nor fashion of her frock. Each day matters were growing worse at the rectory. With the old mare's death, the rector's work increased, as he had much walking to do, visiting his flock, and laboring hard to feed the hungry mouths at home; there was little with which to feed, much less clothe, these healthy English girls, with increasing appetites and growing limbs.

"You great bookworm," said Edith; "you don't care a jot whether or not you eat, and I am starved; then, too, I am invited to sing on Thursday evening at the Werner's home, but the same old cry is echoed, 'Nothing to wear.'"

"Why I wonder, is it that ministers' families are so poor? I'd like to do something to shock this conservative village."

"For shame, Edith," said Lucile.

"Oh! for shame," says Miss Prudence. Well I would, just the same, only there isn't a man to even flirt with in this humdrum place."

"Why Edith, what would mother say?"

"Fie for shame! What you have just said, probably, but that's not what I am

here for. Now like a good little sister, won't you lend me your gray frock? I must go to that party, it only to spite that horrid Kate Merrill, who thinks Jack Werner has eyes for her alone. What do you say, Lucile? There's a dear. I know you will say yes."

"I will say 'yes' Edith and will give the dress to you, as my merino will last me a while longer, and should I receive the kindergarten appointment for which I have applied, I shall be able to buy a new frock, and I assure you its color will not be gray."

"The nasty thing," I thought. Well, I wanted to see more of life, so felt glad when Edith began to transform me into what she phrased "a dream."

A soft chiffon covered the rents in my sleeves, and formed a ruffe for my neck, and truly Edith made a sweet picture, as dressed in the much ridiculed gray frock, with a scarlet blossom in her dark hair, arrayed for conquest, she sallied forth to the Werner house.

So much for that evening's triumph. Edith is now Mrs. Jack Werner, and I was transferred to Janet, who did not keep me very long in her possession. Growth is no respecter of persons, even of minister's families, and I soon realized that Janet was growing away beyond my means to cover her long limbs, so that ere long Kate claimed me as her own. Then the village school-master came a-courting, and again I listened to the oft-told tale until one bright morning Raymond Sinclair led bonny Kate to the altar, and seeing her pretty gown so dainty and white, I did not marvel that she had no further use for poor, shabby me. However, thought I, it will not wear as well as I, nor reign as long at Willowsmere as has the old gray frock.

Constance—the loving and loveable Constance, then became my possessor, and many a sly hug I gave her, for which the poor hooks and eyes were blamed. I fell in love with Constance at once, and so did all who met her. The crude village folk called her an idle dreamer, but I knew better. She was a poet to her finger tips, and of course I could not help seeing the many charming verses that went under a non de plume

to the London papers, for be it understood, the rector would allow no contact between the rectory members, and worldly literature. In her rose garden many happy hours we spent together, she putting her sweet thoughts into words while the flowers and I listened. I envied the flowers when she stooped to kiss their sweet faces.

The new music master who had lately come to the village, soon found his way to the rectory, bringing his friend, Arthur Wallace, with him, and many pleasant evenings we passed together with Fred Lincoln at the piano, which though quite antique, gave out many sweet sounds beneath his musical touch. Constance listened, and I thought was fast losing her heart under the influence of the music, when an interruption rather made me doubt her. Arthur Wallace became a regular caller, and made himself so attentive to Constance that it really set me wondering. Here, thought I, is a pretty how-do-you-do. There are plenty more flowers in the Wilmot family, why then should he not choose another one, rather than seek to snatch this blossom from his friend? To concerts and parties they went together, until I was losing all patience with Constance, when Fred Lincoln remonstrated with her; then matters went smoothly for the music master, and many a rosebud that had lain against my folds, went away in the lapel of Fred's coat.

The roses are still blooming in the old garden, but Constance comes here no more—I wish I knew why—though I have heard it whispered that she is a journalist in London, and I am not the only one who longs for her return, where the flowers wait her coming. I wish she had taken me with her, for Ida despises my shabbiness, as though I could help it after my faithful service with ten of the Wilmot girls.

Three months only I stayed with her, when an invitation from Hetty for Ida to pay her a visit, brought with it a new dress, and this injunction on the part of Hetty,—“Above all do not bring the antediluvian gray frock, else my friends will mistake you for a page from ancient history that came over in the ark.” How

the girls laughed when Ida read this sentence, but I felt hurt at the ingratitude, though I was somewhat mollified when Caroline said: "I will take the gray frock, for it deserves better at our hands than abuse." I had an agreeable existence with Caroline, who taught a class of boys in the village school. The experience was a novel one to me, as day after day I went with Caroline to school, and noted her patience with her trying pupils. How her poor tired head would ache, but no complaint escaped her lips; so when the village dentist asked her to give up teaching the small boys, and take one big boy as her life's companion, I felt glad when I heard her answer in the affirmative, and then began my short reign with Alice.

"What a strange lot of girls we Wil-mots are," Alice exclaimed to the concave gathered together in the rectory garden. "Here we are all living in mortal dread of being dubbed 'old maids' if no 'Prince Charming' comes our way. Well, I for my part, am going to strike out boldly and forswear marriage. I will henceforth and forever, be known as the 'Bachelor Maid!'"

"What nonsense," answered Florence. "You know you are the best looking girl in the village, and just wait, my lady, until the chance presents itself, you won't say 'Nay.'"

"I shall indeed; I hate man, he is such a conceited creature; he thinks all that is necessary is to ask a girl to marry him, and she will jump at the chance."

"Now don't be hard, Alice," Florence answered. "They are not all alike. You must admit that woman has her full share of conceit, and your views are gathered from the narrow limits of Wil-lowsmere, where men are such a rara avis that there is small wonder that they deem they have but to ask, and they shall receive favor, from our sex."

"You are a dear old wiseacre, Floss, but you haven't changed my opinion one whit, and I again assert I would not marry—not if—"

"Oh!" With a little shriek Alice drew back, her eyes riveted on the hedge. Following the direction of her gaze, they saw a man—yes, actually, a real live

man—leaning over the hedge, his arms folded, and a roguish look in his eyes, as he gazed on the surprised group before him. Then leaping over the low partition he approached them, and doffing his cap said, "Ladies, your pardon; permit me to introduce and explain myself, as you have caught me in the act of eaves-dropping. I am Maynard Chisholm, nephew of the late owner of the property adjoining your grounds. I was told the village held many charms, but was not aware that they were in such close proximity to my lands, else should I have made an earlier advent into Wil-lowsmere. Strolling close by the hedge, and hearing a "Bachelor Maid's vow to celibacy, I stopped to listen, with what result you all see,—a shamefaced penitent, who humbly craves your pardon, ladies."

"Our pardon we cheerfully grant," said Alice, "because since you have listened, you have heard no good of your sex in general."

With the greatest nonchalance he threw himself down on the sward, and was soon joining in the debate. After that his visits to the rectory became quite frequent, and a general laugh arose when Alice confessed to her sisters that she had broken the "Bachelor's Maid's vow, and had become the affianced of Maynard Chisholm.

Then came a change for me. I had grown very shabby, and all my past glory seemed faded and gone; yet the rector's family could not afford to part with me, there being two more girls to be gowned, and little money with which to buy the wherewithal. That last remark relative to the "eternal gray frock," rather upset me, as well as my prospective wearers. Finally a council was held by the family, and it was decided that I, the old gray frock, which had done service for twelve members of the family, should be dyed. I was put under a process in which I turned blue, and then I was fashioned over for Florence. For a few months I was her best frock, then came the gift of a new one, and with not one sigh of regret, I was shut into a dark wardrobe, neglected and forgotten. On a shelf in the corner of

the closet, where I hid from daylight, lay an old poke bonnet, its strings rumpled, its flowers faded and its general aspect about as delapidated as my own. Suddenly, however, I recognized it as having played a part in my career—it having been handed down the long line of thirteen girls, as I had been, so I spoke to the bonnet. "Tell me," I asked, "are we to be condemned to utter oblivion after our years of useful servitude?"

"I think not," replied the bonnet, "for there is Hyacinthe, who will yet require us. She is as you know, a very high-spirited girl, and though she insists that she will not wear the bonnet that has travelled steadily over the road with the old frock, which she despises, yet she will be obliged to accept our services, as there is nothing better for her at present. Oh! The thoughts that have passed through the pretty heads upon which I have rested."

"Yes," I answered, "and the hopes that have beaten in the hearts that I have covered!"

"Ah! But I framed their pretty faces," quoth the bonnet.

"And I clothed their graceful forms," spoke I.

"Yes," said the bonnet, "but you lost your originality when you were dyed—"

"Not at all, my friend, I merely took on a new color, to vary the monotony."

Then the door opened suddenly and Hyacinthe Wilnot stood on the threshold. "The same old frock,—the same old bonnet,—the same old story, since my existence began in the rectory; nothing to eat,—nothing to wear; oh! the misery of it all: our only salvation, a man, and they are as scarce as raiment and food about the rectory. Well, old frock, it's not your fault, but my misfortune. I am going out in the world to earn a livelihood, so you must help make me presentable." Then I was lifted from the peg. Hyacinthe's busy fingers plied the needle all day, and behold! when arrayed in the old blue frock, she stood before the mirror, I hardly knew myself. "Old blue frock," indeed! No I was a model of style, as I clung to the graceful form beneath my folds.

And the bonnet that I had laughed at! There it rested on her golden hair, and scarcely did I recognize my companion of the closet, as I looked upon the coquettish bow replacing the faded flower, and the dainty ribbon tied under the pretty chin. My next recollection was opening my eyes in the prettily appointed library of Lindenvale, where Hyacinthe had taken up her duties as secretary to John Tremaine. When I saw the beautiful gown worn by Mrs. Tremaine, I did not blame Hyacinthe for her remarks about my shabbiness, but I would not have exchanged owners, being now worn with as dainty grace as though I were a creation of elegance.

Hyacinthe was a clever girl, but as she gained favor with Mr. Tremaine, she lost in the sight of his wife, who was extremely jealous, and tyrannized over him by her ready tears. Still, matters went smoothly for Hyacinthe, until one evening when Mr. Tremaine invited company to dinner, among them Alfred Lombard. Hyacinthe wore a black lace gown, and looked charming, as with her chin resting in her palm she smiled demurely up at Mr. Leonard from her desk in Mr. Tremaine's library. "My name," she was saying, is Hyacinthe. I was named after a flower, I don't know why. I am one of a family of fourteen girls. My father is rector of St. Giles, in Wilwismere. I got tired of the hum-drum existence in the rectory, sick of wearing shabby clothes, and of the eternal dish of mutton—

Mutton roasted, and mutton plain,
What's left from Sunday, we'll have
Monday, again;

Tuesday we'll eat the remnants, cold,
Wednesday a mutton hash tale is told,
Thursday we pick all the bones so clean,
That Friday, no mutton is left,—I ween.
Then Saturday morning with hearts devout,

We thank the good Lord, that the
mutton is out;

While the rector asks blessings on what
we eat,—

Dear Lord, send not mutton again,—we
entreat.

Oh! dear me, many times and oft, have we girls sung these words to the air of a hymn, while dear old Dad, not hearing distinctly, looked smilingly, at his supposed sanctified daughters. Then the old frock, and the ancient bonnet. Ah! I wish a story might be written of the hearts that have beaten beneath the frock, that has marched faithfully through the ranks of fourteen girls, and the thoughts that have passed under the bonnet, that has kept religious pace with the threadbare dress. You asked me to tell you something of my life; I have told you all, but I don't know why. Now pardon me, for I must finish my work."

Mr. Lombard made a few remarks, and then went into the garden to join the rest of the party. Hyacinthe laid down her pen, approached the mantel, lifted from thence, Mr. Tremaine's photograph, carefully flecked off some specks of dust, with her dainty handkerchief, held it off at arm's length for several seconds, and then bringing it nearer her face, she imprinted a kiss on the unresponsive card. There was a crash of china, the picture was snatched from Hyacinthe's hand, and Mrs. Tremaine, her eyes blazing with wrath, stood before her.

"Impertinent Hussy," she gasped, "How dare you? So you are the mild-faced hypocrite who is stealing my husband's affection! Not another day shall you remain under my roof; there is a train leaves here tomorrow morning, for Willowsmere, and you will go from hence then, but remember, the true reason for your going must remain a secret, between us two—you hear me?"

"I hear, but as I am engaged by your husband to do his work, I shall not take orders from you. When he bids me go I shall do so, and not until then!"

Down sat Hyacinthe at the desk, pen in hand, and began writing industriously.

Gathering up the fragments of the broken teacup, and starting for the door, Mrs. Tremaine said: "You will receive your orders in a very short while, from my husband."

Just then, into the room came Mr. Tremaine. Twining her arms about his neck, Mrs. Tremaine said: "John dear,

I want you to tell Miss Wilnot that you no longer require her services."

A look of surprise crossed his face as he inquired: "For what reason Mildred, do you ask this thing?"

"Well, I want you to tell her to go. Is not that sufficient reason?"

"No, it is not, and I refuse to comply, until some just reason is given."

The following morning Hyacinthe was in the garden, culling roses. She looked so sweet and dainty in her soft pink frock, that I did not blame Mr. Lombard for the glance of admiration which he cast upon her, while he pleaded for "just one little rose."

"There are many in the garden," she answered, pluck one for yourself," and she passed on, leaving him standing with a puzzled expression on his face. She had gone but a short distance when meeting Mr. Tremaine she stopped, and taking from her basket, a crimson rose, "Allow me," she said, and forthwith placed it in the lapel of his coat; and there at a distance, glaring through the bushes stood Mrs. Tremaine, taking in the whole scene. She waited to see no more, but in high dudgeon left the garden, and darted off towards her father's home. Mr. Tremaine and his friend had breakfasted in the garden, and were regaling each other with college reminiscences, when the butler interrupted their tete-a-tete.

"Please sir, and your pardon sir, but the servants be a-talkin', an' cook says how she haint be goin' to Miss Wilnot, for orders."

"What?" roared Tremaine, "they are talking, are they? Well you tell cook that she need not go for orders but she shall take them from me. Now, you hear, and listen: any more talk, and you will all leave my employ for good."

Then said Tremaine to his friend, "I hadn't thought of this complication. Zounds! I shall not send for my wife. If she returns she must do so of her own accord, for I am weary of her eternal tyranny of tears over mere trifles. I will find Miss Wilnot though, and tell her she must not remain here."

Suiting the action to the word, he was soon in conversation with his secretary

at the other end of the garden. "Miss Wilmot, I regret to say that under existing circumstances you cannot well remain longer at Lindenvale, as the mistress of the house has left here because of my decision to keep you in my employ. Your remaining longer beneath my roof would but jeopardize your good name."

Hyacinthe had been standing, slowly pulling a rose to pieces, its red petals falling like drops of blood from between her white fingers, on to the grass at her feet, when suddenly she knelt beside the table, and burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"Listen, child, to me. I would be a brother to you, and as such counsel you. Mrs. Tremaine has said that while you remained under my roof, she would not remain. I, deeming her petulance but a whim, insisted on retaining your services, and allowed her to depart, thinking she would return penitent this morning. She has not done so, and now knowing fully the circumstances, I owe her an explanation, as well as an apology which I shall make without delay. Even now, should she return, it would not be possible for you to remain here. I will provide you with good references, and your salary will continue until you are established in another position, but until then, no roof is as safe to shelter you as that of your parents. Mrs. Tremaine will probably return today, so you must prepare to leave as soon as possible."

He was gone, and still Hyacinthe sat where he had left her, her chin resting on her hand, and a look of defiance in her eyes.

"Of what are you dreaming, Miss Wilmot?" asked Alfred Lombard, as he stood before her.

"Of the hopelessness of life," she answered. "Mr. Tremaine says it is no longer possible for me to remain here, and advises my return to Willowsmere. Oh! I'd rather die than return to that poverty again."

"Why go back?"

"There is nothing else for me to do," she answered.

"Hyacinthe," he said, "I have not known you for long, nor do you know me, but in the short space of a day I

have learned to love you. Will you not give me the right to look after your future, and share with me my home in Landsmere?"

"But I do not love you!"

"Will you not try to do so?"

"Oh, yes! I can try, and it will not prove much of an effort, for I admire you greatly now."

"Ah! Here comes Jack Tremaine, and I declare, his wife is with him!—Just in time old fellow; allow me to present you and Mrs. Tremaine to my intended wife—Hyacinthe Wilmot."

An expression of surprise showed in Mrs. Tremaine's face, but making the best of the situation she extended her hand to Hyacinthe, while Jack Tremaine and Alfred Lombard, strolled away together.

"So you have engaged yourself to Mr. Lombard, have you?" she asked suavely.

"Yes, I have," answered Hyacinthe. Do you object? Your husband no longer required my services, therefore I was obliged to seek another position, and Mr. Lombard happening along, offered me one as his wife, so I accepted, and will now relieve you of the disagreeable duty of advising my hasty departure from Lindenvale. But before I leave, allow me to give you a little wholesome advice. If you would retain your husband's affections, don't tyrannize over him with your tears, and don't smoothe his hair when he wants it rough, nor rough it when he wants it smoothe."

"And so, you would offer me advice? Well Miss—mine to you is, if you would avoid embarrassments, don't go through the world kissing photographs of married men, while their wives are liable to catch you in the act. And now, goodbye,—may your future be a happy one."

Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine bridged over their differences, and Hyacinthe became Mrs. Lombard, while I—the old blue frock, am preserved by her as a family joke—the poor old frock that marched steadily and faithfully through a family of fourteen girls—knowing their follies, foibles, and virtues, and loving them all,—bless their sweet hearts.

"Bless their bonny heads too," echoes the old poke bonnet; and I fervently answer—"Amen."

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THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY
ANNIE S. SWAN

EPITOME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

This thrilling and pathetic story has reached a stage in its serial publication when, for the benefit of our readers who have missed the pleasure of reading its initial chapters, it is desirable, and indeed necessary, to epitomise it up to date, and thence-forward from month to month till its final culmination.

CHAPTER I. Is the revelation of a financial catastrophe in which John Reedham, then about 44 years of age, and a partner in the firm of Lowther, Currie & Co., stands out as the conspicuous figure and the culprit. The other partners are Sir Philip Lowther, James Currie, and George Lidgate.

Lidgate is the only partner at home when the revelation takes place. He had been the friend of Reedham for 20 years. The two confront each other; and as the senior partners, Lowther and Currie, hard relentless men, were to return next day, Lidgate determines to give Reedham a chance of escape and an 18 hours' start of the hounds of justice and retribution.

Reedham avails himself of the offer, and on departing implores Lidgate to look after "Bessie" and the boy. "Bessie" was his wife, a beautiful and fascinating woman, 34 years old, thoroughly devoted to her husband; and "the boy," whose name was Leslie, was his son, then 14 years old, at school.

Lidgate proceeds to Reedham's home and discloses the defalcation to Mrs. Reedham, whom "he had loved and lost"; but the existence of his love seems to have been disclosed for the first time at this dire and disastrous interview.

CHAPTER II. James Currie, one of the stern and relentless partners, visits Mrs. Reedham, and in the heat of his inveighing against her husband, Leslie, the son, suddenly enters, and having heard the closing words of the animadversion he practically orders James Currie to retire. This was the first declaration of the fervent faith of a sanguine boy either that his father was innocent or that he would return and remove the stain on his life by a noble retribution.

From the first, in spite of an apparent kindness and an evident desire for conciliation on Lidgate's part, Leslie evinced a distrust and hostility to Lidgate.

CHAPTERS III and IV. Reedham, disguised as a broken-down clerk, seeks shelter at the house of an old servant of his Mrs. Mary Anne Webber. She did not recognize him, but he reveals himself to her, rents a room in the house; and thenceforth, with the secret of his identity known to her alone, he becomes Thomas Charlton. The Rev. Mr. Fielden, Vicar of St. Etheldreds, gives him a card of introduction to Archibald Currie, the brother of James Currie, his former partner. Archibald Currie is one of the "finest types" of generous, benevolent, business men; Charlton calls on him at his home, and obtains employment at the warehouse, 18 Old Broad Street, London.

Archibald Currie had in his home a young lady, named Katherine Wrede an orphan, whom he regarded as his ward and who called him Uncle. She at once gets interested in Charlton, and Archibald Currie told her, in taking Charlton, he was "drawing a large cheque on the Bank of Faith." But hearing that even in the intense excitement and indignation at his fall, all loved Reedham, Katherine Wrede said to "her Uncle" that people "don't talk like that about a weak or merely wicked man."

Stephen Currie, a son of James Currie, now appears on the scene and makes love to Katherine Wrede, which she sternly resents.

Thomas Charlton works along in the office of Archibald Currie, becomes his confidential clerk, and gains position and influence day by day to the disgust and disappointment of one man only—Richard Turner.

CHAPTERS V. and VI. A year elapses. Bessie Reedham is keeping a small house in Burnham for paying guests or boarders. The boy leaves school; takes a position as a book-keeper which he forfeits on account of a resented remark made about his father.

Lidgate at this juncture returns from a trip to America. Interviews Mrs. Reedham, who still believes her husband is alive and will clear up the mystery. At the interview she asked Lidgate the amount of the defalcation, as she said: "Leslie was to consider it his debt and would redeem it." This, too, was the boy's ambition. Noble boy worthy heart! Lidgate goes to Archibald Currie, and gets Leslie a position in his office. Lidgate reveals to Katherine Wrede his love for Mrs. Reedham and declares he would marry her only he dare not propose such a thing.

Lidgate, while going in to interview Archibald Currie about the boy Leslie, encounters "Thomas Charlton" coming out. No recognition on Lidgate's part. Angry and bloody sweat to Charlton.

Lidgate and Archibald Currie discuss Reedham's strange case, and make conjectures. Katherine Wrede in turn discusses Charlton with her uncle, and affirms a growing trust and confidence in him.

Stephen Currie again appears on the scene, and makes new declarations of love, which Katherine resents.

Richard Turner, the envious employe of Archibald Currie, now begins to display his ferrety instincts, and dogs the steps of Charlton to his humble abode. This is the beginning of a strange revelation, and of the depicting of a class of character very familiar and very revolting. Turner himself was an utter incompetent and was retained by Archibald Currie solely from feelings of charity.

CHAPTER VII. Leslie Reedham received into the office of Archibald Currie, and placed under the charge of Charlton! Surely at that moment of anguish and trial the latter had fully expiated all the misery he had wrought.

Leslie tells Charlton at their first introduction about his father and reasserts 'his fervent faith that he will one day vindicate himself.

Charlton tells Mary Ann Webber of his new boy-charge.

Possibility of Charlton, whose position and influence with Archibald Currie were now fully assured, going abroad to disentangle some complications connected with the Colonial branch of Archibald Currie's business.

CHAPTER VIII. Charlton gains the entire confidence of his employer, and business of vast importance in Africa, requiring either the principal, or a trusted representative, it is arranged that Charlton should assume the position of plenipotentiary, and proceed immediately.

James Currie tries to get Archibald Currie to promote the love-suit of his son, Stephen, but fails. Then he tries to disparage Charlton, by suggestion and innuendo; but Archibald adheres to his opinion, that finds ready support from Miss Wrede, that Charlton is a man to be wholly trusted.

"If you engineer this business successfully, I'll make you a partner when you come back."

Great prospect of Charlton's quick restoration. But, Richard Turner, himself an inanity, jealous, unscrupulous, ferrety lurks in the underground. Oh! accursed brood.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPY.

28, Burnham Road,

Clapton, N.E.,

May 14th.

NEXT morning Charlton was startled to find on his desk a letter addressed in a quite familiar handwriting. It bore no stamp, but he needed no telling whence it came. Was not every character familiar; how many times he had joked and teased his wife about her dashing lines, her somewhat fantastic style. Yet it was characteristic too, for Bessie Reedham with all her sweetness would be very determined when occasion arose. He toyed with the letter, not immediately opening it. He could guess its contents, and also surmised that the boy had brought it. He had nodded to him as he came through the office a few moments before, and had even been struck by a certain wistfulness in his expression; a look that put into words might have said: "Why do you go away?" He looked at his other letters, even opened one or two, but so languid was his interest that he realised his wife's letter must be opened first. He did not break the seal, but cut it open very carefully, even with a lingering touch as one handles a precious thing. There were only a few words written on the page.

Dear Sir,

I beg that you will excuse my intrusion, but I have heard from my son that you are about to leave England for a considerable period, and I feel I should like to offer you before you go my heartfelt thanks for your very great kindness to the boy. He is never tired talking about it, and I can easily gather how exceptionally considerate and helpful you have been to him. I do not know whether you are aware of the distressing circumstances of my life, of how little chance there is that I shall ever be able to repay you. But at least you have won the lifelong gratitude of a woman who has suffered beyond the common lot. It is my earnest desire and prayer that the boy himself may prove grateful and worthy your almost fatherly kindness. Wishing you the fullest success in your undertaking, and a speedy return.

Believe me, yours gratefully,

BESSIE ALICE REEDHAM.

Charlton smiled strangely as he laid the letter down, and dropping his chin in his hands, kept his eyes fixed on the written words. But it was not of them he was thinking at the moment. A sudden temptation came to him to make a

clean breast of the whole circumstances, to go out to Bessie and take her to his heart. His heart beat a little at the thought, but he tried to repress the ardour of his desire, telling himself the time was not yet ripe. This journey to the Cape, if brought to a successful issue, would certainly so consolidate his position that it would be safe to own up. Even the money might then be restored, for everything is forgiven to a successful man. "No, no, we must wait, poor old girl," he said tenderly as he folded up the letter, "I must not even write unless I dictate it. I'll send a message by the boy."

He replaced the letter in its envelope and slipped it into an inner pocket. It touched something there that impeded its smooth progress. He put his hand in a trifle impatiently, and drew out a piece of tissue paper in which something was wrapped. Then he flushed dully, for it was the rose Katherine Wrede had given him, and which he had said should be his talisman of success. He changed it to another pocket, and then with a sudden effort of the will took it out again and threw it in the small, clear fire, which the chill of May mornings rendered acceptable. It was the right thing to do, yet he did not like to hear it crackle. He rose and stepped out into the office where all the clerks' pens were scratching busily, and made his way to the particularly high stool on which Leslie Reedham was perched. He spoke a few kind, almost tender words to the boy, and while he was speaking the head of the firm came in, smiling genially, as was his wont, on one and all.

"You seem very fond of that boy, Charlton," he remarked, as Charlton followed him to the private room. "I don't wonder at it; he's a promising lad, and his mother will be grateful, I am sure."

"She wrote to me today, thanking me," said Charlton, with some difficulty. "But it's a very trifling thing, after all. The initial kindness, the great service, was rendered by you."

"Ah, yes, that's very true; but more even depends on the environment after the chance is given. Now, that lad's spirit would be easily crushed. Put him

under Turner, for instance. His jeers and jibes would soon take the heart out of a sensitive lad like that. I wish you'd tell me what to do with Turner, Charlton. I don't like him. I've tried to get over it, and to be just to him, but something tells me I ought to get rid of him. He's merely an eye-servant, and a poor one at that. But I think of his wife and children; I am told he has five children, and at his age he wouldn't find a berth so easily. I fear I must endure him a little longer.

Charlton made no reply. He did not care for the man, and could easily have proved a case against him. But gratitude for mercy vouchsafed to himself made him generous and forbearing towards others.

"Keep him on, sir," he said in a low voice, "as long as you possibly can. As you say, he will not easily find a berth."

"Well, since you plead his cause, I'll leave him in the meantime. But I wish I could feel more certain about him. I don't trust him, as perhaps I ought——"

Immediately he changed the subject, for there was much to discuss and settle regarding affairs at the Cape. Next afternoon Charlton left London with a wonderfully lightened heart, determined to put forth the most strenuous efforts on his employer's behalf, to leave no stone unturned to make his commission a success. Had Archibald Currie even faintly guessed what that success might mean to the man who had undertaken the journey, he could not have had a single qualm. But indeed he had none, and that evening, over the dinner-table at his house in Hyde Park-square, he extolled him to the skies. Katherine seemed to listen so well-pleased that a curious thought—or, rather, intuition—flashed through Archibald Currie's mind. Seldom had she appeared so interested in any man.

"You still like Charlton, Katie?" he said inquiringly, as he took up the half-glass of '47 port with which he invariably concluded his dinner.

"Yes, I like him," she frankly replied. "He is simple, honest, and sincere. And so much a gentleman. I would give

something to know the story behind those eyes."

"And if it should be a discreditable story, as James assured me yesterday was most likely?"

"Nothing could make me believe that of Mr. Charlton," she replied, in the same firm, steady tone.

"Well, he's a lucky man to have gained your confidence—generally a difficult feat for his sex," observed the old man whimsically. "There's no doubt about his ability, at any rate; and my mind is extraordinarily at ease about the Cape affairs. Well, I heard today of an old Dorset Manor House that may suit us, I think. Not too much land, but an ideal house, and the old oak in it they say is worth a king's ransom. Yet it's to be had cheap. It belongs at present to Gelderstein, the stockbroker, who bought it from Lord Brinkwell. Shall we go down on Monday and look at it?"

Katherine was all interest at once, and they went on to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of country life, while Charlton, tossing on the English Channel, was thinking of the strange web of his fate, and speculating regarding its ultimate issue. Against his better judgment he had penned a note in a disguised hand from the boat at Plymouth to his own wife. It was unnecessary, also, since he had sent a verbal message of thanks by the boy. But the temptation was too great. A good many people in London thought of Charlton that night, the majority of those immediately interested wishing him well. Among them Mary Anne Webber, busy putting away all his things, having liberty to let the rooms if she could in his absence, pondered on the lapse of time, and how apparently, without regret, he had been able to live the solitary life. It was inexplicable to her. Mary Anne was an elemental creature. Cut her off from the usual routine of life, withdraw from her the ordinary family ties and obligations and she would be at sea. She could not understand Charlton: she had given up trying. More than once she had hinted that it could not be right for his wife to remain in ignorance of his whereabouts, and on the morning of his de-

parture he had called her in, and, partly explaining the nature of his journey, had said that on his return all would be cleared up; with that she was obliged to be content. In the interval, however, another person intervened in time to hasten matters to a crisis.

Turner, by nature a spy, had easily discovered his rival's place of abode, as well as the very few and quite innocent facts regarding his private life. A mere suggestion thrown out by his wife, a stupid creature, at the best, had sent him off on a strange track regarding Charlton. When he discovered that Mary Anne Webber had once been a servant in the Reedham's house at Norwood, he began to piece the story together; Charlton's absence from London gave him an extraordinary favourable chance to prosecute the inquiries which, if satisfactory to Turner himself, would put a very effective spoke in Charlton's wheel. There are men to whom no dirty work comes amiss. Turner was in no way troubled with any qualms regarding his underhand dealings where Charlton was concerned, and continued to proceed with them in a leisurely fashion. He had a final step in view, but was in no haste until Charlton should be well across the ocean.

It was the month of June, on a fine Saturday afternoon, when riding on the top of an omnibus all the way from Victoria, he arrived in the Camden-road. He wore a light tweed suit, a straw hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; and he smoked hard all the way through the crowded streets, while he pondered on all the issues which might arise from that afternoon's work. If his suspicions should really prove to be correct, he was not even certain that he could not claim a reward from Scotland-yard. Just two years ago John Reedham had been badly wanted by the authorities. The excitement grew upon the spy, and he was glad to get off the omnibus at Britannia and take a brisk walk for the remainder of the way.

His visit was to Mrs. Webber, and he had decided upon a very bold move. He found the house without difficulty, hav-

ing on two occasions shadowed Charlton almost to the door.

The exterior of No. 47 in the crescent was very trim and inviting, with its clean curtains and bright window boxes. A card with "Apartments" printed in bold letters in the sitting-room window furnished Turner with an excuse, if he required any, for intruding on Mrs. Webber.

Mary Anne was very busy getting ready to take her numerous brood out to tea at the house of her sister-in-law at Dalston, and was considerably flustered when Alice said a gentleman was in the sitting-room waiting to see her. She kept him waiting some few minutes, and was profuse in her apologies when she did appear at last, very red in the face, but resplendent in her Sunday clothes.

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said Turner smoothly. "I'm in no hurry at all. Merely lookin' for rooms for a friend of mine. Saturday afternoon may be inconvenient for you, ma'am, but for a business man like myself it suits uncommonly well. Fact, it's the only time we have to do a little business."

"Yes, sir. I understands, but though the card is hup in the winder, it can't be a permanency, as the gentleman wot 'as 'ad 'em is only away for six months, an' I promised to keep 'em ready against the time 'e comes back."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand," said Turner, and in spite of himself his voice betrayed a sort of trembling eagerness. "Fact is," he added, lowering his voice, and suddenly jerking his thumb vaguely round the room, "all fair and square here, Mrs. Webber, nobody but friends in this house, eh?"

"We are friendly folks, sir, yes," said Mary Anne, but a trifle drily, for she did not feel favourably impressed by the stranger, and his familiarity somehow annoyed her.

"Fact is, Mrs. Webber, I shouldn't have known of these lodgings except through the gentleman we needn't name. He recommended them to me."

"Did 'e? Well, it's queer 'e didn't tell me. 'E wasn't at all keen about my lettin' 'em, and would 'ave paid while

he was away. But as I pointed out, it was a silly waste o' money; an' 'e 'avin' to spend so much travellin' about. An' I promised to put all 'is things away an' tike great care o' 'em. How long would your friend want the rooms for?"

"Till Mr. Charlton comes back. You see, we're all pals, we saw him the last thing before he sailed. We are in the know, you see, ma'am," he added, lowering his voice. "We were friends of John Reedham's before Thomas Charlton was ever heard of—"

He spoke the words deliberately, and watched with ferret eyes for signs of their effect on the woman listening to him. He saw her start, and a deepened flush overspread her face. But she shut her lips.

"I dunno what you're talkin' abart, sir," said she. "My Mister Charlton will be back this side o' Chrissmus. If any gentleman likes to tike the rooms knowin' 'e'll 'ave to turn hout the moment Mister Charlton come back 'e can 'ave them a sovring a week hand no extries."

Turner nodded and slightly winked. He had not perhaps achieved the instantaneous effect he had looked for, on the other hand he had not failed. The start, the flush, the uneasy eye of Mary Anne told their tale. Turner was now absolutely convinced that Reedham and Charlton were one.

"Well, I'll tell my friend he may call next week to see the rooms. Meanwhile I'm certainly obliged to you, good-day."

"Good-day," answered Mary Anne with most unpromising severity, and as she closed the door another word escaped her lips. "Varmint!" She sat down trembling on the hall bench, and vigorously fanned her face with her handkerchief. She had very nearly given herself away, indeed she was not quite sure whether she had not done so wholly. The memory of Turner's eyes upon her when he had uttered Reedham's name made her feel cold yet. She was wholly miserable lest she had inadvertently wrought some mischief to the man she had so long befriended. Turner, sneak and spy, had found her off guard. She

felt that though her spoken words had been all right, her looks had belied her.

The children came clamouring on the stairs to know when she would be ready to leave for the party, and with a sigh she was obliged to put her own misgivings on one side. Tomorrow was Sunday, she told herself, as she gave little Tommy's collar a somewhat impatient jerk to bring it into position. Perhaps then she might steal an hour for quiet reflection. She would send the children to the park in the afternoon and perhaps pay a visit to Burnham-road, Clapton, where Mrs. Reedham lived. She felt that this might be the right thing to do—something warned her that Turner was a person to be guarded against, and that he had treachery in his black heart regarding John Reedham. As Reedham had promised everything should be cleared up on his return from the Cape, there could be no great harm in letting the secret out. It was weighing on her so heavily she felt she could bear it no longer. At her sister's house in Kingsland-road she suddenly remembered how near she was to Clapton and how easily she might pay an experimental call on her old mistress. Alice Emily—otherwise Mrs. Higgins—made no objection to her leaving the company for an hour, having had the reason partly explained, and about six o'clock she got into the car in the High-street and proceeded out Clapton way. Mary Anne Webber, a Londoner born, was in her element seeking out new places. She found Burnham-road quite easily by a sort of homing instinct as it were. She began to feel very excited as she drew near the house, but reflecting that she could explain her call to Mrs. Reedham on perfectly natural grounds, she calmed herself with an effort and knocked at the door. She was disappointed with the appearance of the house. It did not look well-kept. A little sigh escaped her as she recalled to memory the beautiful Norwood home in which her old mistress had taken such pride. She rang twice, and then a maid, out of the usual uniform, though quite neat and tidy, opened the door.

"Mrs. Reedham—no, she ain't at home,

and there ain't no Mrs. Reedham now," she said somewhat pertly.

"She lives here, don't she? My nime's Webber, I'm an old servant of 'ers, when she was at Norwood. Ain't this 'er address?"

"As bin, but never no more, thanks be to goodness," said the other one. "I think I've 'eard of you. Come in, won't cher, if you've come fur, an' I'll get yer a cup o' tea. I'm on me own jus' now. Keepin' open 'ouse fer Master Leslie til they comes back."

Mary Anne looked completely mystified, and after a moment's hesitation accepted the invitation to step inside. Her new friend conducted her to the little kitchen at the back, which looked upon the garden and was a very cool and shady place on a hot afternoon.

"The stove's hout, but I can boil the kettle in a trice on the gas-ring. Sit down, Mrs. Webber. Well, ain't this a how-dye-do?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mary Anne desperately. "Whatever are you talkin' abart?"

The damsel bustled about quietly, with the important air of one who knew great secrets, but was in no hurry to impart them.

"My, ain't it 'ot fer May? I was that glad yer carn't think to git the stove off. I'm to begin turnin' hup to-morrow, only keepin' Master Leslie's room rite till they comes back."

"Where is Marster Leslie. I should like dearly to see him."

"No; 'e's gone down to 'em today in the country. Not at liberty to say where. It's a secret, like it always is in 'igh society," said the damsel, with her finger on her lips. "Missis only told me 'erself yesterday. But everybody'll know this week—leastways, all them as 'as any business. There, 'ear the kettle singin': it's the cutest ring yer ever saw. The pore gel's friend, I should christen it, I should——"

"What is it they're going to tell Marster Leslie, an' who's they?" inquired Mary Anne, with a desperate note in her voice. She did not know what she was going to hear, she only felt a great

and growing apprehension, rapidly approaching panic.

"Well, as you're a friend of the family, so ter speak, I suppose I may tell yer. There ain't no Mrs. Reedham now; an', pore dear, she must a bin mighty glad to get rid o' that nime. It ain't ever done 'er no good. But there's a Mrs. George Lidgate now, of 13, Cranbrook-terrace, Regent's Park; a lovely house, with double drorin'-room. It's nearly settled, I think, though Missis, I know, was keen

on the country. It was only thinkin' on Master Leslie, she said she'd live in London——"

To the damsel's astonishment, the visitor threw up her hands.

"God-a-mighty, it's a lie; it earn't be true. Why——"

She drew herself up sharply there, remembering what mischief is wrought by careless talk. But she moaned, and leaned upon her chair, rocking herself distressingly to and fro.

(To be continued)

May-Day Morning

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Lads and lasses, away—away!
This is the time for holiday,
Lo, it is May-day morning!
Come away and let hearts be gay,
This is the time for mirth and play,
Come to the Spring's adorning.

Field and forest, and hill and lea,
Join in a jubilant rhapsody,
Lo, it is May-day morning!
Thrushes are calling cheerily,
Meadow-larks trilling merrily,
Come to the Spring's adorning.

Lads and lasses, away—away!
This is the year's high festal day,
Lo, it is May-day morning!
Sing with the birds your happy lay,
Gather the flowers while ye may,
Come to the Spring's adorning.

His Last Voyage

John Harvey

THE following narrative is perfectly true, and can be corroborated by several persons now living, although for obvious reasons the names are fictitious.

I offer no explanation of what appears to have been a supernatural phenomenon and merely record the facts.

It was in the summer of 1885 that I was able to get away from the scorching atmosphere of London, where I had been detained on very important business. I decided on going up to Scotland, to have a really lazy time among the Lochs and mountains, to renew health and vigour with every breeze from the heather-clad hills. With this object in view I made every necessary arrangement for a prolonged absence from town, and one fine morning, a week later, found me at Balloch, the little town at the southernmost end of Loch Lomond, boarding the miniature steamer, bound for Ardlui at the head of the Loch, from which point I had determined on a walking tour through the Trossachs, visiting all those deeply interesting spots rendered immortal by Sir Walter Scott, in his Rob Roy. It has always been one of my keenest pleasures to get far away from the haunts of men, to enjoy the freedom of a mountain ramble, the liberty to pause, and loiter and think, and waste an hour at will, without being accountable to anybody. I was a good walker, and loved the wild freshness of the morning, so that I was up and out of doors before six, anxious to explore a new locality, ranging far and wide over heather and hill, finding my delight in those ever varying mountain peaks, which change their hues with every varying sky, and remain eternally unchangeable.

About a fortnight had passed in this way when I reached Callander. A room had been prepared for me at the D—— Hotel, and on my arrival there I found a letter waiting me. Examining the writing of the address, I failed to recognize the writer, so placed it on one side for the time. A few hours later, it occurred to me that I had paid scant courtesy to my correspondent, so again glancing at the bold, strong hand-writing I opened the letter and first looking at the signature, was pleased to find the mis-sive was from a close friend whom I had not seen for some years. It read:

August 3rd, 1885.

"My dear Jack,—

"I've just got home again for a short period, but I must be off to Bombay in a fortnight. I called to see you in the City, and learned you were in Scotland. Can you meet me at St. Enoch's, Glasgow, on Wednesday next, as I come North for a week. Lucky young man that you are, enjoying yourself in usual solitary style, but now that you have so much leisure, why not take the opportunity of coming East with me. Don't think about it, but consent. Hope you are well. I'm splendid. You need not write, as I shall see you Wednesday.

"Yours ever,

"DOUGLAS ARMYTAGE."

The letter was exactly characteristic of the man. Douglas Armytage was a keen hard-working business man, then a partner in a large and important firm owning a line of steamers, of which he was one of the capable managers. He had rather a bluff way in speaking, and while possessing most of the traits of character generally attributed to Scotchmen, he had

the kindest heart imaginable, and on occasion would be generous to a degree.

I immediately made up my mind to meet my friend in Glasgow, and accordingly sent a note forward to the Hotel to that effect, in case he should arrive before the day stated. But about the question of going out to India, I admit that while the idea was a pleasant one, I hesitated before mentally consigning myself to that sweltering climate, where the sun shines out of a sky like burnished copper, and the atmosphere tastes like red hot sand. I had had some experience out there before. However, I thought I would leave it an open question until we should meet.

Resuming my journey next day, I came on to Dunblane, and Stirling, where I remained just long enough to view the ancient Castle, and part of the old town. Wednesday morning found me at St. Enochs, Glasgow, but my friend not having arrived, I made myself comfortable in the smoking room to await his advent.

"I am glad to see you again, and I mean to spend the next six months with you for my companion," said Douglas, a few hours later after we had exchanged sufficient hearty handshakes and cordial greetings.

"I should be delighted," I answered, "but for the fact that you propose to spend that time in India; now if it had been anywhere else I—"

"Don't say another word," he retorted, "it is all settled," and he then went on to recount his travels and experiences since we had last met.

During his recital I noted that his hair was showing silvery when the sunlight fell upon it, though he was still on the right side of forty. After dinner, while enjoying a cigar he discussed his plans for the ensuing six months, and it was eventually decided that I should accompany him to India, returning together in the early spring of the following year. This settled, he proposed, after transacting some business, to run down to Arran for a few days, to see his only brother whom he had not seen since the latter's marriage a year previously. Accordingly on the following Friday, we

set off for Greenock, and boarding the steamer "Duchess of Hamilton" there, had a very pleasant run through the lovely Firth of Clyde, and in due course arrived in the beautiful Bay of Lamlash, protected on its sea-ward side by the towering height of Holy Island. One cannot fail to admire the grand marine scenery, and the enchanting old world village of Lamlash on the very fringe of the Bay, over which an air of peace seemed to reign supreme. The whole scene seemed to appeal to one, inviting to the enjoyment of a perfectly restful seaside life, without all the bustle, noise, and glamour of the modernised resorts. And it was here, to this quiet little place, that Allan Armytage had brought his young wife.

I had never met either of them, but indeed felt intimately acquainted with my friend's sailor brother, as Douglas used to talk so much about him, and I naturally felt curious, as to whether the impressions I had formed unconsciously in my mind would be verified. When we disembarked at the old wooden pier, we had our luggage sent on up to the Hotel, and proceeded to walk to "The Anchorage," Allan Armytage's home.

On the little lawn in front of the house, we surprised a party of three persons, who were busy having tea, Allan, his wife, and his sister-in-law. Douglas greeted his brother and the ladies most affectionately, and then I had the pleasure of an introduction, "as his oldest and best chum," which of course gave me a passport into the good graces of the ladies at once, for as I afterward learnt Douglas was a *persona grata* and great deference was paid to his opinions.

Jessie Armytage was indeed a lovely woman—a tall, graceful figure, erect as a dart, delicately chiselled features, and a pure complexion. A mass of soft, wavy nut-brown hair, made a fitting frame for so beautiful a face, whilst her graceful movements and bearing combined to make her a queen among women. She wore no ornaments or jewellery except a small heart-shaped locket, and her wedding, and a lovely diamond engagement ring. There was, however, an expression in the face, or in the dark,

liquid eyes, (one could not tell which) an intense look of pathos, that made one feel almost sad, while being irresistibly attracted by it. Her sister, Ida MacDonald, was cast in the same mould, though evidently some years younger, but her laughing eyes made a striking contrast to Jessie.

Allan Armytage was much taller than his elder brother Douglas, and though some five or six years younger, looked quite as old; his face was sunburnt, and bore traces of the storm and stress of his profession, for he was a captain in the Merchant service. Withal he was a good-looking man with a bluff, honest, happy face, a deep-toned voice, and a grip like a vice. A splendid sample of the true British sailor.

When the evening had far advanced, and we had gone indoors, Mrs. Armytage said, looking earnestly across to my friend:

"Douglas, I want to ask you to persuade Allan to stay at home with me, and not to go away this voyage. I do not wish him to altogether give up his profession, but I am most anxious that he should not go away in the SS. S—— as he proposes."

"Why, my dear Jessie, whatever has put this into your head," answered Douglas, and why do you wish me to exert my influence with Allan in this direction; I know you too well, to think that it is a mere passing whim or fancy that prompts you to wish to keep Allan at home; come now, tell me frankly what reason you have, and if I think it is a good one, I will do what I can with Allan, although I am afraid, if your own sweet self cannot keep him I shall not succeed."

Mrs. Armytage was silent for a moment or two and when she looked up again, her very soul seemed to shine out of her eyes, as she said in a low, half-timid voice, "I have two very good reasons, Douglas—the first one, I think, you can guess," and dropping her eyes, added quietly, "you know Allan; I have been married now more than a year." "And the second reason, I hardly like to think about much less speak of; it is that I have a foreboding of coming

evil if Allan leaves me just now, a premonition, inseparable from the thought of his going away. I cannot tell why it is but a sense of dread, seems to crush all the happiness and joy in me, whenever the thought of our parting crosses my mind. I have tried to think it out, but what it is, that frightens me I cannot tell; and I feel it impossible to get my thoughts into any other channel than this, that if Allan would only stay with me for another six months before going away I have a feeling, that all danger would be past and that I should have no cause for anxiety. Do not think me unreasonable Douglas, if I ask you to add your persuasion to my pleading"; and her eyes slowly filling with great tears she finished speaking.

Captain Allan Armytage was not in the drawing-room during this conversation, and Ida was at the piano playing some of those grand harmonies of Beethoven's in a subdued tone, gliding into the melancholy arpeggios of the Moonlight Sonata.

"What is the matter, dearest?" the Captain asked, as he took both the perfect hands of his wife in his great brown ones; what is distressing you? and to-night too, surely you cannot be quite well." He had entered the room just as Mrs. Armytage closed her appeal to her brother-in-law, and saw the quivering lips and suffused eyes of his wife.

They were all the world to each other, these two people, and it could easily be seen how deep was their mutual love.

"Douglas will tell you, my husband," she answered, "please do listen to what he says"; and excusing herself she left the room, and Ida followed her.

The brothers looked at each other, with much concern, as Douglas said, "I am afraid Allan you must resign your command for your wife's sake, as her health will suffer if you go away just now; she seems to be fretting at the thought of your absence."

And so the two men talked over the whole matter, which was undecided, one way or the other, when we left the house, to return to the Hotel, after making arrangements to take the ladies out for a long drive the following day. The Cap-

tain walked down with us to the bottom of the Hill, and maintained that his wife must be low spirited and depressed, and that in a day or two she would be her own bright self again. We said good-night and walked on in silence. I confess to having a weird sense of something uncanny. The view we had so much admired in the bright glow and radiance of the afternoon sun seemed strangely different in the solemn silence of the night. The trees took indefinite shapes against the edge of the horizon; while the mysterious expanse of the dark sea lying tremulous under the deep blue vault of heaven, gave one an awful feeling of being alone with the immensities. And what was the wind bearing along as it came sobbing and moaning, across the dark sea? Surely there was some human meaning in that long minor wail, which died away in a low, sobbing tone. With that unearthly sound still following the deep boom of waves, as they swept the rocks we slowly passed the Churchyard, and came to the hotel.

The following day we were up early and got everything ready for a long day at Kildonan Castle. The ladies were quite ready when the carriage arrived, and the weather being favourable we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Every day during that pleasant week we planned some little excursion, and Mrs. Armytage seemed almost to have forgotten her fears, and recovered her spirits.

But now the time had come, when we had to depart. We had our luggage sent on in advance to the steamer (at Liverpool), which was due to sail on the following Saturday, leaving us just two clear days to reach that port. Captain Armytage did not resign his command. He succeeded in reassuring his wife that all her fears were groundless. She was quite resigned, and looked quite happy again, the more especially as it was arranged that this was to be the Captain's last voyage, and he would only be three short months away, coming home for good before Christmas. Further, it was agreed that we should join him in Bombay, and search all the Indian bazaars for curios, rare Delhi work, etc., to bring home to Arran; and we were to return

from India with him, if Douglas found it possible to get through his business in time.

Captain Armytage was not due to sail for another fortnight; so we left him behind in Arran, and the last we saw of him was standing on the old wooden pier at Lamrash with the ladies, one on each arm, waving tiny lace handkerchiefs to us, as the steamer drew away into the Bay and round the point which shut out our view. Little did we think then we had heard the sound of that cheery, happy voice for the last time!

We duly arrived at our port of embarkation, and took an early opportunity of boarding the good SS. B——. We had secured two deck staterooms, next each other, well aft, so that we should be able to annex all the cool breezes that might be sent to us, as the heat in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean is very trying, even under double awnings kept constantly damp.

Saturday morning came, and the Tender left the Landing Stage, taking off altogether about sixty passengers including ourselves, to the Liner lying at anchor in mid-river. As soon as all were safely aboard the Captain and Pilot on the high bridge, gave the order to heave short, and in a few minutes we were slowly gliding down the Mersey, past the forest of masts on one side, and the pretty little towns of Seacombe, Egremont and New Brighton on the other.

The Tender now left, and dipping her flag and blowing her whistle bade us *bon voyage*. We soon lost sight of the low-lying sandy shore, and all eyes were now turned inboard, each passenger, looking critically at his fellow, and wondering whether we should all become friendly. It is strange how a number of human beings, brought together by force of circumstances, perfect strangers meeting for the first time, in a little isolated world of their own, having perforce to dine, sit, talk and walk together, for at least three weeks have as it were thrown overboard all reserve, and become natural and unaffected, and allow their character to be seen. There is nothing like a sea voyage, to develop true character.

All went merry as a marriage bell during the first eight or ten days, acquaintanceship and friendships were formed, and deck games and amusements were the order of the day in fine weather. We had seen no land until making the coast of Spain, when we passed close in to Cape St. Vincent, and then shortly after, the Rock of Gibraltar was signalled. So on through the Straits, passing Malta, and on to Port Said, at which place whilst the steamer was coaling, a number of us went ashore, glad of the opportunity of stretching our legs. Starting next morning at day-break, the steamer slowly made its way through the Suez Canal passing numerous vessels homeward bound, and in about thirty hours we got through to Suez, and then made full speed down the Red Sea. We had passed the Volcanic Island of Perim and were well across the Indian Ocean, when we noticed at luncheon one day our Captain was unusually silent, and looked anxious. Questioned about it, he said something about "a very low barometer," and hastened on deck again. Shortly afterward we heard him calling out orders, which the crew were carrying out with activity, making everything movable fast with extra lashings, closing up ports, skylights, and ventilators where practicable, and evidently preparing for a coming storm.

Yes the storm was coming. There was a livid look upon the waters, and the atmosphere was heavy with heat; the sky to windward black as a funeral pall. One felt a thrill of awe, as one looked into that dense blackness, and saw that gigantic mass of cloud come creeping slowly, solemnly over the sky while the shadow flitted fast across the water, swallowing up the ghastly elective glare.

Suddenly a line of white could be seen on the face of the water directly under the black pall, and the Captain calling out to the steersman to put her head up, the steamer swung round to meet the oncoming waves. As the cyclone struck the ship, she pitched heavily, dipping into the trough of the sea, shipping a great mountain of water, a cloud of spray being carried away to leeward. The thunder roared and rattled, as if it began and

ended right over the rolling steamer. Fork lightnings zigzagged amidst the rigging, and sheet lightning made the atmosphere luminous. It was terrible. The roar of the wind drowned every sound except the thunder, which was continuous. Even the bravest heart quailed at the fury of the tempest, and every one realized that the mighty steamer was no more than a plaything to the tremendous forces of nature arrayed against her. The vessel behaved splendidly under the skilful seamanship of the Captain, but as she groaned, and trembled like a stricken thing, we did not know whether she could live through the tempest.

And so, we could only hope for the best, but as night came on the fearful seas struck the shivering hull, and went gurgling along the decks and overboard; anything that was in its mad rush was swept away. Before dawn three of the starboard life-boats had been smashed into matchwood, and one on the leeward side was crushed in like an egg-shell. For three nights and two days the storm continued without abatement, but on the morning of the third day the weather moderated a little, just enough to rekindle our faint hopes. We had had but little food since the commencement of the cyclone, so most of us ventured into the dripping saloon, to get what dinner it had been possible to cook that day. As night wore on there was a rift in the leaden clouds, and occasionally a watery moon would gleam upon the tumbling waste of waters.

Douglas and I had but little opportunity for conversation during the past three or four days, so this night we were sitting together in his stateroom, congratulating ourselves on the improvement in the weather, and just thinking about retiring to rest, when we suddenly heard a shriek of pain, dying away into a sobbing wail, and at the same moment, the vessel trembled from stem to stern. Alarmed, Douglas jumped up, and opened his stateroom door to look out. As he did so, a cry of terror broke from him, and uttering the one word "Allan" he turned a haggard face toward me, pointing to the door. With an effort I looked out of the partially open door.

and saw a sight that almost froze my blood. There, standing in the middle of the deck stood my friend's brother Allan, or his form, or apparition, or whatever name you may like to give it. He was without hat, and was evidently drenched through, the water trickling down his face from his dripping hair. The light from the cabin was shining through the opened door full upon his face, which bore a look of unutterable anguish, and the appeal in his eyes seemed to burn into one's very soul. For fully a minute I gazed rivetted to the spot, when the voice of Douglas, behind me broke the spell, he stretched out his hands and cried "Allan, speak to me, my brother!" The lips of the apparition seemed to move, but no sound came; and slowly, the form seemed to melt away, until it vanished into thin air.

"My God! what does it mean," said Douglas, who was terribly upset, and white as death. I could say nothing scarce able to believe the evidence of my senses. We looked out again many times that night, but saw nothing more.

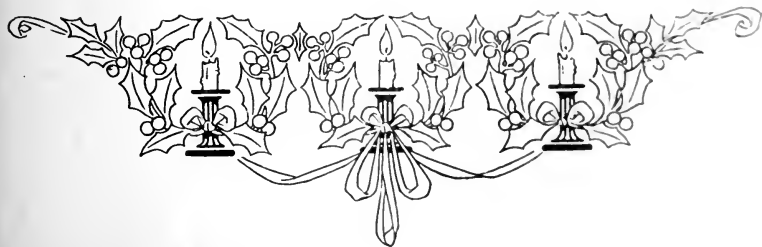
But now to hasten to the end of the story. In a few days we arrived in Bombay, when Douglas immediately cabled home for news, but without giving a hint as to his own anxiety. A reply came back, that all were well. Captain Armytage had sailed at the due date, and his vessel had passed through the Suez. Mrs. Armytage had given birth to a son (a little prematurely) at midnight on 12th September, and that both were doing well. It struck both Douglas and myself as a most singular

coincidence, that the time and date named in the cable corresponded with the night we had seen the apparition.

The days went on, and the date came when Captain Allan's vessel was due to arrive, yet she came not; and day after day went by, until the morning of the twelfth day dawned, when a cable was received by the Agents of the Company in Bombay to the effect, that the SS. S—— had foundered in a cyclone, taking with her all hands, except one of the crew who had been picked up by a French Mail steamer in an unconscious condition, and barely with life in him. He told a terrible tale of the shipwreck at midnight on the 12th of September.

Douglas was almost broken-hearted, and could not attend to his business matters, his one anxiety being to get home to the widow. Needless to say I did my best to comfort him, and leaving everything in the hands of the Agents we caught the first steamer to Suez, thence overland to Alexandria, via Brindisi to London, and without stopping a night right on to Arran.

I shall never forget our landing again at Lamlash, but little more than ten weeks since we left it; or the terrible grief of the two dear ladies. This is too sacred to write about. Jessie Armytage has now found comfort in her big son, now in his nineteenth year, and the very image of his father. Douglas comes to see me in my home sometimes, as I am now his brother-in-law; Miss Ida MacDonald having made me one of the happiest of men on earth by changing her name to mine.



Imperial Defence

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

The following article contains many opinions with which we are in hearty accord; they are patriotic; they are loyal; they are the concentrated essence of a man whose devotion to his Country does not begin in words, and end in braggart deeds. They constitute an inspiration to patriotism, and a call to Canadian loyalty. But about just one of Mr. Mackintosh's arguments we feel it necessary to say a word in gentle remonstrance. It is the argument that Canada's Transcontinental Railway Policy is, pro tanto, an acquittance of Canada's obligations to the Empire. Surely if Great Britain placed her expenditures on National development—Railways, Canals, Docks, Harbours, Forts, Naval Fortifications, etc.—in her account of Empire charges, Canada would stand lower in her relative contributions to the Empire than she does! There is no need to mix up Canada's National expenditure, made for her own internal development, with Empire, or even with National, Defence. Canada has only one thing to do: "Act in the present and forget the past; obliterate obsequious sentimentality, and to do her duty to herself now."—Editor.

CANADIANS have been taught to believe British Supremacy and Civilization are synonymous; hence discussions on Imperial Defence at public meetings and in parliamentary deliberations, both in England and the Dominion quite naturally attracted general interest. That the Mother Country was, to some extent, diffident about accepting Warships from her Over-Sea kindred, to a few appeared a rebuff. On the contrary, it was the action of clear-cut thinking, as well as a thoughtful suggestion that the Colonies would be wise in adopting a policy pregnant with consequences to themselves, and at the same time, prospectively beneficial to the United Kingdom. It may possibly be that some members of the British Cabinet imagined that Colonial offers of assistance were but thinly veiled subterfuges for demanding fiscal preferences. If so, no more ungenerous, no more un-British suspicion could be imagined.

Canada and no doubt other Colonial possessions, are anxious to co-operate in defending the Empire. Their solicitude is born of no selfish instinct; springs from no particular self-interest; has its origin simply and purely in the loyalty of the people proud of the race whence they have sprung.

Unfortunately, even in Canada, some are found prepared to give intellectual

hospitality to the idea that Canadians are callous, commercial, and inconsiderate. This is unjust. For instance, at a public meeting of representative residents of Vancouver, held recently, a gentleman whose eloquent advocacy of Imperial in-



Hon. Chas. H. Mackintosh.

terests all must appreciate, stated that (1) "The effete Mother Country contributes \$6.80 to Imperial Defence as compared with Canada's 60 cts." (2) "That this was an unfair and humiliating position for Canada." (3) "A slur upon our character." (4) "That Germany realizes

that preferential trade with the Empire, is coming, which means German exclusion . . . thus by building a fleet, she will be sure to have her interests safeguarded." The speaker further drew a comparison between the National Debt of the United Kingdom and that of Canada (\$82.00 as to \$69.00 per capita) inferring disparagement, if not plainly stating it by adding, "while we are ready to boast of our prosperity and the boundless resources of our great Country, we continue to remain in the enjoyment of the blessings of Imperial protection, while we are not paying any part of the cost."

These assertions are not borne out by facts; and it is well to deal with issues of the kind candidly, offering frank criticism, and tangible reasons in rebuttal.

The fact that Canada assumed vast responsibilities when undertaking to build the Intercolonial, adopting an Imperial route for Imperial interests; that the North-west was opened and a Transcontinental Railway constructed; in short, that tax-payers of Canada have expended fully \$300,000,000 in Railway enterprise throughout the Dominion, spending money in such directions as promised to develop industry and manhood, instead of lust for blood and territorial aggrandizements. These, of themselves, should be a sufficient answer to the insinuation that Canadians have been indifferent up to the present time. True, the investors of Great Britain have loaned great sums of money in order to promote Dominion enterprises, but have they not, for fifty years, been pursuing a similar policy in various portions of the United States?

Now as to comparative Debts:

The Empire's white population, in 1908, was estimated at 58,350,000; subtracting these figures from the coloured population, the total for the latter is 351,650,000, or a total Empire population of 410,000,000 controlling possessions covering 11,445,000 square miles. And it might be well to remember that within fifty years, the inhabited area and population of the United Kingdom have doubled; the Revenue increased two and a half times; and the volume of Trade

more than trebled. What then about Great Britain disbursing \$6.80, her capita on defence? It looks more like \$1.10 per head, according to her population—unless 351,000,000 British subjects are to be ostracised and denied the privilege of British freedom, and relieved of the duty of fighting for British Supremacy! It must also be remembered that Canada, with a population of 6,000,000 pays 60 cts. per head for defensive purposes—accepting the figures given by the Gentleman who made the estimate. Where then, Canada's "humiliating position? Where the 'slur'?"

The reason given for Germany's Naval activity; namely, threatening unification of Empire Tariffs, is not logical; for the Reichstag's programme was announced in 1898, while Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement, favouring Empire preference, was actively advocated in 1903-4. The strength of the German Navy was in the first-mentioned year, fixed at 19 battleships, to be constructed within certain limited periods, subsequently (during the Boer War) a second Navy provided for "a fleet of such strength, that even for the mightiest Naval power, a war with her would involve such risks as to endanger her own supremacy." Again, in 1906, further amendments were made, increasing the flotilla. Great Britain must have been aware of this; but reduced her Naval expenditures.

Notwithstanding all this, a comparative statement of the relative Naval fighting strength of Great Britain and Germany, rather bears out the contention of Mr. Asquith, the British Premier, that the United Kingdom can, at the present time, more than hold and protect its own.

Great Britain has, building under Parliamentary estimates, six Battleships, and more, if deemed necessary; and a number of Destroyers, Torpedo boats and Submarines. Germany has four modern Battleships and Torpedo Destroyers almost ready for action, with others laid down. The relative tonnage of eight of the latest, taking the average is:—Great Britain's Battleships, 19,000 tons; Germany's, 22,250 tons. Today Germany is equal, if not superior in heavy Sea artil-

lery. In 1912 Germany will have twelve Dreadnaught types while Great Britain may make such additions in large Armoured Ships, Cruisers and Destroyers, as will make her remain Mistress of the Seas.

Other engines of destruction are being rapidly perfected; namely Aero-planes-of-War. Here, too, Germany has been devoting time and money in exploiting special types of shells, and scientific methods for either purposes of defence or destruction. The Erhardt and Krupp Gun, can be placed at any angle and throw shells to a surprising height.

Would it not be possible for Canada to devote some money and attention to this new method of defence? And why should not the inventive genius of her people be successfully concentrated upon operation and improvement in this direction?

In judging of relative strength and of the motives of armaments, we must not forget the declaration of Emperor Wilhelm (resulting as it did in serious trouble to himself) published in the "London Telegraph" of October 28th, 1908: "I declared with all the emphasis at my command, in my speech at Guildhall (London) that my heart is set upon peace, and that it is one of my dearest wishes, to live on the best of terms with England. Have I ever been false to my word? I said that, so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to put pressure upon England and bring about her downfall, Germany would always keep aloof from politics that could bring her into complications with a Sea Power like England." The Kaiser further said, that having received a "sorry letter from his Grandmother, Queen Victoria, with reference to the Boer War, he worked out what he considered the best plan of campaign, and submitted it to his General Staff. * * *

This was sent to England and was now among the National archives." This candour provoked a storm of disapproval; but nevertheless, the facts are there, and are the reverse of proof that the distinguished Emperor contemplated at the time any antagonistic policy towards Great Britain. Another reason

mentioned has been that an unprejudiced prospective Tariff agreement between Great Britain and her kindred possessions, might prompt Germany to contemplate extreme measures. Germany finds a market in the Mother Country for \$280,000,000 of her annual exports, and imports from Great Britain to the amount of \$190,000,000—or a total trade of \$470,000,000. Is it sensible, practical, reasonable, to believe that two shillings on corn, and a small duty on a limited schedule of products, could possibly precipitate Warlike operations? The loss of two battleships, accompanied by the loss as well of prestige, would beyond doubt prove more disastrous than absolute restriction so far as British Markets were concerned.

If the argument held good, would not the United States long ago have protested? That Great country carries on an import and export Trade annually with Great Britain, amounting to nearly \$1,000,000,000. Instead of an attitude of hostility, the Payne Tariff measure purposes to lower duties on many articles exported from Great Britain, and her Colonies—these coming into active competition with her own producers.

As to the per Capita Debt of the United Kingdom; which is \$82.12½ per head, confining the estimate to Great Britain proper. How was it incurred? Almost solely for the purpose of extending territory, maintaining British supremacy by land and sea. "The glorious Revolution" of 1688, Marlborough's splendid Victories, the American War for Colonial subjection, and the terrible struggles consequent upon the French Revolutionary War, from 1793 to 1816 together piled up a National debt of over \$3,000,000,000. When Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the Throne, the debt was a little less than £4,000,000,000. Then followed the War in Russia, the ghastly Indian Rebellion, the heart sickening Boer War, and operations in China. Victories were won by British prowess, by the splendid courage, self-denial and martyrdom of the best blood and the most devoted loyalty the world has ever known, or ever will know.

The British Flag now floats over every land, and wherever that Standard is raised, Freedom, in the broadest acception of the term, is enjoyed.

Great Britain lost her thirteen Colonies, but all thinking Englishmen of that period sympathized with the Revolutionists, whose cause was espoused by British patriots of such caste as Chatham, Burke, Conway and scores of illustrious statesmen who disapproved of the tyranny of a king, and the weakness of his Cabinet Courtiers.

Hence, to infer that Canada is in any degree responsible for Great Britain's European Wars or operations for conquest, is unjust; but to say that every Colonial possession, every auxiliary State, now under the protection of, or co-operating with the Mother Country, should stand shoulder to shoulder with her, is expressing a sentiment, a truth that every honest British subject will approve of.

It is true Canada boasts of her resources, and Canadians recognize the blessings of Imperial protection; but they will not admit that upon their part there has been, so far, any indifference, any want of generosity, any shirking of responsibilities. Why? Simply because in no manner have they disregarded the interests of the United Kingdom; they were, are, and hope to be, at all times, a portion of a Greater Empire, and have worked to that end with the courage, and loyalty bequeathed by their forefathers.

Let no one imagine the British Nation to be asleep; Great Britain has more effective Battleships and armoured Cruisers-formidable and up-to-date, than any other Nation, or combination of certain Nations: for, no thoughtful man would for a moment, believe Great Britain and the United States could meet in deadly conflict, either by land or sea. That marvellous Nation, lying in peaceful proximity to one of Great Britain's auxiliary Kingdoms, is destined to maintain the peace of the World, possibly to be the close ally of the British Empire; thus forming a confederation of all the English white speaking Nations, an aggregation that the rest of the world

would be forced to respect. The old blood will reassert itself some day; the old quarrels, the old bickerings, the old bitterness pass into oblivion. This is no dream; it is the logical result of white men, speaking the same language, and reasoning together.

And what about the Colonies? These never manifested unfaithfulness towards the Mother Country, never wavered in fealty, nor faltered when her interests demanded sacrifices. Up to a very short period before final estrangement, the thirteen Colonies, (or fourteen Communities, as Edmund Burke styled them), manifested by their deeds, their unswerving allegiance to Supremacy. But the Colonies were lost to Great Britain and lost only through the obstinacy of a Monarch, and the truculent weakness of a very weak and pliable adviser. Canada remained loyal, and history furnishes evidence of her devotion—not on one but on many occasions. The same spirit pervades the British dependencies everywhere—a desire begotten of their own self interest for British supremacy. A new era has dawned! The Dominion of Canada is expanding in wealth, population, and mental resources; while yearly there rises into greatness that galaxy of splendid States, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, whose sons have at all times united with their fellow-subjects in defending the Empire! British Statesmen will make a fatal mistake by manifestations of indifference to us, or to the other Over-Sea States of the Empire.

But what of Canada and Canada's duty taking a selfish view of the situation; for even then the question perhaps appeals more forcibly to all classes of our people? Are we to be prepared to defend our Coast Cities, our Shore Lines, our great Lake and River exposures? If not, whom do we expect to espouse our cause? Whom would we look to for co-operation in the hour of peril? Naturally the Mother Country. In the event of War on land and sea, surrounded by enemies, her Coasts threatened, her very existence endangered, the Dominion would be at the mercy of any power prepared to take advantage of the situation:

our vast expenditures upon Railways, Harbours, Canals would be represented by so much waste paper; our fields devastated, and, if not, the great Cereal products shut out of the natural market, might rot in the ground; and until Great Britain had driven our enemies off the seas, or frustrated them on land, Canada would be prostrate, undone and crippled for years consequent upon criminal parsimony or wicked indifference.

Who would not prefer peace? What Nation—except one whose half concealed greed has become proverbial—would desire to precipitate a world's War? Yet it may come; perhaps soon; perhaps after delay. Truly, as Mr. Haldane said: "To see other Nations increasing armaments, is enough to make Angels weep. * * * It is Great Britain's duty to maintain our Navy strong enough to keep Great Britain's shores inviolate." And the Kaiser's sentiments were somewhat similar: "Who," he asks, "knows what may take place on the Pacific in the days to come?—days not so distant as some believe; but days, at any rate, for which all European powers, with far Eastern interests, ought steadily to prepare. Look at the accomplished rise of Japan; think of the possible National awakening of China, and then judge of the vast problems of the Pacific. Only those powers which have great Navies will be listened to, when the future of the Pacific comes to be solved." The Emperor of Germany was no more emphatic than his Chancellor, Von Buelow, in the Reichstag a few days ago. The Right Hon. Mr. A. Haldane exclaims:—"It is enough to make the Angels weep," but at Council he declares in favor of a few more Dreadnoughts. The German Emperor embraces King Edward, breathes sentiments of brotherly and international love, but adds: "As for the Navy I must have a powerful fleet to protect the world-wide and ever expanding commerce of Germany." The German Chancellor declares: "There is nothing in the present prospect to disturb the Peace of Europe," but adds: "By the autumn of 1912 we will have in accordance with Law, 13 big new Ships, including the three armoured Cruisers, ready for service." And not-

withstanding all pacific assurances, the Premier of the United Kingdom pointed out that "by April 1, 1912, Great Britain would certainly have 16 Dreadnoughts, and Germany 11," adding: "If the acceleration of German construction went on, or the actual course of things was shrouded in concealment and uncertainty, the Government would not hesitate to use the powers the people had given them."

This is the situation in brief:

Are we to be influenced by British solicitude—for we have heard the heart call of our kindred, if not, that of the British Cabinet; or shall we accept as Gospel Truth the declarations of the Kaiser, and pursue the policy of *laissez-faire*?

Monarchs can do no wrong, therefore, their veracity is unquestionable. When in doubt, however, probably it were well to trust the friend rather than the masked stranger.

Let the people of Canada take this matter into their own hands.

If a Nation is indifferent, vacillating, forgiving, then rulers will lapse into a similar condition, or take advantage of manifest supineness. The development and expansion of a Commonwealth must bring rulers face to face with very serious problems, and according to the wisdom with which they are solved, the progress, happiness and patriotic spirit of the people develop.

In June, 1897, speaking in England, the Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, said:

"If a day ever comes when England is in danger, let the bugle sound, let the fires be lit on the hills, and in all parts of the Colonies, and although we might not be able to do much, whatever we can do shall be done by the Colonies to help her."

The time has now arrived when the Dominion of Canada, by helping herself, can strengthen every fibre of British prestige abroad. That is the duty of our Rulers. That is what the people should demand; that is what will prompt people to believe in Colonial sincerity. Our brothers, far off in the great Cities of Melbourne, Hobart and Sydney, speak with no uncertain sound. New Zealand

did not wait for suggestions. Canada, from Vancouver to Halifax, echoed the shout: "Defend the Empire." What more is required? Simply a tangible National Defence Policy, born, bred, brought up and sustained—nurtured and nourished by Canadians.

Our National lands aided in building our Railways. Let them be utilized for our protection on sea and land. British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba control immense land areas. Ontario, the Great Province of the East, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces—all from the stores of their varied wealth, would proudly contribute to, and assist in creating, a National Defence Fund of

\$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000. Then let us hold a conference of Premiers in London; and the work, from which there is no recession, is begun.

"England is in danger now." So let the bugle sound, and the fires of patriotism be lit. Not on the hills, but in the hearts of those charged with the administration of National affairs; let the fires be lit, and let them illuminate the pathway patriots should follow. Light fires, and surround them by men of all classes and creeds, forgetting partisan affiliation, partisan ambition, and partisan prejudice. Let the people, in short, crown their professions of loyalty by establishing now their National Defence Fund.

May Blossoms

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

I've a little song to sing you,
And a little joy to bring you;
For today I found the hedges
All a-green with budding pledges,
Of the blossoms that they fold
In such close caressing hold.
And I know without a doubt,
That the May is coming out:
Butterflies are gaily winging,
Bees are humming, birds are singing,
And the May is coming,—coming,—coming out!

I've a little song to sing you,
And a little joy to bring you;
Banish ev'ry thought of sadness,
There is only time for gladness.
Chase the tear with happy smile,
Life is such a little while.
Sunshine lingers all about
When the May is coming out.
Butterflies are gaily winging,
Bees are humming, birds are singing,
And the May is coming,—coming,—coming out!

The Fight That Changed World Navies

Patrick Vaux

ON the morning of March 7, 1861, took place the engagement that sealed the fate of "wooden walls" throughout world navies. Under the batteries of Newport News, North Virginia, the Federal squadron of five heavy, wooden frigates aggregating two hundred and ninety-six guns, lay that morning safe and unconcerned in Hampton Roads—with "duds" drying in the rigging, boats on the booms, and no thoughts of action. By night-fall, chaos, death, carnage, flames had swept over them in defeat. The armoured warship had come to stay. The Confederates' *Merrimac* was fighting for the Command of the Sea, which meant the swift destruction of the Federals' Navy and the unhindered importation of all-necessary war material for the Southern Confederation.

The *Merrimac*, the first ironclad to come into action, although the ironclad was already on trial in our Navy, and the French, also, resembled the roof of a barn with a huge chimney amidships. She went out to fight that eventful morning wholly untried and with an unpracticed crew. Her guns had never been fired; and the personnel were all landsmen with but few exceptions. That they took Communion before moving out to the attack tends to show their lack of faith in their new war-machine. Yet her sides of 4-inch iron plating proved invulnerable as gun crews served her two 100-pounder muzzle-loading Armstrongs together with one 6-inch and three 9-inch smoothbores.

The *Merrimac* with her shells turned the spotless decks of the *Congress* into awful slaughter pens, and set her interior on fire, her few surviving men having to abandon their vessel. The *Cumberland* she rammed in the starboard

fore channels, and the frigate went down, still firing, with the Red Flag of "No Quarter" flying at her fore. Only the grounding of the steam frigates, *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and *St. Lawrence* saved them from destruction.

Triumph electrified the Confederates. Dismay and panic spread like wildfire amongst the Federals. "Uncle Sam's web feet" as Lincoln termed the Unionists' Navy, had had its toes disjointed. What Stanton, the Federal War Minister said at a meeting of the Ministry next day, Sunday, reveals the depths of the North's sudden fears: "The *Merrimac* will change the whole course of the war * * * she will destroy seriatim every naval vessel of ours. It is not unlikely we shall have a shell or cannon ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave the room." Yet that same day the "tin can on a shingle" had entered Hampton Roads.

This vessel, the *Monitor*, was designed and built at Ericsson's own risk: "The *Monitor* is mine," he emphatically reminded the Unionist Navy Board bothering him for certain alterations. She had no bulwarks and only two feet of freeboard, the deck was plated over all with two layers of half-inch iron, her broadsides with five of 1-inch. Amidships she carried two 150-pounder Dahlgren smooth-bores mounted inside a revolving turret armoured with eight layers of 1-inch iron plating. On deck nothing was shown but her funnel, two ventilators, and the armoured pilothouse. She was ventilated by forced air. She was wholly unseaworthy. During her passage from New York southward she had met with stormy weather (and had been kept afloat with great difficulty.

Clear and sunny broke open the morning of March 8, 1861. Spectators eager-

ly crowded both shores of the Roads. A little after 8 a.m. the *Merrimac*, gun ports triced up, and funnel pouring out a voluminous coil of smoke, was seen heading over the waters to destroy the *Minnesota*, steam frigate of forty-six guns, lying hard and fast on a shoal. The *Monitor* hove up her anchor, and stood out to engage.

It was at 8:30, the Confederate spoke out with her 7-inch bow gun at her small antagonist, and speedily found her match.

Silent and menacing in her very peculiarity of build the Federal warship steamed within 280 feet of her, and discharged her two 11-inch smoothbores, point blank. But the solid shot failed to penetrate, and glanced off into the water. As the *Monitor* had fired, Lieutenant Jones, commanding the *Merrimac*, veered her, bringing her starboard battery to bear on the enemy's turret. The broadside crashed against its armour, but did not damage. Both vessels were standing the test of war. Again the antagonists closed, and settling down to a continuous cannonading tried to batter each other to the bottom. Naval training and discipline reinforced the men of the *Monitor*. They were the pick of the Unionist Navy.

In the casemate of the Confederate, gun crews worked with comparative ease, much as if on the main deck of an old-time three-decker or seventy-four. But on board the Federal new and harassing conditions obtained. From the turret was discharged the air forced through the interior of the hull: thick and heated with the fumes and smells of stokehold and engine-room and foul with battle smoke, it almost choked the crews. All knowledge of port and starboard had been lost in the vessels' circling, the deck marks indicating them having become obliterated, and only when ports were opened to run out the guns did the Federals obtain sight of the enemy. Earlier in the engagement voice-tubes having broken down, the Pilothouse had to pass orders to the turret by means of men posted below decks.

Great caution had to be exercised lest, when the guns were fired ahead, the

pilot-house was not blown away, and, when fired aft, that the boilers were not damaged by the concussion. Beneath the turret, the squad revolving it found it difficult to start the machinery and still more difficult to stop it when signalled. In the gun-chamber, ringing dully under the storm of shot and shell, the gun-crews had to fire the instant of sighting for fear of the protruding muzzles being damaged or bullets sweeping in through the gunports.

On Lieutenant Worden marking the *Merrimac* remained shot-proof, he ordered "One bell"—full speed ahead—and the *Monitor* plunged forward to ram her. The combatants scraped sides in passing, and guns, their muzzles almost touching the hulls, thundered out solid shot. But both vessels issued out of the pall of smoke without serious damage done.

Despairing of effecting anything on the turret ship, Lieutenant Jones now headed the *Merrimac* for the *Minnesota*, but ran his command aground, and lay with his engines churning up the waters. Ere the *Monitor* wheeling round her could ram, the ironclad backed into deeper soundings, and dodged her. At full speed the *Merrimac* charged the unwary turret ship and struck her abaft the turret, but the "tin can on a shingle" slid away as a floating door slips away from under the outwater of a barge. Then she stood away into shoal water, where the Confederate with her heavier draught could not follow. In her dim, sultry casemate the gunners cheered, thinking they had disabled the enemy. But fifteen minutes later, after having hoisted a fresh supply of ammunition into her turret, the Federal came out into deeper water, again challenging the foe.

Their storm of missiles and musketry fire was now directed on the *Monitor's* pilothouse, and sent showers of iron slivers and chips into the air. At 11:30 her commanding officer, looking through the sight-slit, was struck by a blast of splinters driving inside, and he fell back, blinded, streaming with blood. That the pilothouse was wrecked, the vessel injured, and himself dying flashed into his

dazed head. Cailing up self-command, he gave the order for the vessel to sheer out of action, and crawled down the short ladder leading below, out of the pilothouse. At the foot of it he was found by Lieutenant Green, and taken to his cabin.

Yet he retained sufficient composure to ask how the day was going. When told the *Minnesota* was still safe from the enemy's attack, his response spoke for an heroic and high heart—"Then I can die happy": it was the Anglo-Saxon who spoke.

For close on twenty minutes the *Monitor* drifted about in shoaling soundings, till on Lieutenant Green assuming

command she swung round for the open and the *Merrimac*. The Confederate was now in retreat. Her draught had hindered her from following up the *Monitor*, her heavy ammunition was done and her men exhausted, for she had been fighting for three hours. She betook herself into safety under the batteries defending Norfolk, then a Confederate center.

The Capitol—the Coast—and the Federal Cause were saved. The first notes had been rung of the death-knell of the Southern Confederation.

The Command of the Sea had been obtained.

A Sonnet.

P. G. Ebbutt

How prone we are to judge of things in haste,
To praise or blame from what the surface shows,
Forgetting that sweet fruit, or sweeter rose,
Once sprang from humble bud of bitter taste!
How often in complaints our time we waste,
How often fret o'er half imagined woes!
Our greatest fears are those of hidden foes
That oft would flee if they were bravely faced.
Trust not the surface, then, but with clear eyes
Scan all things well that are not understood;
You may find troubles blessings in disguise,
And find all things are working for your good:
For what in April looks like driving snow
May be pear-blossom by the breeze brought low.



Switzerland in B. G.

Charles Chapman

TO the uninitiated, the sport of mountaineering may seem to be a waste of energy, attended with considerable risk, and many timidly-inclined even do not hesitate to express their doubts regarding the sanity of some of its enthusiasts. However, after a little persuasion, a climb is attempted, and when the hard work through the brush is past, the novice reaches a spot on the heather-covered slopes, bathed in bright sunlight, from which he may view Nature's marvellous handiwork in all its wondrous wealth of detail. Then the cynicism of the past gives place to astonishment and awe, mingled with a delight which finds ex-

pression in surprised exclamations. Before him lies a glorious panorama of mountain and valley, ridge after ridge following in endless undulations; rugged peaks thrust their heads unceremoniously through the encircling clouds as though breathing a defiance, others present perfectly symmetrical outlines, while beautiful lakes of emerald hue nestle securely in the shadow of the mighty forests forming the source of a bountiful supply for the creeks and mountain torrents thundering down thousands of feet below, and the whole picture receives a charming setting from the snowfields and glaciers of the higher peaks which loom above the horizon.

The mountains are at their best in the fall when the long stretches of heather spring up under a cloudless sky to greet the sun's warm rays; the blueberry bushes cluster in the valleys, arrayed in their gorgeous livery of red and yellow, contrasting delightfully with the heavy green shade of the surrounding timber; the myriad waterfalls and foaming rapids of the creeks fling out sheets of silver spray as they dash downward; large, deep, translucent pools reflect the forest ferns and trailing branches with intense and vivid color; everything is aglow with joy at its brief release from its snowy prison; and a contentment and happiness steal into the heart of every climber as he drinks in the wonderful fragrance of the pure mountain air amidst such unrivalled beauty.

A little more than a year ago the Vancouver Mountaineering Club sprang into existence, founded by a few choice spirits, who perceived the necessity for such an organization, and to judge from increase in membership it evidently fills a long-felt want. The numerous trips of the past season were very successful and reflect great credit upon the generalship, tact and foresight of the leaders, whose previous experience amongst the mountains proved of invaluable assistance in traversing difficult and dangerous country. Accurate knowledge has been obtained of the location and best routes for ascending all mountains within thirty miles of Vancouver, and a comprehensive programme is arranged for this season, giving everyone excellent opportunities of becoming better acquainted with the grandeur and magnificence of the scenery with which this part of the Dominion has been so liberally endowed.

Amongst the peaks in the vicinity of Vancouver Mount Crown stands out as the most picturesque on account of its peculiar formation. On the Lynn Valley side a gigantic rock-slide has occurred in some remote age, leaving the whole mountain as though split in twain, the cliffs rising sheer for some two thousand feet to where the gradual rise of the crater terminates in the peak, 5,250 feet above sea level. At this point

large masses of loose rock appear to be ready to slide down at any moment and one is apt to be rather timorous in trusting his weight to them upon his first trip. But confidence comes later and he will soon be sitting astride the peak with a precipice of 2,000 feet on either side. The action of sun and snow is telling a tale and the formation is changing every year.

A little to the east and slightly lower than the peak is the Camel (so called on account of its supposed resemblance to a camel in a kneeling posture), a part of Mount Crown never known to have been climbed until last summer, when a party of four, Messrs. Hewton, Mills, Lyttleton and Miskin, accomplished the feat. To reach the base of the Camel it was necessary to cross the face of a precipice on the north side of the peak, clinging to the stunted bushes and making use of rocky ledges which would scarcely have afforded footing to a goat. Part of the final climb was made up a perpendicular rock chimney, knees and shoulders being of great assistance, a method of ascent often in evidence in climbing the Aiguilles of the Alps, to which the Camel bears a distinct likeness when viewed from the west side. The accompanying photo shows the first man at the top, where he might easily be mistaken for a mountain spirit.

The best route for climbing Crown is undoubtedly over Grouse, Dam and the shoulder of Goat, for although it seems ridiculous to ascend three peaks to reach one, the extra climb of 1,500 feet from the divide between Goat and Crown is much less fatiguing than the toilsome tramp up the Capilano Road and Crown Creek.

Grouse, Dam and Goat, the three nearest mountains to the City, are situated close together and present little difficulty in climbing. A ramble around the rocky slopes of Goat Mountain is very interesting and instructing and affords magnificent views of Crown and the Lynn and Seymour Ranges.

The trip to the Lions arranged by the Vancouver Mountaineering Club last September proved very popular, no fewer than thirty-six taking advantage

of the opportunity of climbing the highest peaks near at hand. Six of these were ladies and all the party succeeded in reaching the divide between the Lions, the hardest work being experienced in travelling up Sister's Creek, whose long and serpentine windings lead through the dense forests to the ridge which the Lions crown. On a closer inspection, the peaks present formidable obstacles and the stoutest climber pauses ere he attempts their conquest. The ascent of the Eastern is greatly facilitated by the bushes growing on the northeast face, and a number of the party, including one lady, reached the summit. The Western Lion is the higher by 150 feet, and while not particularly difficult, is more dangerous, owing to the fact that the climb must be made on the base rock, which has been worn quite smooth and affords few hand holds. It rises in a series of terraces, shelving downward at a steep angle, over which, in some places, crawling is the safest method of travelling, and the loose stones call for great precaution. On this account it is not advisable for more than three or four to make the ascent at one time.

Seymour Mountain, lying directly northeast and in full view of the City, is remarkably easy, and six members of the club successfully made the ascent last August, a feat which was emulated recently by a lady member and two companions, guided only by a roughly-drawn map. The summit is very extensive and rises in three peaks, with long stretches of rocky ridges between and around them. It bears a striking similarity to White Mountain, a peak situated at the head of Lynn Creek, and upon which three attempts were made by the club before success was gained. Its name was suggested by the immense area of white granite which makes it so conspicuous from Grouse Mountain.

For purposes of identification it was decided to find a name for all virgin peaks scaled during the season, and the President and Secretary of the club were fittingly honored when a party made a trip into unknown country east of Seymour Creek and bestowed the titles of

Mounts Bishop and Jarrett upon their conquests.

There is a magical charm and fascination in mountaineering which call the enthusiast again and again, and lead him to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the mountain solitudes. At night, under the starry skies, around a blazing camp fire, a happy circle of lusty-lunged singers awakens the echoes with a rollicking chorus or soothes them to sleep with an old plantation song; then, as the fire dies, they scatter to their beds of fragrant hemlock and cedar, there to stretch their wearied limbs and sink into a deep and restful slumber, lulled by the whispering winds which gently sway the branches overhead. Before dawn, all are astir, packs are made up and an early start made, so that all may appreciate that hour when—

"The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming
wheels."

A mountain sunrise is a sight to remember. The shadowy darkness of the forest-clad slopes gradually lightens in the grey of the early morning, the surrounding peaks stand out ghostly, grim and forbidding, till a shaft of light suddenly flashes forth and the sun is up. Broad belts of living fire stretch across the skies, the clouds are laden with light, the snowy peaks here and there are tinged with a golden glow, the dew-drops on the ferns and bushes are transformed into rubies and emeralds, giving the impression that they are indeed worthy to represent the tears of Aurora, and present a dazzling comingling of kaleidoscopic colors which enraptures the soul of the true lover of Nature.

The mountainous region to the north has many attractions to offer to the citizen of Vancouver, whether he be the artist in search of science, beauty, the poet requiring ideal surroundings to assist his Muse, or the adventurous youth eager to prove his worth by climbing a

virgin peak. All alike reap a rich reward for their exertions in the increased health and strength, self-reliance and de-

termination, which come from the persevering pursuit of this invigorating pastime.

Choosers of the Slain

E. S. Lake

They struck their hands to the bargain—
 By the "Oath of Doom" they swore
 That fear of the foe, nor wreck nor woe
 Should ever the compact shore.
 They sailed o'er the storm-lashed waters,
 They snored through the waters blue,
 They crept by light, they sailed by night
 And the Harbor watchers slew.
 Their Galleys lined the fore-shore—
 The foe in the distance stood
 They marched away to o'ermatched fray
 Laughing and grim in fighting mood.
 They mixed in the din of battle;
 They sweated and slew and swore;
 They backward ruled for a league and wheeled
 To renew the fight once more.
 Then Ulf with the locks so golden,
 And Inar, with Raven hair,
 Stept out apace the foe to face
 And their chosen champions dare
 The bravest came at their Taunt-word—
 And they slew and slew and slew
 Tili muscles slackt refused to act,
 And fear in the brave hearts grew.
 "Oh why should we fear the onslaught?
 Oh why should we fear the foe
 With brothers dear, and comrades near
 Behind us in their row?"
 They turned their heads a breathing space,
 To gasp from the wind and snow,
 Away o'er the hill with Bow and Bill
 They saw their comrades go.
 "Oh shame to the God who made ye
 Now shame to the Image of clay
 Oh Night so black with Storm and wrack
 Blot out the light of day."
 Old Odin smote his hands and swore!
 And called his maids so grave
 "Oh! stay ye not, by Bower or Cot
 Bring quick the Souls of the brave."
 The traitors laughed in the Home-wind:
 Their galleys breasted the main—
 But with hearts on fire with wild desire
 Went the "Choosers of the Slain."



Panoramic View of Port Simpson, B. C.

Port Simpson

Orville Bertley

BY far the most picturesque of all the Indian villages scattered along the northern coast of British Columbia is that of Lochgwaahlamsh (Port Simpson). The significance of its Zimaliach name, ("The garden of the wild rose or sweet briar"), suggests favorable ideas of the spot in harmony with its beauty.

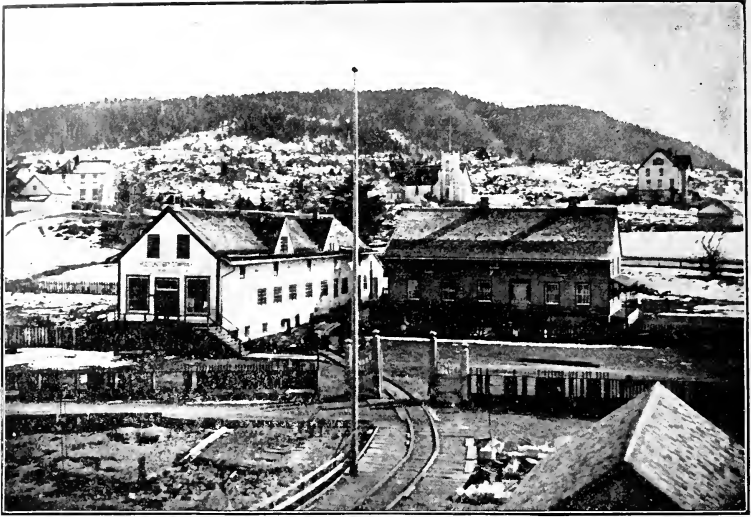
The village is situated on a point of the Tsimpsean peninsula, part of which at high tide constitutes an island. Lofty mountains standing to the left beyond Work Channel, lesser slopes rolling away to the right and a broad expanse of sea, island dotted, extending in the foreground appeal strongly. No wonder then that the tourist on his way to Skagway is heard to exclaim as the steamer veers into Simpson Harbor: "This is the best looking spot we've struck since leaving Vancouver!"

Bountifully helped by the hand of Nature to features of scenic beauty, historical circumstances have shaped themselves so as to make Port Simpson easily the most interesting of all the North Coast Indian villages. It is one of the oldest villages; its past lends a full measure to the lover of the romantic as well as the admirer of more material

phases. And "though we see but darkly" now, who shall say that new and great chapters in its history are not soon to be realized. With Prince Rupert, the embryo city, terminus of the G. T. P. to be, rapidly growing up but twenty miles southward and an extensive country, holding out a promise of rich mineral deposits all about, who shall justly estimate the subsequent commercial import of Simpson?

Only a few years ago the West did not dream of a Grand Trunk Pacific or any other transcontinental road heading towards this locality. The little Tsimpsean village, the home of the dusky Tsimpsean tribe, nestled in the same spot then, that it occupies today. The Indian inhabitants gathered their sea-weed, made their oolachan grease, dried and smoked their ruddy salmon in crude smoke-houses. Fierce battles were waged against the Bella Bellas, the Hydahs and other neighboring tribes, the "Shamans" (Indian Medicine men) cured the sick: "Alheid" (Indian deviltry) served for pasture and paganism reigned.

About eighty years ago the Hudson's Bay Company founded a trading post here. A fort was constructed for the



The Fort, "Port Simpson." This Building is 78 Years Old, and the Oldest of the Remaining Hudson's Bay Fortifications.

protection of the Company's employees from native attacks. This fort was originally built at the mouth of the Naas River, then a resort of Indians of various tribes. The fort later became known, in its new location, as Fort Simpson in honor of Governor Simpson whose bones the Indian Tyees like to think, this day, lie buried beneath the oldest remaining fort building.

The bastions and palisades of the old fort were left standing until about twenty years ago, when vigilance against Indian onset no longer seemed needful. After the disappearance of these fortifications the designation "Fort" gave place to the more appropriate one of "Port"; hence the present name.

The marked improvement in the social life of the natives of later years is credited to the labors of missionaries, who, with the coming of Mr. Duncan in 1853, began to cast in their lot with the red-man for his betterment.

To speak of present conditions the place boasts of two general stores each of which carries a good stock, two churches, the Episcopal and the Metho-

dist, two public schools, one for the native children and one for the white element, a hotel, fire hall and General hospital. The physician in charge of the hospital is well known all along the Coast in the person of Dr. Kergin, M. P. P. It may be mentioned that a new addition to the present building is now under construction, the estimated cost of which will be \$6,500. The hospital with this enlargement and the modern conveniences with which it is to be fitted will surpass any of the hospitals which are likely to be found north of Vancouver for some years to come. Other institutions worthy of mention are the Methodist Homes here for the education of Indian boys and girls. The population of Simpson in the busiest season of the year numbers upwards of eight hundred, about seven hundred of which are native inhabitants.

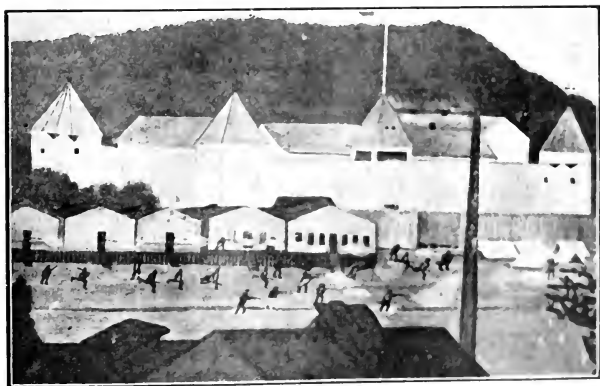
Over a year and a half ago when the core of attention rested on two points in this locality, one of which must become the future terminus of the G. T. P., we know that many were disappointed because the honor did not fall on the well



A Group of Picturesque Buildings in Port Simpson.

known village of Simpson instead of "hitting the high places of Rupert" for it. Comparing Port Simpson with Prince Rupert, the former has greater space for a townsite, a harbor easier of access, greater depth of soil (a matter of weight in connection with city sewerage) and more pleasant surroundings. With these advantages alone over its more distinguished neighbour the question is invariably asked: "Why was *not* Simpson chosen as the future terminus of the new road?"

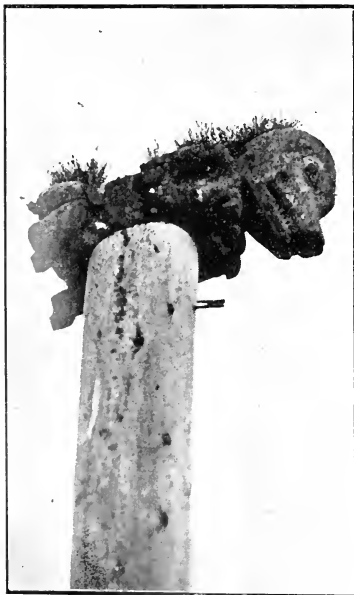
Wide as may be the reach encircling an answer to such a query one or two things may be mentioned here. All the beach contiguous to Simpson is either Indian Reserve or the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is said that the Native Council here was approached in regard to the sale of land and would accept nothing short of a million dollars for the Reserve. The Hudson's Bay Company were likewise unwilling to sell except at a high figure. To situate a town remote from its harbor moorings



The Fort, Port Simpson, B.C., as it was 80 Years Ago.

would be proceeding from folly and to buy up the best land from different interested speculators, who might be inclined to "bleed their buyers to the last penny," would hold another significance. Whatever the reasons for the choice of Rupert as the future terminus of the G. T. P. they were no doubt good ones, but the situation by no means eliminates Port Simpson from the circle of importance.

Two years ago the Port Simpson Improvement Company of Seattle boomed the property which was originally obtained from the Crown by Mr. John Braden, a prominent politician of Vic-



Old Totem of Port Simpson, B.C.

toria. This property was already divided into town lots, when they purchased it. It is said that the Company claim to have sold one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property here. The property handled by the Hickey and Bridgman Syndicate, upwards of one hundred and fifty acres, was originally owned by Clifford and Lockerty, well known in

this neighborhood. This property was held by the Hickey and Bridgman Syndicate about a year before being placed on the market; forty-five lots or more were sold, and the remaining lots divided among the several members of the Syndicate, who are withholding them from sale at present. We may assume that their reason for measures of this kind, is one of two things: either they have obtained some inside information, or consider the property worth holding in the absence of such information.

Douglas Ross & Co. of Vancouver are handling three hundred and seventy acres of Simpson property which is divided into 160 or 170 town lots. These lots are at present for sale at from \$160 to \$400 per lot. Mr. John Flewin of Simpson is also in possession of twenty-five acres of land sub-divided into town lots situated across Simpson Bay. These lots are for sale either direct from him or from his agent here, Mr. J. H. Campbell, at from \$80 to \$175 per lot. The balance of property around Simpson is owned by the original grantees.

The climate is Oceanic, the thermometer never registering over twenty-two degrees of frost, the mercury column never rising higher than 80 degrees above zero in the warmest season. The prevailing winds are south-east; the average rainfall 100 inches.

Vegetables and small fruits, such as raspberries, currants and gooseberries are successfully grown in Simpson. Rev. Hogan, for ten years a resident, recently exhibited gooseberries four inches in circumference. The larger fruits have not been put to a fair trial but it is granted that the conditions will never be such as to cause the country to develop into an agricultural district.

Prospects for future mineral wealth, however, are promising. The rock formation (as far as is known) is grey granite and mica schist. Porphory also shows in places. Camps on Observatory Inlet and Portland Canal have done sufficient work to justify one in expecting those camps to develop into camps equally as good as any in British Columbia.

A good silver-lead proposition is located at Stewart and in operation now

by the Portland Canal Mining and Development Company. Hidden Creek mines operated by the Hidden Creek Copper Company is situated on Observatory Inlet.

If you are interested in Simpson "stay that way." The lions of North Vancouver watched from their lofty vantage ground, first operations in Port Moody,

later a growth nearer by. It is known that part of Brown Passage is condemned by the Imperial Government's Survey boat "Egeria." Will not this make it necessary for insured vessels to round Dundas Island passing the very portals of Simpson Harbor to reach Rupert?



View of Section of Present Port Simpson, B. C.

May.

Donald Fraser

Arrayed in brilliant hues and crowned with flowers,
 See May, the one of all the months the Queen;
 Enthroned in state 'mid freshest, leafiest green,
 She chants a carol of the springtime hours.
 Both field and wood have lent to grace her bowers,
 Their varied blooms of brightest, gayest sheen;
 Blithe, tuneful birds light flit the boughs between;
 And smiles the Sun, while liquid gold he showers;
 The rippling brooklets babble joyously;
 Yea, everything seems full of music sweet;
 For Nature's tide of growth is flooding free;
 With mirth and melody is Earth replete.
 This gladness fills the very heart of May,
 So lives her song, as long as she holds sway.



The Author.

Seattle's Workshop

The Evolution of a Colony

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

SEATTLE sits on her hills, and gazes over the Sound. Perched on one of Seattle's "seven" hills, is an unpretentious and rather delapidated looking wooden structure, surmounted by a tower giving it the appearance of a church,—and in fact this building at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Seneca Street, has served many years as a "First Hill" landmark, and was originally a Jewish Synagogue.

Climbing a number of rickety steps, one stands on the threshold of an open door, at the right of which tacked to the building, is a sign made of rough cedar shingles, spelling out in burnt letters—"The Work-shop."

Following the course pointed by the index finger on a placard within, one

ascends the winding staircase. A turn at the top brings you face to face with a door on which appears the announcement:—

"Finn Haakon Frolich, Sculptor. No Admittance."

Nevertheless knock on the door, and the chances are, it will be opened by none other than the great sculptor himself—a man of international repute—who does things—"nor dreams them all day long." Herr Frolich's greeting will be a cordial one,—for he is the soul of geniality, and his atelier is really the doorway of the Workshop, and the workshop boasts as its sponsors, Mrs. E. W. Andrews, of Seattle, well known as a clever artist, and a woman of dauntless energy in all that makes for progression; and Herr



Where Seattle's Workshop Had Its Evolution.

Frolich, the sculptor already referred to. These two, planned the workshop—not an arts and crafts, merely—but a workshop—in all that the name implies; where anyone who could “make things” with his hands, might have the opportunity to produce and exhibit, by the paying of a trifle, for space in the shop, when his work should bring sufficient remuneration. The plan was quickly put into execution, and the balcony extending around three sides of the old Jewish Synagogue, was rented. Then a barrel of plaster and a load of clay, were purchased. Herr Frolich had personal orders for sculptoring, but the need was,—work for the shop, the production of which should justify its existence. Mrs. Andrews suggested doing advertisements in plaster, naming a local firm. More in jest, than earnest, Herr Frolich threw a lump of clay upon the throne—and behold the result,—that was not merely an advertisement—but an achievement—and the evolution of “The Workshop.” The firm

represented in the moulding, purchased the subject at once, and the shop took on a firmer hold of life.

Louis Bendel, whose work stands the critics' test, joined the forces, Miss Anna S. Hatch, a pupil of August St. Gauden's, also a worker in the Art Students' League of New York, fitted up an attractive corner where she executes bas-reliefs and portrait busts, making a specialty of children. Plaster ornaments, and portraits are done by Miss Marjory Ely, in her especial booth, next to where a young artist sits before an easel, engaged in painting promising bits of canvas. Mr. Carl Neuse, a consulting architect of Paris, and New York, occupies a booth with his wife, who is an efficient book-binder. An interior decorator, Miss M. Elinor Riley has a space, where she plans effects in home decorations, and designs furniture. Then there are departments of metal work, paintings in oil, and water color, casting in bronze, wood carving, pottery, brass hammering

picture framing, tapestry work, and furniture, with landscape gardening, in its commencement.

The workers are energetic, and their enthusiasm runs high.

No extravagant expenditure has been made in equipping the workshop, in fact, not a dollar beyond what was barely necessary, has gone forth from the exchequer.



In the Workshop—Mrs. E. N. Andrews, and Sculptor Finn Haarkon Frolich.

The beginning was necessarily small, and as "necessity is the mother of invention" not a few inventions have emanated from the busy brains and hands of the artists and artisans in the workshop.

The hum of labor—the clicking of tools—the ringing of metal and the plying of hammers are heard, while from any part of the balcony one can look down to where on the main floor, still stands the old tabernacle—a mute reminder of what the place once had been—a Hebrew place of worship.

Within the portals of the workshop, the fluffy ruffle sleeves are turned back, and feminine arms become those of the blacksmith at the forge—the sculptor—the painter—the builder of furniture, etc. The great desire is to accomplish, to

work with head and hands; to wring from crude and shapeless matter, forms of usefulness and beauty. This intention, to make, to build, to create, has induced many society members to join the enterprise, but while all classes are welcome, real, earnest work must be the endeavour, without thought of the social world.

The mission of this institution is broadly philanthropic; its humanitarian factor working for the development of talent, and the opening of opportunities to those of any station, aspiring to knowledge of the finer arts.

Almost every labor that hands and brain can devise—is the province of this new venture. First of all, the student or apprentice is obliged to make his, or her own implements of work. Selecting the course of workmanship or art preferred, the candidate will be initiated into the mysteries of building her own work bench, or a stand for sculpture, with her

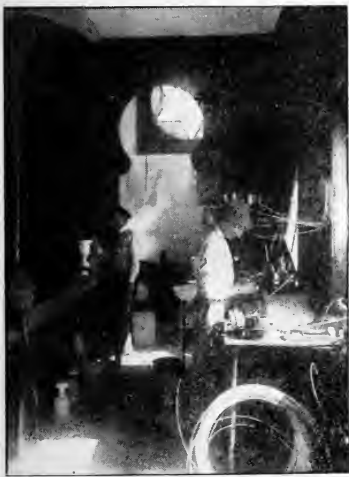


own hands. She may pound her fingers, bruise her elbows, tear the dainty white skin upon a protruding nail, nevertheless the first qualification for admission will be the ability to make the tools and necessities of the work that is to follow. Even some hammers and chisels now used in the workshop have been drawn from the

heated depths of the forge, by feminine hands, and beaten into shape upon the ringing anvil steel.

Particular attention is to be given to the making of bird-houses, thus accomplishing two objects—the providing of homes for the birds of the Northwest, and the awakening of interest in Audobon research. In short, the workshop is to be the friend of all the bird-tribes of Washington and the West.

Under the clever manipulation of Herr Frolich, a handsome bird fountain, of



Flamingo design is nearing completion.

The mottoes of the workshop are: To teach, and to learn, and to be practical in every sense of the work.

Her Finn Frolich is known to many of the notable artists and sculptors of Europe and America. He has achieved distinction through his own accomplishments, and with enthusiasm has entered heart and soul, into the workshop scheme.

The first model for the coming Alaska-Yukon Exposition, statuary was made by

Sculptor Frolich and the finished design is a highly creditable piece of work.

The statue is thirty feet high. The design shows the chief races originally surrounding the Pacific Ocean, by male and female figures. The first story consists of four male figures, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Pacific Islander, and an Alaskan-Eskimo Indian. These figures are recumbent, and support with their hands and shoulders the massive fountain which forms the central portion of the statue. Each figure gazes out towards one of the four points of the compass. Above this, four female figures of the same races clothed in their native costumes stand around a great circular shaft which supports a globe, and a winged figure surmounting the design. This figure represents the "Spirit of the Pacific," and is poised lightly on the Pacific Ocean part of the globe, with wings outspread, as if about to fly. The lower figures are finished in white, the central ones bronzed, and the topmost figure is gilded.

Many of Herr Frolich's statues decorate prominent parks in this country, and he executed several pieces for the St. Louis, and other expositions.

As from its crystal emerged the "Workshop," so the "Colony," evolved from this idea is now a substantial fact. Already plans are being laid for the Colony that had its evolution in the "Workshop," and in furtherance of the intention, a large tract of waterfront land has been purchased on Puget Sound, where the Cascades are silhouetted against the sky—the Olympics point upward with their purple peaks, and Mount Rainier under a pearl-kissed crown, gleams like an uncut gem on the breast of nature.

Before many months, a coterie of artists, scientists, literateurs, and artisans, joined by forces from the East, will make this spot a real, as well as an ideal colony, and the cynosure of all eyes, while Seattle sits on her "storied" hills, and gazes over the Sound.



The First Piece of Statuary Sculptured for
the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, 1909..
Fountain Executed by Herr Finn
Haarkon Frolich.

On the Brink

Jessie Orchard

YOUNG DORRINGTON stood leaning against one of the pillars at the Casino at Monte Carlo. He was staring fixedly at the flaming lamps and green tables inside. Very soon those lamps would be extinguished and as something else would go out at the same time he had a certain amount of interest in watching them—much in the same way as a condemned man watches for the rising of the last sun that he will ever see. For when the darkness and blackness of the night had fallen, that around which his fingers had never ceased their steady grasp would be drawn forth. One short moment, and he would be lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his brain.

Now that it would all so shortly be over a quiet had come to his soul. The agonizing pain that of late had never ceased to dart like hot jots of fire through his head had stopped: the whirl of his thoughts had settled into a queer, uncanny apathy; and while this possessed him he was quietly reviewing the past.

His boyhood when he had been stirred by such strong and wholesome ambitions. His healthy tastes, and pride in his firm young muscles. The delight of his widowed father when his conduct and studies at Sandhurst proved him worthy of the old and honourable name he bore. His hopes of distinguishing himself as his ancestors had done by a long and serviceable career. The medals he would win, the glory he would add to the long list of warriors whose calm, brave eyes looked out so steadfastly from their frames in his Somerset home—the noble collection of goodly men who had served their country with blood and steel, from the first Sir John Dorrington in Elizabethan ruff and armour, down to Sir John, his father, whose decorated breast

spoke of many a hard-fought, long campaign. His face quivered as he recalled his high intention of doing as these brave and worthy sires had done, and the zeal with which he had started to follow in their footsteps. And he had done his best until that fatal day when the death of a cousin made him a richer man and the owner of a vaster property than that which belonged to his father or his forefathers before him. Then the lad, untempted before by the knowledge of the power, the social weight, the smiling deference that unlimited wealth perpetually earns forgot his single-eyed ambition, forsook his plain and wholesome mode of living, and followed Pleasure to her rose-strewn, scented bowers. "Only for a time," he told himself, "he would see what this sort of life could mean, and then, when tired of it, like the Prince in history, he would renounce his comrades, forswear the roses and passion-flowers, and be his usual self once more. He could easily give it up, but just for a little while—!"

And the "little while" grew to a long while, and then the end was easy to see. And how quickly he had reached it, too! Only five short years had passed, yet he had dissipated a fortune, accumulated debts, and dragged an unbesmirched name in the dust. What an inscription for a tombstone! He took a letter from his pocket, and read it through for about the twentieth time. It was from his father, and had reached him a few days previously. It spoke of reconciliation, of love, of the hopes he yet could fulfil, but he shook his head with a stifled groan. At first his father's anger had aided in driving him far on the path he had chosen. The stern, upright character of the elder man failed to comprehend the unsuspected weakness inherent in that of

the son, and his uncontrolled scorn and contempt lashed Dorrington into hard, unyielding stubbornness. They parted in bitter wrath and all intercourse ceased between them. But now the father was remembering the son with longing, and was stretching out yearning hands of love and self-reproach. And all the son could say was: "Too late, too late, my father. Two years—one year—ago I might have been worthy to take your hand, but since then I have fed with the swine in the troughs, and am foul with the blackest mire. You would never forgive me now, for no Dorrington has ever done the things that I have done."

His father had reminded him of the father in the Bible who ran to meet his son "when he was yet a great way off." Even so was his welcome to be. "The past shall never be mentioned. I want you, my dearest boy. Come!" But Dorrington set his lips. "That son was never so far as I. Neither had he wallowed in so deep a pit of shame." And he tore the letter in pieces, and flung them far on the evening breeze. He had not lived such a sorry, degraded life. Wild, reckless foolhardiness was the worst that could be laid to his charge; but a sensitive conscience and the memory of what he had meant to be deepened his sense of guilt and personal dishonour until it was transformed into abject vileness and infamy.

He presently took out his watch and looked at it. Surely the time must be near! As he replaced it a girl came out from the lighted hall and made her way towards him, at first hesitatingly, then with more decision. Her back was to the light, her face shaded by the large picture hat she wore. She was a stranger to him; undoubtedly English; undeniably a gentlewoman. Therefore her conduct was the more remarkable. She stopped in front of him, and bowed slightly. Then she pronounced his name. Somewhat confused that she should identify him, Dorrington returned her salute, and silently removed his hat.

"You will think me extraordinary—impertinent, even!" the girl suddenly broke out, speaking with rapid vehemence. "But oh, I am in such trouble,

such very, very great trouble, and I come to you because I think you can help me if you will."

Her slight form shook perceptibly with agitation, and in changing her position Dorrington could see that tears glistened on her eyelashes and cheeks. Now that her features were visible there was something dreamily familiar about them. But in the unreal state of feeling that had seized him he could not place them definitely.

"My brother is in there," she continued, without waiting for him to speak. She made a gesture in the direction of the rooms behind them. "He has been there for the last three days, and I cannot get him away. Nothing will induce him to leave, and oh—it is dreadful!"

"Has he lost much?" Dorrington inquired, gently, as she paused, choked for a moment by a sob.

"No," she replied, checking her tears by a desperate effort. "It would be better if he had. He would be disheartened then, and would come away. But he has won, oh, a very great deal! I do not know how much, but his success is making him almost beside himself, and I thought—" she stopped, and looked at him imploringly.

"I see," the young man said harshly, his face darkening with bitter indignation, "You want me to pose as an object lesson on your brother's behalf. I am to go up to him and say—'Look here! Take heed, my friend. You behold in me your own probable future dramatically represented. A few short months ago I was courted, fêted, fawned upon! I was told of my many merits, admired for my talents and ability, and greeted with hands of affection. That was when I was rich. Today I am a penniless wretch. My last coins were staked in the Casino. My late comrades have openly mocked me as an ignorant, deluded fool. I am deserted by the curs and sycophants who fed full fat at my table. I have contracted debts I can never repay, and the money lenders have stripped my carcass bare. Now, my friend, take care—" But the girl interrupted him with a horrified cry of deprecation.

"Indeed, indeed, I had no idea of such a thing," she stammered, her eyes wide with pity and dismay. "I did not know—how could I have heard! We only arrived here the other day, and it was only a few minutes ago that I happened to see your face and remembered it. I am Mildred Cameron. I met you once at Goodwood. We were on the Fenworth's drag, and you—" she hesitated, and blushed painfully, conscious of having nearly made another slip. On the day in question Dorrington had won tremendously, being then at the height of his luck. "Since then," she continued, hastily, fearful of having wounded him, "Tom and I have been travelling. We have been round the world, taking our time at sightseeing, and are now on our homeward way. We only intended to stop here one day, but now—" and she made a despairing movement, "There is nothing but trouble and sorrow in this beautiful, terrible spot!"

Dorrington looked at her, a tide of recollection flowing swift and strong through his mind. Of course he remembered her now. The fair, pretty girl who had attracted him by her grace and unstudied charm. He had wanted to see more of her, but other things had intervened. There were many engagements to fulfil—an appointment with Lottie Venture and her pals of Tivoli fame, a supper with a few chosen spirits of Frascati's, and so on, and so on, until the brilliant rouge-tinted cheeks and flashing eyes of his other associates dulled the recollection of the sweet seriousness of the soft grey eyes that had so briefly looked into his own.

He was still lazily wrapped up in these thoughts when she looked up at him. "I must go back to Tom," she murmured, brokenly. "I only thought that, perhaps, the influence of a countryman—a few timely words—might check this gambling spirit to which he is giving way. I saw you were not playing, and that is why I ventured to come to you. I thought you realized the futility of it all and would be able to warn him in time. But I did not know you were in such trouble yourself," she added, nervously clasping her hands. "I hope, oh,

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I do hope that I have not added to your distress by anything I have said?"

Her face, with its tremulous, tender lips, and pitying, gentle eyes was uplifted to his as she bade him farewell, and he assured her that she need not feel the slightest regret for anything she had said. But she smiled sadly and shook her head as she left him.

He watched her little, slender figure as she crossed the balcony and emerged into the glare of the lights again. With a light, quick step, she went up to one of the tables and imploringly touched a tall, fair-haired youth on the shoulder. Dorrington was not so far away, but he could see the resentful movement with which the boy shook the hand of his sister off, and he noted also the forlorn droop of her head as she stepped behind him in hopeless resignation.

With a sudden and unaccountable resolution he found himself walking up to the table by which she had paused. Tom Cameron was just raking in some winnings with a chuckle of boyish pleasure, as Dorrington laid a firm hand upon one of his. "Drop this," he said, briefly.

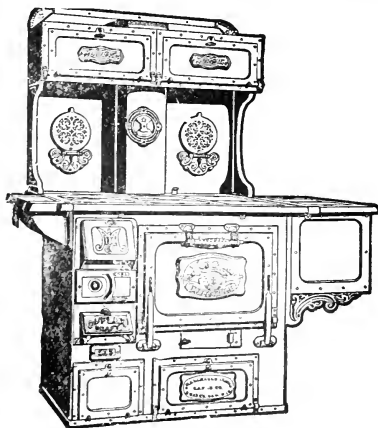
"Come and listen to what I have to say."

For a moment the younger man stared at him aghast, then, as the enormity of the other's offence was borne in upon him he straightened his back and told him in pertinent English what he thought of his conduct. Dorrington listened unmoved. He did not relax his purpose. He had caught sight of the look of joyful trust that irradiated Mildred's face, and it strengthened his determination. He would do one decent act before he committed that last one which was to be the fitting close to his miss-spent, wasted life, and he turned to the boy again. "Devil take you," the latter had ended. "Mind your own business, and get out!" Then he had turned to stake again, and by this time the ball was rolling and clicking on its course. It stopped, and once more Tom Cameron won. Hastily raking his winnings together he made as if to sweep them all back and stake afresh, but Dorrington caught him by the wrist. "You fool," he said, "come away, I tell you. Leave this accursed place!"

Their eyes met, and Cameron faltered

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as Dorrington's burnt their unflinching resolution into his. Possibly, in that close look he gained an indefinable hint of the unspeakable purpose that lay behind Dorrington's present action, and unconsciously was overawed. For the elder man, standing as he did on the brink of Eternity, was superbly indifferent to all obstacles of conventionality, time, or place. He had ceased to be aware that there were any.

He thrust his arm through Cameron's

took off his hat, looked up at the stars, and laughed. A laugh of gratitude and thanks. Then he turned to Dorrington: "You've shown me what a fool I've been," he said. "I think I can safely say I'll never tackle that losing job again."

It was not a graceful speech, but Dorrington understood, and he gave a sigh that was almost a groan. If only his own renunciation could have been as easily made! It was not an occasion to talk

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and hurried him away. Out into the sweet, fragrant night among the oleanders, cypress, and palm. He found a seat for Mildred, and then, facing the brother and sister he began to relate his story. What he said with regard to himself—how he bared his unfortunate life for inspection—and how he pleaded with the boy not to do as he had done he did not know. But the girl gazed at him as if he were inspired, while Cameron, now that the previous excitement and heat had gone out of his blood, sat listening with a pale, cold face in which remorse and shame were struggling.

When Dorrington at last said no more, and only stood, straight and tall, in silence, his arms folded across his broad chest, Cameron rose to his feet. He

empty platitudes, and the girl in saying good-bye when they reached the steps of the hotel where the two were staying referred to his own case once more.

"I suppose you will be going home to Sir John," she said quietly, as she laid her hand in his. "How comforting for you to have a father to go to in your trouble."

Dorrington started, and as her innocent eyes met his he turned his own aside. Unconsciously he gripped her fingers convulsively in his as remembrance drove sharp and keen through his brain. For a moment he had forgotten! He stepped back. "Yes," he answered, hoarsely, "of course—home—I am going home!"

He had not made more than a dozen

paces away when with a light flutter of garments she was beside him again.

"Oh, please, stop! Listen one moment!" she cried, breathlessly. And in some slight surprise he waited. "It is this," she continued, hurriedly, "You are going away as if you do not want—did not intend—to see us ever again. Ah, surely, now that you have gone so far you will not fail to complete your good work?"

He looked at her, only half-comprehending the drift of her words, and she spoke more plainly.

"I want you to help me," she continued, her voice soft and low, but so distinct that every syllable sounded like a silver bell in his ear. "I want you to help me still with Tom. Ah, see!" she cried, as he involuntarily made a gesture of almost passionate refusal. "He is so young, so easily tempted. I may not be able even now to keep him away from that dreadful place by myself. But with your assistance it would be all so easy, and there would be no more anxiety for me. Oh, pray do not say no. I am so

lonely, so helpless, and——" her voice sank, "so frightened! I want a friend so much. Oh, help me, Mr. Dorrington, help me!"

She was full of such desperate agitation, the hands she held up to him were so tremulously imploring, that his resolution was shaken in spite of himself. He could not understand the agony of entreaty in her eyes. She had seemed so confident in her brother just now that this sudden change bewildered and disconcerted him. As if in answer to his unspoken question she spoke again:

"It is not as if I could get Tom away at once," she said, forlornly, weeping and wringing her hands. "We have to wait for a draft upon the bank before we can leave. Surely you will not—cannot—refuse to be our companion for so short a time—only four or five days at the most!"

Dorrington was staggered. If he consented to do what she asked he could not look upon his reprieve as an acquittal. It would only mean the inflicting of a martyrdom upon himself. He—to

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join in their laughter—listen to their merriment—accompany them upon their walks and expeditions! What a travesty of his purpose. And it had all been so easy, so nearly accomplished before. No, it could not be. And he refused with a peremptoriness that was almost brutal. But the girl plied him with such anguished entreaties that only stony-hearted inhumanity could refuse, deaf to her supplications, and finally he was forced to give a reluctant consent. The whole thing was horrible, but it appeared to be inevitable.

And yet in those few succeeding days Mildred did not seem to be the happier for gaining her wish. She grew paler and more distraite each hour, while in her eyes Dorrington frequently surprised the same look of apprehension and pain that had filled them pleading with him. The brother was the only one who enjoyed himself, and he was frankly and exuberantly noisy in his pleasure.

And Dorrington? Well, had he not known from the first that if the delay of his intention was bound to bring one kind of pain it was equally certain to inflict another that was worse. The girl whom in the midst of all his revels and foolish deeds he had never entirely forgotten had come to his side once more and he could not ask her to stay. The words of affection that in those last days arose in burning precipitance on his tongue must never be uttered although it was pain intolerable to keep them back. For, as though it knew the time was so short, the love which had only lain dormant before now concentrated itself in

one fierce desperate upheaval that cost him all his strength to suppress.

On the fifth day after meeting the Camerons, Dorrington went to their hotel as usual. Neither brother nor sister were in the sitting-room as he entered it. Instead a tall, spare figure strode forward with eager, outstretched hands, and Dorrington gave a cry.

"My father!" he said, "My father!" And his eyes sank in his bewilderment and shame.

But the other's were full of only love and joy. "My son, my dear, dear son!" And Sir John would have taken him in his arms as if he were a child again. But Dorrington shrank as he came near. "I am not worthy—you do not know!" he faltered. And he fumbled blindly at the handle of the door.

But his father caught both his hands in his. "I know all," he said. "I knew it before I came." And with the gentle touch of a woman he drew his son to the couch and took his seat beside him.

A few months later the Autumnal winds were whirling the dead leaves away in an English wood and tossing branch and bough in wild fantastic byplay overhead. Oblivious to the chilly gale and the flying scud which had already brought threatening drops of rain young Dorrington and Mildred Cameron walked slowly along a mossy pathway leading to a stile. When they reached this they halted, by mutual consent, and leaning on the topmost rail looked across a level meadow to a sweeping upland beyond.

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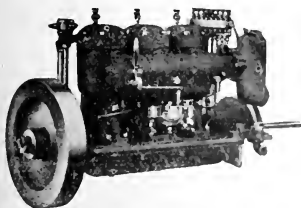
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"Had it not been for you I should never have seen it again," he said, turning to the girl as he spoke. Sir John and young Dorrington were entertaining a house party for the shooting, and both men held Mildred in highest honour. Her face flushed. "I don't like to think of that time," she said. Then added illogically, "Oh, I shall never forget what I felt. The terror of it all. For I guessed—I knew!—as well as if you had told me what you intended to do! And I feared so that my letter to Sir John would miscarry, or that he would never get to Monte Carlo in time. The strain was becoming frightful, and I seemed to know, too, by some dreadful instinct that if he did not arrive by the fifth or sixth day you would——" she shuddered——"not come to see us any more."

"Yes," Dorrington rejoined, in bitter self-scorn, "I was a coward—a coward in more ways than one. I was afraid if I waited any longer something that had come into my life would make me wish to live. And I felt that I was too low a thing to dare to cumber the ground any longer. Such as I could never bring any

happiness, any good, to a single living thing."

"Sir John does not think so. He has become quite young and handsome again," Mildred said, with a little laugh.

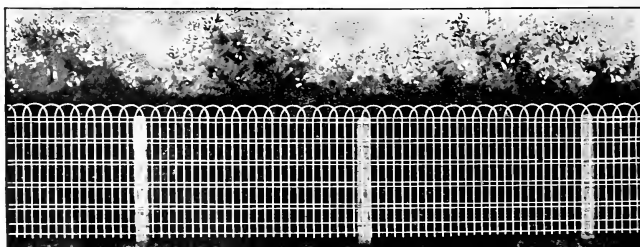
"Ah, he is a father in a thousand. To think that he should so ungrudgingly sell all the Scottish and London property to pay my vile debts. And that the only return he allows me to make is to be steward for him here!"

"But you are a very good steward. He says you work too hard, and do not allow yourself a proper amount of rest."

Dorrington smiled. "Dear old boy. When he talks like that I only feel like kicking myself. I wonder if men find it easier to forgive than a woman," he subjoined with sudden irrelevance.

"Perhaps men forgive some sorts of injury more easily than women," Mildred suggested. "Certain things might strike a woman as being so much worse than a man would consider them. And then again much would depend upon the character of the person who had to forgive."

"That is what I fear," Dorrington returned, despondently. "A pure, refined mind would find it impossible to extend pardon to another whose sins were past redemption." His voice was muffled and almost indistinct, but Mildred heard. And she saw that his brow was pained and drawn. The youth that had lately returned to his face fell away, and with a sharp thrill of pain she caught a glimpse of the hopeless, haggard expres-



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sion that it had worn at Monte Carlo. With the womanly impulse to comfort him she spoke with earnest warmth.

"Ah, would any of us dare be so merciless. Are any of us so noble in deed—so exalted in thought and sentiment—that we can scorn a fellow creature whose temptations have been far worse than our own. If we, less sorely assailed, yield, is not our sin in proportion just as great? Let us be just—let us be charitable!"

And then her face glowed rosily red, for, as he looked at her, his eyes lighting, his whole bearing changed, she realized with a sudden shock how personal his meaning and application had been. Deprived of speech in her confusion and embarrassment she shrank back and turned her head. The hedge by which they stood was brilliant with scarlet berries, and trailing from overhead hung a wild tangle of yellow and russet briar-leaves. She busied herself in gathering some random sprays, but the hand that plucked them trembled, and the cheek, so crimson before, had paled to the lily's hue.

"Mildred," Dorrington exclaimed, stirred by sudden and electric emotion, "there is one question I have always wanted to ask you. Do not reply if you think my question impertinent, or if you do not wish to. But I have always wondered why you took such trouble to save my worthless life."

There was silence. A robin, emboldened by the quiet of the human beings beneath him, hopped nearer on to a twig.

After eyeing them inquisitively he broke out into a clear, sweet call. But except for the robin and a gust of wind the stillness was unbroken until Dorrington spoke again.

"H," he said, gently, "remembering how I bared my soul to you before, and knowing therefore what my life has been. If, I say,—remembering all this, and understanding all the evil I have done—could you ever find it in your heart to pardon me?"

She was shaking from head to foot, but her eyes met his steadily. "Yes," she murmured faintly, "I could pardon."

He drew a little nearer. "And if I were to devote my every effort—my most earnest endeavour—to atone in some small measure for the past, would you some day think me worthy to tell you how I love you and to ask if you could ever care a little for me in return?"

She looked up at him, her eyes misty and soft, a happy smile parting her lips. "Not some day," she said, "but now. For I have loved you ever since the day when first we met."

Later on as they entered the great tapestry-hung hall Sir John met them. Young Dorrington led Mildred forward with proud love in his glance and touch, and his father's face was irradiated with joy as he realised the meaning of his action. He took the girl in his arms and kissed her fondly. "This is what I have hoped," he said. "My dear, you have doubly enriched me. For you gave me back my son, and now I have found a daughter."

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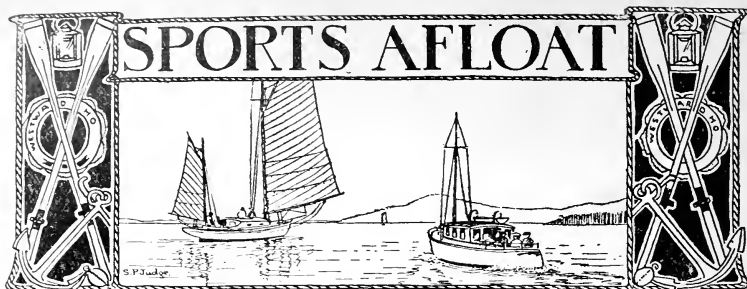
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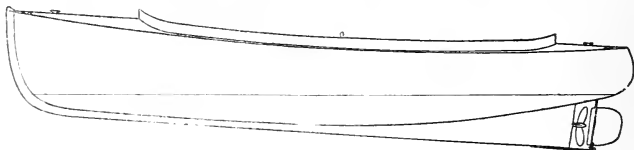
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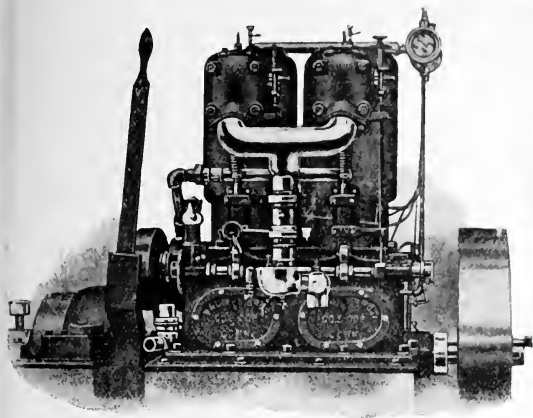
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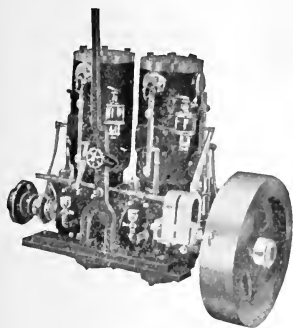
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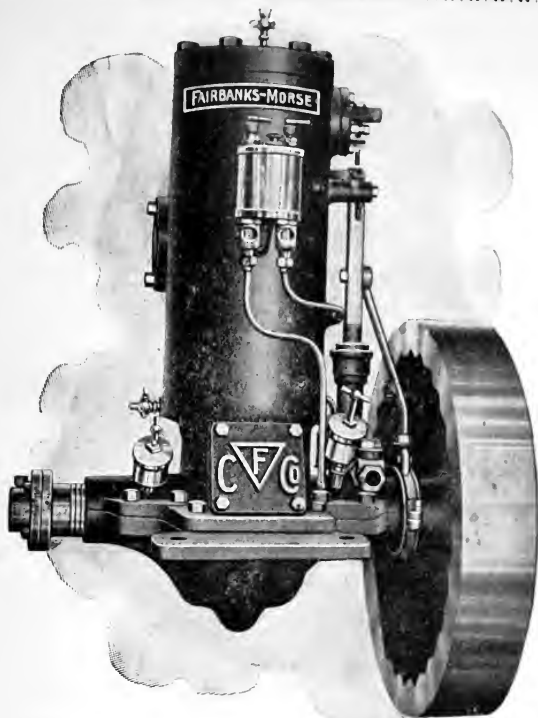
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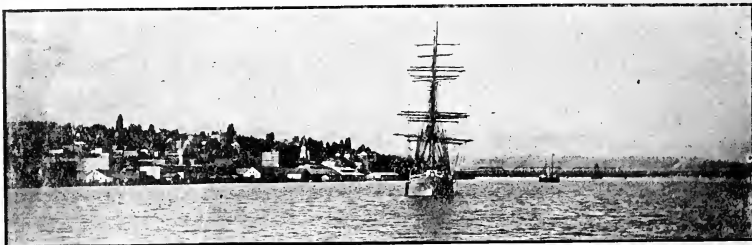
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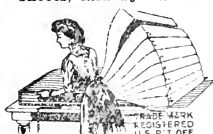
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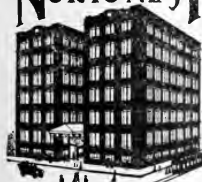
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## Hotel Dominion

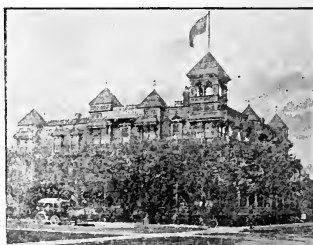
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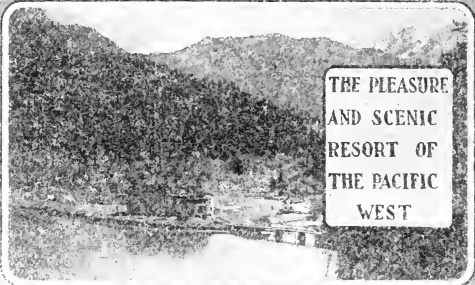
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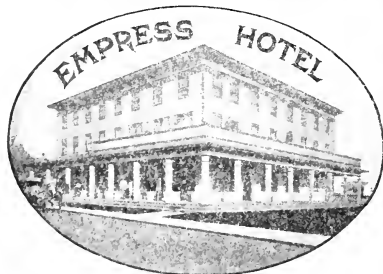
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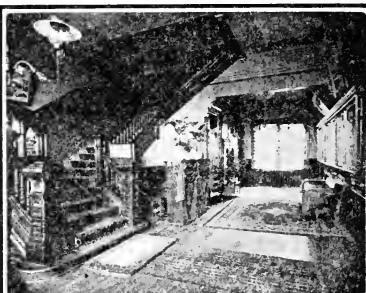
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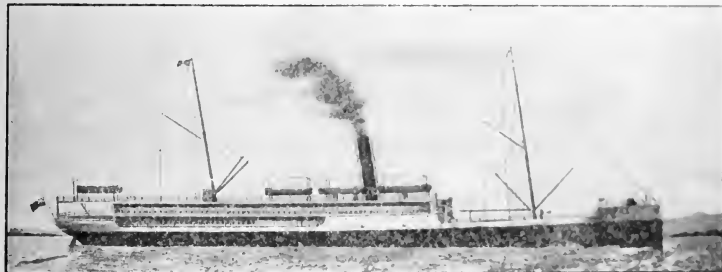
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# WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



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THE WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

536 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

# Publishers' Notice!

Beginning with this the June number we propose to adopt an entirely new policy with regard to our articles. We want to give the greatest value in our magazine to the greatest number of our readers.

We want to tell our readers abroad of the advantages and progress of our own country, and to give our home readers interesting reading on the Colonies and Foreign lands. Arrangements have been concluded for some beautifully illustrated articles along these lines.

Our yachting friends will be pleased to hear that the ROYAL VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB has adopted this magazine as its official organ, and will make all of its club announcements through these columns, together with the record of its cruises.

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The Fiction-prose articles and selections are good this month, while the article of interest to most of our readers will undoubtedly be the A. Y. P. E. descriptive illustrated sketch.

And now just a word as to future issues:—

July will be the "Dominion" number, containing articles from the pens of some of our well known pioneers, men whose reminiscences of the early days will interest the present generation. We have secured some rare photographs for illustrations in this number.

And for the rest—Well! we promise good entertaining literature, the best we can get each month.

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JUNE, 1909

Number 6

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By W. H. Raymond.

SEATTLE is ready to play actively her part as intermediary between Occident and Orient. She will introduce the great fully developed world of the West, to the great and practically undeveloped world of the far east and to the knowledge of both she will bring the vast domain of the north. Alaska, that they three may thereafter get together for their mutual profit and advancement.

In a word, through the agency of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which Seattle will open to the world on June 1st, the tremendous developmental energy of America is to be ushered in to the theatre of the world's work during the centuries that are to come.

It is in Alaska and Yukon and the far east that the world's exploitation will be done from now forward. There, will the millions be poured into railroad building, and the engineering feats which have placed America on the pinnacle of industrialism, be duplicated and even exceeded.

This acquaintance Seattle, with the splendid assistance of the United States Government, has undertaken, and the success of its undertaking is today assured, for it is ready to perform the ceremony.

It is the first congress of the nations that lie on the western seas, such a congress as the world has never known, for

participating in it are nations and races that have only just awakened and felt the fire that moves to national endeavour and accomplishment.

The China that was asleep and is now awake is making preparations to outdo, if that be possible, her lusty, wonderful neighbour, the Mikado. Siam and Anam and Burma, aroused by the unheard of racket of preparation being made by their erstwhile somnolent parent, are also up and doing and as fully determined to show to the world their capacity for its tasks.

Uncle Sam is spending a quarter million to give to the American people a correct knowledge of the much misunderstood Filipino and his tremendous capacity for production and industrial excellence and there are exhibits also from those islands neighbour to Luzon, Sumatra and Java and with them also, Ceylon and Borneo and the other spice islands of the Straits Settlements, with a characteristic display from Singapore, with the whole Malay Peninsula included. Penang has sent its women, its spices and its incense, with all else it has that throws a glamour over equatorial existence.

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**Agricultural Building.**

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

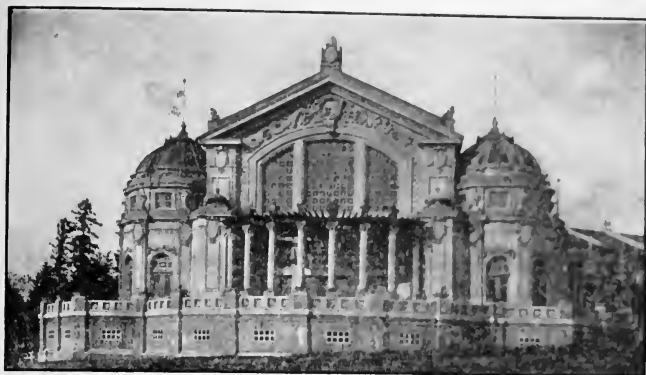
its sleep of ages, have the Japanese answered to the industrial call as they have answered to the invitation of Seattle. The first and always the staunch friend of the natives of Nippon on the Pacific Coast, Seattle's request has been considered a command by the home government and as a result, the whole life of Tokyo is taken up and transplanted on the northwestern shore.

Not only the commercial life of Japan is shown, but the home life of its people, their daily habit of life and dress—the way they are today, the way they were an hundred years ago when the Samurai lorded it over all the land and the man of business and affairs commercial ranked with the scullion and the petty thief. Japan does not plan to show only the great things it has today, but its whole romantic, startling story.

Australia, all Australasia in fact, and this includes New Zealand and whole batallions and regiments of islets and islands that lie under the Southern Cross, have made as complete a showing as any other nation or colonial government. Had that not been assured before, the visit of the American fleet to Sydney would have made it certain. It was taken in dead earnest as "hands across the sea" when Sperry with the Armada sailed in past Sydney Heads and

the good natured question down that way was, whether the land of the kangaroo owes fealty to King Edward, or Teddy Roosevelt.

Alaska's exhibit or better, exhibits, are a revelation to the hundreds of thousands who strangely, know little, or positively nothing of the world's great treasure box. The exhibits are such that there will no longer be ignorance. It is Alaska-Yukon as it is, even to the romance of the trail; the mysteries of the blizzard and the hardships the great white silence. It is shown by constant mining operation how it is that the northland in ten years of work, has leaped to second place in the gold production of the world. It will be shown why the millions of Morgan and Guggenheim are being expended like water, to overcome physical obstacles which, until the present, were considered insurmountable, that they may lead railroads to the most enormous deposits of copper the world has to offer. Alaska's fisheries which, although half developed, are still factories for turning out millionaires, are shown in full operation and the other trading possibilities of the never-ending Alaskan coast, will be completely demonstrated. The Esquimaux, the Siwashes, the Indians of the Yukon and the giant aboriginals of the



**End of Agricultural Building.**

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association

farther north, the Gens du Large, with their sled dogs, which are half wild wolf, their kloothenmen and their children, their birch canoes and the kiaks in which the coast huntsmen chase the walrus and the whale are also shown as also is the big game with which Alaska abounds.

Canada and all the state of the west and many of those of the east and south have buildings of their own within the exposition reservation. Canada and Yukon have whole divisions, for they have as much to show and as much to develop as has any other exhibitor.

The state of Washington alone is spending a million of dollars that its wondrous resources may be amply shown. Its vast stores of timber, grains, fruits and mineral and its remarkable fisheries are arrayed as they are.

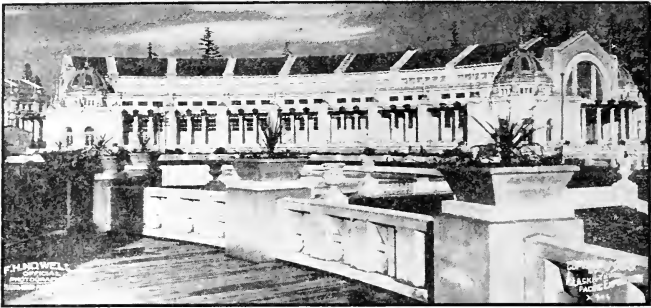
And that all of these things may be shown and that Seattle may do properly and well the great big thing which it has set its hand to do twenty millions of dollars have been spent in the one way or another.

The exposition city has been built in a virgin forest upon which mount Rainier looks down from a height of 15,000 feet; its palaces, many of them of permanent brick, rise among firs and cedars and hemlocks. Its grounds are tangles of blooms and woodland greens. The site slopes to two lakes, not unlike

gems in the woods and upon which the water life and beauty of Venice will be reproduced.

In the buildings there are all the beauty and attraction of Oriental curve and graceful towering pillar. The structures are grouped in a series of circles surrounding the central court in which rises the imposing Alaska shaft, and down which plunge the magnificent cascades to Geyser Basin. Around the central court, in a semi-circle, are the splendid buildings being erected for the United States Government to house the exhibits from Hawaii, the Philippines and the Government's Alaska exhibit.

The out and out amusement feature of the exposition will excell anything produced at any world's fair down to this time. At Chicago it was the "Midway," at St. Louis it was the "Pike," at the Lewis and Clarke exposition it was the "Trail." At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition it is the "Pay Streak" and upon it are only such amusements as are the "last word" in their lines. There is of course, the usual Oriental village with its caravans, theatres and cafes, but it will be no stock production. On the contrary, a special commissioner was sent through the Oriental countries to gather at first hand the leading amusement features and everything else that would serve to show the every-day life of the peo-



**Manufacturers' Building.**

ples. Turkey, Greece, the Levant generally, have been laid under tribute.

The illumination of the Exposition is on a magnificent scale. In the decorative feature of the grounds alone, one million eight candle-power incandescent lamps are used and by night every building on the grounds is brought out in blazing outline. The cascades are illuminated with powerful submerged electric lights of various colours and the Geyser basin is a lake of liquid fire. The Alaska shaft is also lined with lights and the shore waters of Lakes Union and Washington, which lie upon the Exposition city, are made beautiful from below, as well as above, by the same system. On Lake Union the Government carries on experiments with submarine torpedo boats and at night the operations of the craft may be plainly seen by means of a myriad of lights placed under the water.

Enough electricity is used for both power and light on the exposition grounds to supply all of the needs of a busy city of 40,000 population.

In large part, the exposition city has been permanently constructed. Several of the buildings are of stone and pressed brick over steel construction and these will revert to the State University after they have served their purpose with the Fair. A complete and modern sewer system has been installed and also a water system which is connected with

the city supply. All of the electric wiring has been done under ground not a surface wire showing anywhere above. All of the boulevards, streets, plazas and walks have been paved heavily in bitumen and cement and the gardens which lie between, have been planted as a permanent state institution.

Splendid boulevards have been builded along the lake fronts of the grounds and these all lead to a general passenger depot outside the enclosure at which six lines of electric urban and inter-urban electric lines deliver passengers. Other passengers are delivered on the lake front by the "mosquito fleet," a cloud of small power craft, and many large ones, which ply on Lake Washington between the various stations.

Seattle itself is well able to care comfortably for no matter how large a crowd may be attracted by the exposition. It has many excellent hotels and restaurants and its associations of hotel and eating house men have held meetings and pledged themselves to abide by their usual scales of prices throughout the exposition period. Should the capacity of Seattle be at all pressed, the city of Tacoma is only an hour and a half away by a splendid inter-urban trolley service and it, too, offers the best to be had of hotel accommodation. All round Puget Sound, for a matter of that, are cities which boast first class hotel service and which are connected with Seattle by al-



most constant boat traffic over one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. The larger towns of the Dominion are also at hand; so much so that one may in a day go sightseeing in either Vancouver or Victoria, or to the remarkable coal mines on Vancouver Island.

To the sightseer these side trips from Seattle offer such scenery as may be had nowhere else. To the sportsman, two hours' journey from the city will provide him with bear or deer shooting and unexcelled trout fishing at all seasons of the year. An exhibit of live specimens of the big game of both Washington and Alaska is one of the most interesting features of the big fair.

sic in style. This structure is topped by a huge dome and commands prominence in the sky line. The Washington building is two stories in height and in design is a free American treatment of the classic French style of architecture. Seven buildings on the exposition grounds will revert to the University of Washington at the close of the exposition.

These are the auditorium, fine arts, machinery, Washington, Arctic Brotherhood, Forestry and Women's buildings. The auditorium is Roman classic in design and the fine arts follows the French style of architecture. The machinery hall, to be the permanent engineering building for the university, is a modern



South End of Manufacturers' Building.

In the general plan of architecture the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition follows the French renaissance style. This applies to the manufactures, agriculture, mines, fisheries, and other structures forming the central picture of the exhibition. The buildings are grouped about the Cascades and Geyser basin, the main decorative features, and the United States Government Buildings complete the scheme. The federal structures are a pleasing combination of French and Spanish renaissance styles and the great dome on the main government building is the architectural climax of the fair.

The California state building is of Spanish mission architecture and the Oregon building is strictly Roman clas-

adaption of the Spanish mission architecture and is an attractive structure.

The agriculture and manufactures buildings are similar with just enough difference of detail to avoid mechanical repetition. On the agriculture building is a beautiful circular pergola colonnade with ionic columns supporting trellis beams and flower tubs. During the life of the exposition these columns will be covered with woodbine and clematis. The end facades of the building consist of a semi-circular arch fifty feet wide crowned with a pediment containing the official seal of the exposition beautifully worked out in staff. The fisheries building stands on the same side of the Cascades as the agriculture building and

ionic columns were used to harmonize with the adjoining building. On the opposite side of this court of honour stand the manufactures and mines buildings where doric columns have been used for the sake of harmony with the adjacent structures.

The factory building will be the largest log house ever built and about the front of the structure will be one hundred and twenty-four logs each forty feet high and containing 6,000 feet in board measure. The weight of each one of these great logs is estimated at 50,000 pounds. The logs used in the exterior of the building are being left in the rough while those used in the interior will have bark removed.

One of the ornate buildings on the exposition grounds is the music pavilion. This building is of colonial architecture with many of the characteristics of the French style, carrying columns modeled after those surrounding Washington's old home at Mt. Vernon. In the frieze about this building is a musical staff and other decorations of a similar nature.

The home of the Arctic Brotherhood on the exposition grounds is typical of the huses in Alaska and the north of Finland and is built of logs. The landscape features about this building represent gardens seen in the north. The structure to be occupied by the Japanese and Chinese will be strictly Oriental in general character. On the Pay Streak the exposition amusement street, many of the structures will follow the Japanese architecture and the entrance to the gaiety boulevard is of Japan-Alaskan design so called because the main arch will consist of totem poles supporting curved pagoda roofs.

A large number of structures are of free American style of architecture, but have been so located as to make a complete picture with the buildings in the main group following the French renaissance design.

Surrounding the exposition is a forest and much of the natural verdure has been left. The formal gardens approaching the manufactures and agriculture palaces are similar to those in the public park of Versailles and are French in de-

sign. From the standpoint of the lover of the beautiful the Pacific exposition will excel any world's fair in history. The first consideration has been the landscaping, floral display, illumination and sculpture. This, combined with the mild climate of the Puget Sound country, the beautiful mountain, lake and woodland scenery and the central location of the grounds will, result in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition being one of the most beautiful and attractive ever planned.

The principal work of sculpture is the exposition monument, at the head of the Cascades. It is seventy feet high and stands on a pedestal twenty feet in height. About the base of the pedestal are three seated female figures symbolical of the Northland, the South Seas, and the Orient. The column is of Corinthian design and carries a globe showing the signs of the zodiac. Surmounting this globe is a huge American eagle. The animal groups about the Geyser basin are an elk, bear, timber wolf and cougar, all representative of the Northland. Ornamental vases carrying the official emblems of the exposition staff, circle the entire central court around the Cascades and the Geyser basin and in front of several of the larger buildings. These vases will contain many varieties of flowers and the pergolas about the front of the buildings will be completely covered with climbing roses. The electroliers on the grounds are of French renaissance design and the settees of the Roman design. The decorative light standards provide for a large sphere of light and each containing sixty thirty-power lights.

The 1909 exhibition will be well lighted and thousands of lights will be used in the illumination of the buildings. On the manufactures and agriculture buildings will be a total of 17,000 lights for the exterior decorations and it requires more than 5,000 each to outline all of the mines and fisheries buildings. On the Fine Arts building will be 4,000 globes and the auditorium will require 5,000 lights. In the Geyser basin are more than 1,000 lights and 1,500 will be used in the electrical decorations under water

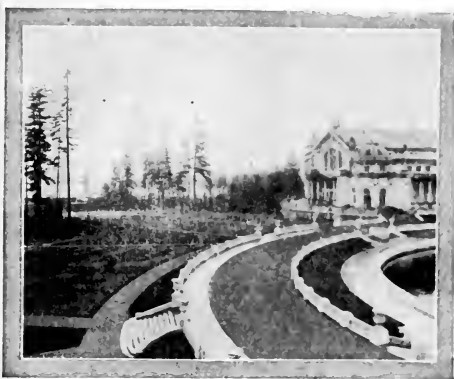
about the Cascades illuminating the falls with the colors of the rainbow.

In the green houses owned by the exposition company are more than 1,000,000 plants of description to be used in building beautiful floral designs and sunken gardens. When the exposition opens climbing roses, geraniums, rhododendrons, cactis, dahlias and many other varieties of flowers will be found massed in profusion about the big structures giving forth colour and perfume from every conceivable nook and corner. The building of the exposition has progressed to such an extent that the fair will be easily ready two weeks before the opening date, June 1, 1909.

Fireworks will cost approximately \$30,000, and the special events are estimated to cost \$50,000. Salaries of employes, prizes for the athletic contests and the cost of the stadium, which will be \$19,000, will make up other items in the allowance of \$200,000.

The allowance made for the exposition guards is \$53,000. This estimate was based upon the assumption that the city will furnish patrolmen to police the gates. The exposition will engage one hundred and forty guardsmen, three detectives, the chief and the chief's secretary.

The detectives will be brought from



Where the Formal Gardens Come Up to the Buildings.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

The Exposition will cost over \$10,000,000; the estimated value of the exhibits is \$50,000,000, while the cost of operation alone will be \$828,000, or an average of \$6,000 per day.

One of the largest items allowed by the finance committee is \$200,000 for the division of ceremonies, music, special events and athletics. It is estimated that the exposition will spend \$17,000 on dinners, balls and on the entertainment of guests. This does not represent the total amount to be spent in this manner for the reason that several of the officers who are wealthy will entertain privately and will themselves pay the bills.

the East and will be paid \$10 a day. Men who have had experience protecting the patrons of large gatherings will be selected for the work.

The treasurer's department is allowed \$74,000. The treasurer will engage the gatekeepers, ticket takers on the Pay Streak and inspectors to keep check on the employes of the department of admissions.

An estimate of the amount that will be expended for publicity gives a total of at least \$65,000.

No expense nor effort has been spared to make it the "most beautiful exposition

that has ever been held," and its success has been assured from its inception.

#### THE DOMINION BUILDING.

Representing Canada at the fair is a beautiful structure containing a unique and elaborate display.

This building was erected at a cost of \$75,000 with a lighting expense of \$8,000. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company has its building on the Canadian property immediately adjoining

the Dominion building. This exhibit is devoted to the resources of Canada and especially those within the district of the Company's sphere of influence and operation.

A full and complete article on the Dominion Building will be given in the July number of this Magazine. It would have appeared in this issue, but up to going to press, photographs for same were not available.

## Ode to Vancouver

Mabel Schnell

Oh dear Vancouver, I shall see  
Thy loveliness in memory;  
Though from thy verdant hill and shore  
My steps must turn forevermore.

Like birds with folded wings at rest,  
The ships lie on the placid breast,  
Of peaceful waters stretched between,  
Thy wooded shores and islands green.

Like "sentinels" across the way  
The "Lion's" guard thee day by day  
And scenic waters circle round  
From Burrard Inlet to Howe Sound.

Nature was lavish in thy birth,  
For there's no lovelier spot on Earth,  
Than Stanley Park whose pathways wind,  
Off where the world seems far behind

When evening settles o'er the bay  
Canoes and lovers have full sway  
And soft love-songs they idly sing  
In rhythm to the paddles' swing.

Now silently across the town,  
The shades of night came creeping down,  
All is so peaceful it might seem,  
The sweet fulfilment of a dream.

O fair Vancouver! blest indeed,  
Is he who finds his every need,  
Within thy realm, nor cares to roam,  
Who loves thy ways and calls thee "Home"

# The Pacific War of 1910

C. H. Stuart Wade, F.R.G.S. (Eng.) F.G.S. (Am.)

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## FOREWORD.

### JAPAN.

"One deemed her but a land of flower  
and fan,  
And lo! no stripling, but a forceful man  
Hath stepp'd, full arm'd, from out the  
centuries."

—(*Vernon Nott*)

THE eventful period through which the people of British Columbia have so recently passed is one which can never be forgotten by young or old; whilst the cruel ravages of a rapacious foe will tell the tale to those yet unborn, of how, at Christmas-tide, even whilst words of Peace were uttered by every nation throughout the world, the dogs of war were let loose by the Chrysanthemum Lord, who poured his veteran warriors in countless numbers upon a defenceless province, with whose sovereign he had no cause of quarrel!

Our cities in ruins, our commercial fleet destroyed, railways blown up, and the blood of thousands watering the land and flooding the streets in defence of their homes, bear witness that the bravery inherited from our forefathers—whether they be British, American, or French,—is still as great as at any period of the world's history.

Attacked by land and sea, without even the preliminary of a Declaration of War, and with but a brief twenty-four hours' warning, the Pacific Coast of Canada was plunged into all the horrors of war; and this Western Province, by the wily strategy of the cunning Jap, was cut off from all prospect of assistance from other parts of the Dominion, or Mother Land!

Without munitions of war or reserves of food supplies, with neither naval or military equipments, and with thousands of the Mikado's soldiers spread throughout the land in every hamlet, town, and city,—where they had been gathering information for a decade previously—it was doubtless the opinion of the Japanese statesmen that British Columbia could offer a resistance so slight that, ere the electric fluid could spread the news of the invasion abroad, it would—like the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria—be a "fait accompli"; and Japan meanwhile, have obtained absolute command of the commerce of the Pacific, and an impregnable position upon the continent of America; from which, by reason of its geographical and strategic conditions it would be almost impossible with the forces of men and munitions under Canadian control to compel her to withdraw.

Even the brief warning vouchsafed to our country seems like a special dispensation of Providence, as will appear hereafter; for, without it there is no doubt that the cunning plans prepared by the Japanese generals would have succeeded in their entirety, and the threatened "Yellow Peril" which has been so scoffed at by politicians and others, as the diseased imagination of a few alarmists, would have proved that their prescience was the result of a keen insight, or a political sagacity, regarding the characteristics of those great leaders of thought in the Japanese nation, who, having emancipated their countrymen from barbarism, and trained its men in the modern arts of war and commerce, found the necessity of providing increasing opportunities for mercantile pursuits:

and a more extensive area of land for the exploitation of the teeming multitudes overcrowding their native islands.

The war with China had proved to the Mikado the power of his arms; whilst the enthusiasm of his people when defying the Russian bear, satisfied him that the Japanese nation possessed the same attributes of bravery, loyalty, and patriotism, which for ages past has characterized that other insular kingdom—which is referred to in the books from which the Japanese children are taught as—"The British Empire now in Decadence!"

That this "Decadence" has not extended so far as his advisers believed, recent events have shewn; for the people of "British Columbia" thrown on their own resources by the skilful tactics of the Japanese leaders, have expended their treasures, and their blood without stint; and men of peaceful pursuits have proved that the blood of the heroes of a thousand years spent in History-making still runs in their veins; that overwhelming numbers do not daunt their courage; and, that the country bordering the Pacific Ocean—associated with the names of Columbus, Sir Francis Drake, Juan de Fuca, Behring, Captain Cook, Captain Vancouver, and Simon Fraser,—is an heritage derived from white men; and that, God willing, this fair land shall never again be trod by the foot of the yellow conqueror, but remain for all future ages a White Man's Country.

## CHAPTER I. JAPANESE SPIES.

### TO VANCOUVER.

Where Capilano, wild and grand,  
Looks down from azure skies,  
Far spread on Burrard's silver strand,  
Vancouver city lies;  
A city that may well be proud  
Of men of nerve and brain,  
And sing their praises long and loud,  
Who gave it might and main.

—T. McK. Nelson.

Without any pretensions to outward beauty, indeed rather the reverse, the Vancouver Hotel in the city of that name is the temporary home of those tourists

from all nations who are numbered amongst the elite, or whose wealth enables them to visit the Pacific Coast renowned the world over for its ideal climate, its magnificent scenery, and the wondrous resources which, within two score years, have transformed it from a virgin forest of primeval growth into a mighty city, promising ere a similar period shall have elapsed to attain rank as one of the world's greatest commercial ports.

It is September, 1907, the sun is brilliant o'erhead, and the waters of the Strait of Georgia shimmer with a transi-  
 lucent gleam as the mail steamer passes along the Burrard Inlet and glides alongside the Custom House wharf, where some hundreds of people wait to greet friends arriving from the Orient. A private brougham is drawn up in waiting, containing three gentlemen dressed in the acme of fashion, and noticeable only by reason of their individuality. In a cosmopolitan city like Vancouver, this trio attracted neither attention nor comment from the bystanders, so accustomed were they to seeing representatives of all nationalities traversing the city, and yet, had some psychologist or thought-reader been able to warn one of the Government agents scattered around, and so cause the arrest and searching of these men, it would have been clearly demonstrated that Monsieur Giroux and Herr Schenke, two reputable merchants ostensibly, were in reality the paid spies of Japan, whilst Pekah, their companion, was a strategist of high rank in the Mikado's Council.

Prominent on the saloon deck of the approaching vessel stood a young man whom the occupants of the brougham saluted with evident respect; with a brief word of command Pekah left his companions, and scarcely had the gangway reached the shore than he sprang on board. His reception was superciliously curt and brief, so that, but a short time elapsed ere the new arrival was driven from the landing-stage.

As the party reached the Vancouver Hotel two young ladies emerged, and descending the steps drove in the direction of Stanley Park, but upon entering

the vehicle one of them dropped a lace handkerchief which the courtly stranger, with a graceful bow, restored to the lady. Standing on the pavement he gazed after them, apparently lost in thought, until recalled to himself by the voice of his fellow countryman; on entering the hotel he enquired from the liveried attendant at the door, who informed him that the fair drivers were the Hon. Ernestine Hilliard and her friend, Miss Beatrice Everitt; and further, that they were leaving for China on the following day.

It is necessary here to remind the reader of the agitation which, in the fall of 1907, pervaded the whole of Western Canada as a consequence of the enormous influx of Japanese immigrants; they had been arriving hundreds at a time, by every vessel from the Orient for several years previously. Principally of the coolie, or lower classes, they were all apparently well supplied with money, and able to speak the English language in the majority of cases; wages seemed to be of little consideration to them, and they were ready to undertake any kind of work at sums even less than half the usual rate received by white men. It is, however, only justice to admit that their work was almost invariably performed with assiduity, patience, and careful attention to detail; whilst intemperance, and insolence were practically unknown amongst them.

It is not to be wondered at therefore that employers of labour were not only willing, but glad to engage the smooth-tongued, silent little brown man who was content to obey orders unquestioningly, and ready to work unlimited hours for a remuneration which would have scarcely provided a white employee with food and lodging! Every hotel nearly had its contingent of Japs as waiters and cooks; whilst in some of them they were actually employed in place of chambermaids: the more educated class readily obtained positions as clerks, bookkeepers, and correspondents, whilst hundreds of others conducted businesses for themselves. Conditions of commercial life were such that, although hundreds of white men were unable to obtain employment and walked the city streets

moneyless and half starving, the little Jap was earning wages double and treble the amount he would have received in his native land, whilst his expenses—for rice and similar comestibles—were infinitesimal!

The unemployed at Vancouver and other cities, justly feeling that the Yellow Peril as it was named, threatened their very existence, sought by every means in their power to urge their prior claim upon the merchants, and other employers of labour—with little success. The civic authorities were helpless—for want of the necessary funds,—and unable to start adequate emergency works on which they might be employed; eventually many leading citizens and men of thought, including politicians, clergymen, and others of social rank were led to study the subject,—which resulted in the formation of the Anti-Asiatic League with its battle-cry of "A White Canada."

The position had become intolerable, and culminated on the day when this history starts in a far-reaching riot; during which a certain portion of the city of Vancouver that had practically become a large Japanese settlement was attacked by the sympathizers with the unemployed; the stores being wrecked, and damage to the extent of many thousands of dollars being done.

Returning from their drive through Stanley Park the Hon. Ernestine Hilliard, and Miss Everitt, who had made a considerable detour to view the city, suddenly found themselves in the midst of a wildly surging mob of men who were shouting and throwing missiles of every kind: surprised, and unable to advance, they knew not what to do for the vehicle was speedily hemmed in, and, but for the skilful handling of the fair driver the frightened horses would have caused disaster. Assistance, however, was at hand, for the door of a house suddenly burst open and a soldierly figure, with the words "Pardon me" bounded into the light carriage, seized the reins from the Hon. Ernestine, and in a commanding voice shouted words which instantly cleared a course through which he drove until able to escape from the dangerous vicinity.

Pale, but with the bravery of true daughters of Britain the two girls gazed upon the stalwart figure standing like a Roman charioteer in front of them, as, with firm hand he guided the maddened animals up Hastings and Granville streets, finally drawing up at the steps of the Vancouver Hotel, where, having called a hall attendant to whom he handed the lines of the now subdued horses, he, with a brief apology for his unconventional abruptness of action in seizing the reins from the lady's hand, escorted them into the rotunda and bade them farewell, after stating, in reply to their enquiry, that he was aware of their destination for he himself was also a guest of the house.

Desiring to more fittingly return thanks to their rescuer the ladies, after a brief rest, sent to invite him to call upon them, and were much astonished to learn that "Lieut.-Col. Kosaki had left the hotel without stating the time of his return"; accordingly, as they were leaving by steamer early the following morning a brief letter of thanks was the only recognition in their power; but the world is small, and the acquaintance thus strangely begun was destined to be renewed amidst Oriental scenes and stirring events.

## CHAPTER II.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA ISOLATED.

#### THE SONG OF DYNAMITE.

Servant, or master, of man am I;  
Him to obey, or him to defy:  
I tear the earth, I rend the rock,  
With the terrible fierceness of my shock.

Genius for good or for evil, I can  
Put might, in the arm of that puny thing,  
man;  
Or shatter his strength; or cripple his  
form;  
Whiff out his life, like a match in the  
storm!

—*Wm. Marsden.*

Several years have passed since the events described in the previous chapter; it is a Saturday night, and the operator of the "United Wireless Telegraph Co." at North Vancouver has just been re-

lieved by his night colleague. "How strange it seems," said the latter, "that whilst all the rest of Canada reports snow and ice we have the bright sun above us, the green fields around us, and even flowers in bloom! But what's the matter old man?" "Well," said the day clerk, "I scarcely know, but the fact is I feel somewhat alarmed at not being able to maintain any communication with the steamship "Empress of Japan"; "Ah! that is extraordinary," was the reply, "for I failed also shortly after you left last night; but I suppose nothing is wrong, so hand over the instrument and clear out, for I have a big budget of news to forward to Seattle in time for the Company's seven o'clock edition of the "Wireless Bulletin," and I do not wish to have the editor, or our boss on my track. Why not start off by referring to this strange silence, said his colleague, —for she cannot be 800 miles distant, and is undoubtedly within our zone of influence!" This message was accordingly sent, and elicited a reply stating that the Seattle operator had reported the news to the Superintendent; deeming it of very serious importance, as a passenger on the "SS. Iroquois" wishing to communicate with his representative, (who was returning to China by the sister ship "Empress of India"), had been in the act of receiving a reply from that vessel when it suddenly broke off without apparent cause, nor had any further communication been possible. Instructions followed to notify the local agents of these incidents. They, being informed of the strange coincidence became alarmed, and wired the Premier at Victoria that they feared a disablement by typhoon, or other elemental disturbance. The news, however, impressed the first minister of the Crown as bearing a more sinister import, for he immediately informed the Lieutenant-Governor and in response to telegraphic messages the Attorney-General and the Provincial Minister of Finance, accompanied by the President of the Executive Council, left Vancouver by special steamer en route (under full steam) for Victoria; whilst later despatches from the Capital reported that all the principal depart-



mental officials had been summoned, by special messengers, to attend in their various offices without an instant's delay.

Midnight reports brought the news that instructions had been given by the Lieutenant-Governor that the telegraph lines should be held at the disposal of the Government; also, that a Cabinet Council was then sitting under his personal direction.

At one o'clock on Sunday morning strange rumours were current in the clubs and newspaper offices, where, although nothing definite was known it was freely stated that the extraordinary silence was not to be attributed to a typhoon, but that it boded a serious crisis, considering how strained had been the relations existing between the Provincial and Japanese authorities—as a result of the Anti-Asiatic movement of the previous few years. The correspondent of the "Montreal Star and Herald" materially increased the excitement, when at 1:18 a.m. he rushed into the Vancouver Club, and told some of his associates that he had just left the telegraph office, whither he had gone to forward a despatch to his newspaper, but had been unable to do so as the lines were reported "broken somewhere in the mountains"; scarcely had this been made known when a prominent official of the Canadian Pacific Railway was called to the telephone, and the sudden pallor which overspread his face on hearing the message caused the members to throng around him in apprehension of a disaster which proved well founded, for he briefly informed them that the eastbound train had been plunged into the Fraser River near Kanaka immediately after leaving the tunnel and entering on the cantilever bridge there,—which was also reported wrecked. In company with subordinate officials who were present he hurriedly left the club, after expressing a hope that they would maintain silence as far as possible for the present, as the disaster might not be as great as apparent from the message.

Unfortunately this hope was not verified, for it was followed in rapid succession by information of a landslide in the Black Canyon at Basque, and later

on came news that Revelstoke was cut off from communication, both East and West, by reason of a great mass of rock which had suddenly fallen, entirely blocking up the Eastern end of the tunnel at Glacier House. These incidents following so rapidly one upon another struck everyone with consternation, and roused excitement to the highest pitch; but even yet no suspicion had been aroused in the minds of the members present, that other than natural forces were their cause—indeed it was generally considered that some distant earthquake had traversed the particular belt of country that had been so disastrously affected.

Home and sleep were forgotten, and the Club rapidly became crowded as members thronged into its open doors, for, as if borne on the atmosphere itself, these happenings had in some strange way permeated the city; and newspaper proprietors, merchants, and retired officers anxiously and impatiently awaited those developments of which each man was subconsciously expectant, although no reason appeared on the surface for such expectancy. Shortly after 5 a.m. some few were on the point of leaving for their respective habitations when the buzzer of the telephone was heard once more, and the expectant crowd immediately gathered round on hearing the proprietor of the leading local paper called; for it was surmised that he might be the recipient of further news. This proved to be unhappily true, and he explained that a staff reporter wiring from Spokane had sent news of a report received there, through United States correspondents and emanating from Winnipeg, which stated that the west-bound train had been completely wrecked whilst descending the "Kicking Horse" pass; and that reports had been received there earlier of a serious wreck near "Six Mile" creek, where the Beaver River empties itself into the Columbia. "The wire also mentions, 'No communication possible west of Calgary,'" he stated to his intimates.

A gasp of horror thrilled the bystanders, and consternation was visible on every countenance: absolute silence reigned for a few moments, broken at

last by a grey-haired veteran, "By heaven, this is NOT natural; we have not got at the worst yet!" This was verified within the hour by the same reporter informing his chief that two trestle bridges between Macleod and Lethbridge were wrecked, nor could any communication be made with Cranbrook, Nelson, or the Kootenay district.

Anger now showed itself on every face, for no longer could there be the slightest doubt that a pre-arranged and carefully organized plan was being rapidly, and systematically put into execution by men possessing no moral sense; and evidently scattered over the country for the purpose of paralyzing the railway and telegraph services with a view to some ulterior object, and utterly regardless of the number of innocent lives they sacrificed.

It is needless to discuss the conjectures offered as a solution of this problem, which had entirely obliterated all remembrance of the earlier information regarding the two steamers of the "Empress" line—intimately associated though the incidents eventually proved to be.

The "Province" and "World" in special editions (which contravened the Lord's Day Act) published shortly after 6 a.m. on Sunday morning gave the first absolute information concerning the atrocities of the night, when they stated that the body of a dead Jap had been found upon the site of the landslide in the Black Canyon (near Ashcroft) and that there was ample evidence to prove that the railway line had been deliberately destroyed by means of dynamite: whilst two Japanese tourists who had been spending some days, professedly exploring, in the neighbourhood of Lytton—at the junction of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers—were reported as missing, and credited with diabolically contriving the disaster at Kanaka.

The editors of the various newspapers, as well as the clergymen of all denominations combined to advocate moderation; and urged from the pulpit and in the press, the necessity of committing no breach of the peace or retaliating in any manner upon the Japanese established in our midst: especially reminding the pub-

lic that the mere fact of finding the dead body of one of that nationality in the neighbourhood, was no proof of his participation in the crime; whilst the temporary absence of two reputed prosecutors was easily explainable by reason of their calling. These efforts had a calming tendency on fair-minded individuals, but there was evidently great unrest and a suppressed excitement amongst the working classes, which so impressed the Mayor that a private meeting of the City Council was summoned for the afternoon, when a warning notice was issued; and the necessary steps taken to swear in as many special constables as might be necessary without a moment's delay, for which purpose several magistrates remained in attendance at the City Hall.

Private communications received from Victoria shewed how serious the outlook was considered inasmuch as the Cabinet had been in session continuously from shortly before midnight; and, although nothing had been divulged, the mere fact of a number of military and naval men having been called into council with permanent officials, tended to shew that the Government officers of the Province anticipated a rupture of the most serious character as being imminent. It was also rumoured there that cipher messages had been received addressed to the Premier from Honolulu dealing with the situation, as three of the fastest steam vessels had been immediately chartered and despatched under sealed orders.

The Civic Council had completed its deliberations, and the aldermen were in private converse one with the other, when a telegram was handed to the Mayor who immediately called the Council to order again, to hear the contents of a wire received from the Premier, under authority of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, as follows:—

Regret to inform you that wireless messages transmitted by courtesy of U. S. Government report:—"Japanese war vessels approaching our shores." In view of events reported during the night, which have completely isolated the Western seaboard, it is impossible to doubt that an attempt is about to be

made to effect a landing upon our Coast.

You will, immediately upon receipt of this order, call to your council all military and naval officers, owners and captains of steamships, and other persons who may be available in preparing for defence of the Province.

Latest despatches from London, do not shew any evidence of war having been declared by either Japan or Great Britain; but the circumstances are so ominous as to leave little doubt that an attack on British territory is meditated, and imminent! You are hereby commanded in His Majesty's name to enrol troops, requisition munitions of war of every description, and appoint officers who have previously been in the service of the British Crown to hold a similar rank in the service of this Province, pending the arrival and confirmation of the officer commanding under the Great Seal of British Columbia.

You are also commanded to take such steps as your Advisors consider necessary for the protection of life and property.

Similar orders have been forwarded to the Mayors and Reeves of every city, and municipality; and you are required to co-operate with them, and to provide food and accommodation for the volunteers sent from the Interior for the defence of our Coast.

Pending the arrival of a warrant signed by the Lieutenant-Governor, which will be forwarded forthwith, this telegram shall be sufficient authority for every act performed by your Council, having for its object the defence of British Columbia from invasion by a foreign foe.

God Save the King!

By order of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

During the reading of this mandate, and for several minutes subsequently, the expression on every face was tense and strained,—a condition which existed until the solemn silence was broken again

by the voice of the Mayor saying: "Gentlemen, we are no longer in doubt, our homes and lives are threatened by a cruel enemy, merciless in every respect; as is proved by the ruthless actions of which we have heard so recently, whereby scores of innocent women and children have been slaughtered, within the last twenty-four hours, in order that this fair city may be cut off from all hope of assistance. We have been elected by our fellow citizens for civic purposes only; but the King's representative calls upon us for the defence of our Province. Never in modern history has any city been called upon under such conditions as we are,—isolated, and unprovided with munitions of war—to face a cruel foe, skilled in fighting, and provided with the latest and most deadly appliances! We cannot hope for victory under these conditions, but, we are British subjects; and many of us have passed through strenuous and dangerous periods in the early days of the Province! I am satisfied that I voice your feelings, when I say that we will defend Canadian soil to the utmost of our ability; for we know, that, even though our lives be sacrificed in so doing, the might of the Empire itself will be speedily sent to our aid, and if too late to save us from annihilation, we shall be avenged—if we do our duty manfully, as we will,—in such a manner as shall be a warning to all nations as long as the world exists!

Gentlemen, do I express your sentiments? The enquiry was answered enthusiastically in the affirmative.—(Extract Vancouver "Province" Sunday, 18th December).

The Mayor rising once more, directed each alderman to call together the leading men of his ward, and form committees to supervise transportation of women and children to the interior; to requisition supplies of arms and ammunition; surgical necessities; and provisions; to collect horses, motor, and other vehicles, and to carry out such plans as might be decided upon at a general council meeting to be called at eight o'clock,—till which time the meeting would be adjourned. Reports from each committee to be submitted

at 10 p.m. to the Executive Council. In conclusion his worship impressed on each one the necessity of immediate action, in order that the Officer Commanding might not be hampered or delayed in carrying out his plans for the defence of

the city. His own part would be to remain at the City Hall continuously to receive and obey any further orders from the Government. The Council then broke up.—(Extract Vancouver "World" extra special.)

(To be continued)

## A Mining Episode

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

Cut out the jug tonight, old pards,  
Let's pay respec's to Jim;  
We'll take his pack of euchre cards  
And deal a hand for him.

Twelve months ago, he passed away,—  
Seems years since we lost Jim;  
An' kid an' mammy wouldn't stay—  
They went to comfort him!

'Twas table stakes, we played that night,  
An' waitin' for old Jim,  
We heard the snow crack, heard the slide—  
An' God had taken him!

We did the slow step—very slow  
We hated to leave Jim!  
But then, the preacher said, you know,  
The Angels wanted him.

They struck pure gold up thar, you bet;  
Such gold as shone in Jim;  
Had we been fit to pay the debt,  
We'd all have died for him!

He wa'n't much gone on pulpit creeds,  
Still, "God is love," said Jim,  
An' Christ, who takes some stock in deeds  
Will deal squar hands to him!

No bluffin' two spot, in his ways—  
A Royal Flush, was Jim;  
It took God all of seven days  
To make a mould for him!

You pass? Well, boys! the same old sand,  
Both bowers fall to Jim—  
He goes alone, and plays the hand  
The Good God dealt to him!

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# THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY  
ANNIE S. SWAN

## EPITOME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**CHAPTER I.** Is the revelation of a financial catastrophe in which John Reedham, a partner in the firm of Lowther, Currie & Co. stands out as the culprit. The other partners are Sir Philip Lowther, James Currie, and George Lidgate.

Lidgate is the only partner at home when the revelation takes place. He had been the friend of Reedham for 20 years. Lidgate determines to give Reedham a chance of escape and an 18 hours' start of the hounds of justice.

Reedham avails himself of the offer, and on departing implores Lidgate to look after "Bessie," his wife, and the "boy."

Lidgate proceeds to Reedham's home and discloses the defalcation to Mrs. Reedham whom "he had loved and lost"; but the existence of his love seems to have been disclosed for the first time at this interview.

**CHAPTER II.** James Currie, one of the stern and relentless partners, visits Mrs. Reedham. Leslie, the son, suddenly enters and having heard the closing words of the animadversion he practically orders James Currie to retire.

**CHAPTERS III and IV.** Reedham, disguised as a broken-down clerk, seeks shelter at the house of an old servant of his, Mrs. Mary Anne Webber. She did not recognize him; but he reveals himself to her, and thenceforth, with the secret of his identity known to her alone, he becomes Thomas Charlton. The Rev. Mr. Fielden, Vicar of St. Etheldreda, gives him a card of introduction to Archibald Currie, the brother of James Currie his former partner. Charlton calls on him at his home, and obtains employment at the warehouse, 18 Old Broad Street, London.

Thomas Charlton works along in the office of Archibald Currie, becomes his confidential clerk, and gains position and influence to the disgust and disappointment of one man only—Richard Turner.

**CHAPTERS V and VI.** A year elapses. Bessie Reedham is keeping a small house in Burnham for paying guests. The boy leaves school; takes a position as a book-keeper, which he forfeits on account of a resented remark made about his father.

Lidgate, returning from a trip to America, interviews Mrs. Reedham, who still believes her husband is alive and will clear up things. At the interview she asked Lidgate the amount of the defalcation, as she said: "Leslie was to consider it his debt and would redeem it." Lidgate goes to Archibald Currie, and gets Leslie a position in his office.

**CHAPTER VII.** Leslie Reedham received into the office of Archibald Currie and placed under the charge of Charlton!

Possibility of Charlton, whose position and influence with Archibald Currie were now fully assured, going abroad to disentangle some complications connected with the Colonial branch of Archibald Currie's business.

**CHAPTER VIII.** Charlton gains the entire confidence of his employer, and business of vast importance in Africa, requiring either the principal, or a trusted representative, it is arranged that Charlton should assume the position of plenipotentiary, and proceed immediately.

"If you engineer this business successfully, I'll make you a partner when you come back."

Great prospect of Charlton's quick restoration.

**CHAPTER IX.** Charlton leaves England on his voyage. Richard Turner, whom hatred and envy had turned into an implacable enemy, begins working to effect the undoing of Charlton.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE RETURN.

**R**EEDHAM returned to Southampton in November, by which time war had been declared in South Africa, and the long tragedy in England had begun. So rapidly had the time passed, so full of events had it been, that he could scarcely realise that six months had actually elapsed since he left England. He had left in the glory and glow of an English summer, he returned to find winter on the landscape and winter in the souls of men.

By the steamer in which he had his passage were the first batch of wounded from the front, consigned to Netley, where they were sadly, yet eagerly, waiting for them. The great leviathan moved to her dock with a stately dignity, almost as if she felt the importance of her mission. Charlton, standing impatiently on the deck, glanced with but a casual interest at the small crowd gathered on the quay. Among that crowd there would be none to welcome him. A fine, thin rain was falling through the soundless air, and a dense mist hung low over Southampton Water, obscuring the great hospital on the one side, and the fringes of the New Forest on the other. It was a dismal, depressing day, reflective of the deep, almost sullen, depression in every Englishman's soul.

Charlton it may be at once said had been extraordinarily successful in the object of his journey. He had arrived at a moment the most opportune, and armed with full credentials and power to act immediately, according to his judgment, he had made excellent terms for his employer.

He found that he possessed organising powers of a high order, these coupled to a conciliatory manner, ability to work smoothly with all sorts and conditions of men, stood him in good stead.

The opportunity for securing a large share of the transport trade consequent upon a sudden and serious civil war, was certainly unique. Charlton did not fail to grasp it, and he had established Archibald Currie's South African affairs on a sounder basis than they had occupied for a long time. Currie had never

so far been fortunate in his Cape representative, and had suffered through not having an agent on the spot absolutely devoted to his interests. Charlton then was the right man at the right moment; and he had done his work well. The satisfaction which ought to have been his in contemplating the issue of his journey was strangely tempered by a singular depression of soul he could not shake off.

He had no doubt of his reception by Archibald Currie, nor did he anticipate disappointment or lack of appreciation; also he thought of Katherine Wrede, with a strange mingling of pleasure and pain. Nevertheless the depression remained. He was astonished at the magnitude of the crowd, and wondered half dismally how long it would be before the boat train should get away.

He travelled with very few encumbrances, indeed it would be possible for him to rise and walk with all his belongings in his hand. But there were mountains and stacks of baggage in the hold, many rich women panic stricken by the very name of war were hastening back to England, and appeared to have brought all they possessed in the way of personal worldly goods with them.

Charlton, unencumbered as he was, was one of the earliest to leave the ship. As he stepped from the gangway, his face flushed, and the hand gripping his heavy portmanteau distinctly trembled. For his eyes fell upon the face of Katherine Wrede. She seemed to be alone, an immense thrill shot through him, and his heart beat. What could this mean? For what reason should she take this journey to Southampton to meet him? He took off his hat as he approached her, and kept it in his hand until they had exchanged greetings.

She was looking well and most attractive in a long, close-fitting coat of tweed, and a small coquettish felt hat with an eagle's quill. Her speaking eyes were aglow with pleasure, she welcomed him back to England as if she felt really glad he had come.

"Of course, you are surprised that I am here alone? Uncle Archibald is at the hotel. The gout is bad this morn-

ing, and in view of the character of the weather he thought he would be safer indoors. Oh, except for the offending toe, he is in the best of health. Yes, and spirits, they have been rising hourly at the prospect of your return. You have no idea how he has missed you."

Charlton smiled, and the somewhat strained tension of his features relaxed.

"And you, I hope, are quite well?" he said with a glance at her glowing face as he put his portmanteau down, and beckoned to a porter.

"Yes, don't I look it? I certainly feel it. We have had a very busy summer, yet it has seemed quite long."

"I do not go by the boat train, then," he said doubtfully.

"Why, no; tell them to bring the stuff to the hotel. We slept there last night, and I think Mr. Currie will not return to London until tomorrow. Perhaps not even then. Do you know, we have got quite settled at Wareham, and we came from there yesterday?"

"Mr. Currie wrote to me, of course, that he had bought the place, but has the Hyde Park-square house been given up?"

"Oh, dear, no; we are going up presently for the winter. You will love Clere Minster. It is the most beautiful place I have seen in England, and we are in the very heart of Hardy's country. I am taking a course of him in consequence. But you have not yet told me how you are, after all your anxious and arduous labours."

Charlton only paused to give his instructions to the man handling his luggage, and then turned to walk by her side. His depression seemed to vanish at her touch, her friendliness was so spontaneous and so sweet to his starved heart that he could not thrust it away.

"I am quite well, thank you very much."

"You look well, but like one who has lived the strenuous life. I have heard from Uncle Archie how hard you have worked, and what marvellous results you have achieved. He is so enthusiastic about it, you can't think. That is why we are here. Are you pleased that we have come to meet you?"

A little shyness seemed to creep into her clear voice as she spoke the last words, and once more Charlton permitted himself to look at her face.

"You can imagine what it is to a lonely man," he answered readily enough. "Just before I saw you I was contemplating with a great impatience, I must confess, the probable length of time such a welcoming crowd would take to be satisfied."

"Uncle Archie thought you would like it, and he said we owed it to you," she said quietly. "Well, do tell me about the war. Did you see anything of it?"

He shook his head. "I never was nearer than fifty miles from the front. Part of the aftermath has come over with us today. That explains the size of the crowd, I expect."

Her eyes grew large and luminous with compassion.

"You mean that there are wounded in the ship?"

"Yes, about two hundred, the fruits of the Modder River. What are they saying about it here in England?"

"The interest is getting keener every day. I believe that people are beginning to realize that it may in the long run prove more serious than has been expected. This place, for instance, has become a perfect military depot. Yesterday afternoon I watched the troops embark in the Semiramis. You must have met her in the Channel."

"We did, but it is time they were waking up. It's going to be a very serious matter indeed, Miss Wrede. I fear more serious for England than for South Africa."

"The Boers? I am afraid I sympathise with them more than I ought," she said with a sigh. "They are splendid fighters."

"Yes, and well prepared. They have expected this, and been preparing for it for years."

"Then you think it will be a long war?"

"I do."

"How interested Uncle Archibald will be! And are you glad or sorry to come back to England?"

She would come back again and again to the personal note, which of all others Charlton wished to avoid.

"I have not much to make me glad," he replied unexpectedly. "If I had been a free lance I should not have come back, but gone out to the front and taken my chance."

"We should not have liked that. Uncle Archibald can't spare you. He has missed you so much," she repeated. "But I think I understand how you feel. Many men are volunteering now, even Mr. Currie's nephew, Stephen Currie, has spoken about going, but his mother will never permit it."

Charlton did not immediately reply. With the mention of familiar and suggestive names there rushed in upon him a realization of his position. Judged from the ordinary standpoint it was both assured and promising, but there was always the dread background of the past, the shadowy phantom of a future that might at any moment yawn open to engulf him. He told himself that he had made a mistake in returning to England, at least so soon, and he could easily have multiplied reasons for prolonging his mission. But of late Archibald Currie's letters had pressed for his speedy return; he had frankly said that he missed him greatly, and would even sacrifice something to have him once more at Old Broad-street. In the last letter he had said that the question of partnership would come up for immediate discussion and settlement on his return, as since the purchase of the Dorset place, of which both he and his ward were deeply enamoured, it was his desire to withdraw gradually from business life. This, he said, would be impossible, unless Charlton would pledge himself definitely to remain at Old Broad-street.

In an amazingly short time, then, considering the strange circumstances of his life, Charlton had reinstated himself. Only his great gifts and his special determination, as well as the unique opportunity presented by Archibald Currie, would explain this; yet there was no elation in his soul. Nay, he was conscious of a prevision of evil he could not, with all his efforts, shake off. Kath-

erine Wrede's welcome dissipated it for a moment, and when in the hotel sitting-room he received the hearty, even affectionate, welcome of Archibald Currie, it once more disappeared.

"You are looking well, but thin, very thin. Don't you think so, Katherine?" said the old man delightedly, as he took him by both hands. "We are glad to see you back, and I am profoundly grateful for the service you have rendered. I hope you don't need to be told that?"

"I thank you, sir," said Charlton, with a faint smile. "The circumstances were special, the opportunity unique. It would have been criminal had they been neglected."

"I will leave you to discuss the dry details," said Katherine brightly. "Perhaps I shall go back to the dock again. I am thinking all the time of these poor fellows bound for Netley. Oh, it is horrible!"

She went quickly out of the room. In a word Charlton explained her words, and then, sitting down together, they went minutely into the details of the South African business. Charlton had it all at his finger-ends, and his clear, succinct account of what had been done, and what would still be done, filled Archibald Currie with the liveliest satisfaction.

"You have proved yourself invaluable, Charlton, and, believe me, I can never, I will never forget it. We must discuss the future later on. Meanwhile, unless you are in a hurry to return to London, for any personal reason, you might come down to Wareham with us tonight, and we can all return to town tomorrow together."

Charlton hesitated a moment.

"I think, if you do not mind, I will go back to London today."

"Very well; we can all go up. The Hyde Park-square house is open and ready for us. You had better come there for one night at least."

"My old lodgings are ready for me. I wrote to my landlady last mail, telling her to expect me by this boat."

"Yes; but now, perhaps, it might be advisable for you to remove from Cam-



den Town. Your means will permit of a better neighbourhood."

"I am very comfortable," replied Charlton, biting his lips; "my landlady is an old servant of my family, interested in me. I feel at home with her."

Archibald Currie looked surprised. It was absolutely the first time Charlton had made the most remote allusion to his private affairs. His employer, though aware that he journeyed from Camden Town every day, did not even know his exact address.

"Well, I don't wish to press you; but at least you will come out to dinner, and we must have a week-end at Wareham very soon. You will be charmed with the Old Manor House. Miss Wrede is making an idol of it. Nothing has surprised me more than her apparent love for, and adaptability to, country life."

"I should say that Miss Wrede had wonderful gifts in that direction. She is so bright," said Charlton sincerely enough. He was immediately struck by the keen, wistful look his employer cast upon him.

"You like her?" he said inquiringly. "You would have a good deal in common."

"She has been more than kind to me, Mr. Currie, and to a man in my position, kindness from a lady in hers means a great deal."

He chose his words with care, but their humility did not please Archibald Currie.

"Tut, tut, don't speak like that. A man of your ability and conscientiousness is any woman's equal. Believe me, Charlton, it never pays to undervalue oneself."

Charlton was silent a moment.

"Have you forgotten the circumstances in which we became acquainted, Mr. Currie?" he asked hesitatingly. "I came to you an unknown man without credentials, you must have understood that there was something behind?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said Currie hastily, as if he would rather not be reminded in that direction. "But it is open to any man to work out his own salvation. Whatever fault may have been yours in the past, Charlton, and I can

never believe that it could be a bad one, you have nobly redeemed the time. We all make mistakes, only we are not all found out."

The words immensely comforted Charlton, and his eye softened.

"Sir, if there were more men like you in the world," he said unconsciously, repeating the words he had spoken over two years before, "the world would be a different place."

Archibald Currie broke into a cheerful laugh.

"Well, well, I have been richly repaid. And now we shall have no more long faces. We are going to make a night of it when we get back to London to celebrate your return. Well, so far, everything has been going well at Old Broad-street, and Turner is still at his desk. But upon my word I seem to grow less and less just to that man, I really dislike him intensely. He reminds me of a snake in the grass. I wish I had the courage to give him his marching orders."

"Don't see or speak to him," suggested Charlton. "I don't like him myself, but I shouldn't allow his existence to worry me."

"Well, he's a disturbing element in the place. I wish he'd take the craze of going to the front. I could spare him with great alacrity. He owes his place to you, Charlton, and he ought to know it. He will know it one of these days, if I get any more of his offensive looks."

"How's young Reedham?" inquired Charlton with interest he could hardly disguise.

"Working steadily, but——" At the moment there was a knock at the door and some letters and telegrams were brought in, some of them requiring immediate attention and reply. So Charlton did not hear what his employer had been going to say regarding the boy. His heart beat almost to suffocation at the thought of seeing him again, and his longing explained his eagerness to return to London without delay. When they reached Waterloo the carriage was waiting to take his fellow travellers to Hyde Park-square.

He left them there, and putting his own luggage in the cloak room, proceeded by omnibus to Old Broad-street.

It was only five o'clock, and he could have a word with Leslie before business closed, see for himself how the boy was looking.

He enjoyed his ride on the top of the omnibus, albeit the wind from the river was chill. It seemed to help him to clear his mental vision, to realise what he had come home to. And he was glad to get away from Archibald Currie and from Katherine Wrede in order to force his position, perhaps more particularly in regard to Katherine Wrede.

He wondered as he was trundled in leisurely fashion across the crowded bridge and down Fleet-street towards St. Paul's how long it would be before he would dare to walk a free man again under his own name on London streets.

It would not be possible for him to accept a partnership from Archibald Currie without telling him the truth. Everything would depend on the manner in which he received that truth. If the deception were forgiven then there would be no difficulty about the paying back of the money he had abstracted from the trust. It could be advanced easily from his interest in the new firm. If, on the other hand, Currie should take the harsher, narrower view, if he should resent the deception and think punishment was due, then his last end would be worse than his first.

But the telling of the truth, something told him, could not be long delayed. His position had become intolerable to himself. If ever the home he had deserted was to be restored now was the time. But his heart no longer beat at the prospect. He was conscious of a strange, almost complete detachment in spirit from the old Norwood life.

His longing to see the boy was all that was left.

Surprise was depicted on various faces when he entered the office. It was known that he might return any day, and in the main the looks were welcoming looks. Turner merely glanced at him with a curious malignancy, and made no answer to his greeting. He had been

biding his time, the time that had now come. A dull flush overspread the man's coarse features as he bent lower over his desk, but presently raised his head again to watch Charlton make his way as an arrow to its mark, to the far corner where Leslie Reedham sat. He even craned his neck to observe the close and dear intimacy of the greeting, the tremulous smile about the man's lips as he laid his hands on the boy's head. He could not hear the low spoken words, but he could imagine them, and his own smile was crafty and sullen as he made an entry on the page before him.

"How are you, my boy? It is an uncommon pleasure to me to see you again," said Charlton in a low voice. The boy's eager face flushed and his fingers gripped the offered hand. He had been very lonely without Charlton's fostering and kindly supervision, and had missed him more than he could have expressed.

"I am quite well, sir, thank you," he said, "I hope you are quite well? I—I—am very glad you have come back."

"Are you? You seem to have changed and grown. I find you altered greatly."

"Yes, sir, I am six months older, and—and—but I have no right to speak of my troubles."

"What are your troubles?"

The boy's lips quivered, and he glanced round almost piteously.

"Sir, I could hardly tell them here, when I should be at work?"

"Surely not. Well, will you come home with me tonight. I will see that you get safely back."

"I should like to come if you do not live too far away."

"I live at Camden Town."

"Ah, then I could easily walk through Regent's Park home."

"To Regent's Park? Have you moved then, while I have been away?"

"Yes, sir, some months ago."

"I am glad, it has brought you nearer to me. Well, you can tell me about it as we go home. I shall be ready at six o'clock, wait for me when you are finished."

The boy nodded, and returned comforted to the contemplation of his work.

The lonely feeling that had been so acute of late, and daily increasing, seemed to disappear at the sound of Charlton's voice, comfort came with him.

They left the office together, and took a train at Broad-street for Camden Town. The compartment was so full that they had to stand the greater part of the way, thus intimate conversation of any kind was impossible.

When they alighted at the Camden Station the rain had ceased, and the stars were beginning to shine steadfastly in the sky.

"It is fresher out here," said Charlton, as they stepped across the road. "It's only a few minutes' walk. Tell me now why you have moved to Regent's Park? Does your mother not find it a more expensive neighbourhood?"

"That doesn't matter now," said the boy dully, yet with a note of resentment in his voice, "I thought, perhaps, that you would have heard that my mother has married again."

"What!"

Charlton stood still on the kerb and helplessly stared. They had happily left the busier main thoroughfare, and turned into one of the quiet squares that abound on both sides of the road, so that their attitude was quite unobserved. Charlton's face had grown strangely white, and his features seemed to work convulsively.

"Married again, boy? It's impossible," he cried shrilly.

"It's quite true," said the boy in a patient voice. "She has married Mr. George Lidgate. He was my father's partner, and very kind to us since father went away. But—but I think it was horrible of them to marry so soon, I only knew after they had been married several days."

"Married to George Lidgate!" repeated Charlton in a hoarse whisper. "Let us get on Leslie," he added, trying to recover himself. "Only a few more steps to the house."

He put his hand through the boy's arm and held him fast, and his steps seemed to totter as they began to move up the gradual ascent to St. Paul's-crescent.

"I wonder they were not afraid," pursued the boy, "because I know that my father is not dead. Lidgate talked to me about it one night trying to show me that I was treating my mother badly. I can't be the same. How can I be the same! I feel it is horrible."

"It seems so, and if as you say your father should be alive it would be a terrible business."

"He is alive, I tell you," said the lad fiercely. "And I shall see him some day. I said that to my mother at the time, and she cried all night and could not sleep. And then Lidgate was angry and spoke to me about it."

"Do—do they seem happy?"

"Happy," said the boy vaguely. "Oh, yes, I think so. My mother looks ever so much younger, and of course he can give her everything she needs. But I—I can't bear it. We were happier at Clapton even when we were poor. It doesn't seem right."

"This is the door," said Charlton, heavily fumbling for his key. "I sent her a telegram from Southampton, so she will be ready for us, I hope."

"Surely I have been here," said the boy, seeming to struggle with some memory. "I am sure I have been to this house before, once with my mother. I remember the red flower-pots in the window."

Charlton knew that he had, but made no answer. He opened the door and stood aside to let him in. At that moment Mary Anne Webber appeared at the top of the basement stairs, and the moment Charlton saw her face he knew that she knew. He put his hand as if to ward off some blow.

"A moment, Mrs. Webber," he said. "I will speak to you later."

He pushed the boy before him into the sitting-room and closed the door. The gas was lowered. He reached up above the round table, neatly laid for tea, and turned the light full on.

Then very deliberately, while the boy was looking interestedly round the room he took off his blue spectacles.

"Leslie," he said, and his voice rang out clear and strong, vibrating with all

the passion of the fatherhood that had been so dear a part of him.

The boy startled, turned round sharply, and met his yearning gaze.

Mary Anne Webber, standing irresolute, wondering much, on the top step of the basement stairs was suddenly startled by a great cry.

(To be continued.)

## Greater Britain's Imperial Song.

Donald C. Simpson.

Our Father's Native Land  
From many a distant strand  
Our voices come.  
From far across the sea  
Our hearts call out to thee  
With love and loyalty  
Let us be one.

Time hath no changes made  
Since first our fathers strayed  
From thy loved shore.  
Their blood is in our veins  
Their love for thee remains  
We sing Britannia's strains  
As they of yore.

To spread thy banner free  
On every land and sea  
Our fathers died.  
For thee,—they fought and fell  
Britain,—they loved thee well  
Their deeds, our bosoms swell  
With martial pride.

Thy banner o'er us waves  
And o'er our father's graves  
Ever shall be.  
For we are one in aim  
One Nation—with one name  
One flag—our Flag of fame  
Eternally.

United we shall go  
Triumphant o'er each foe  
As aye of yore.  
Fearless and ever free  
Our Union Jack shall be  
True Britons all are we  
Forevermore.

# Planning the Kitchen

Being the first of a series of articles on the interior arrangement of the home, with a view to lightening labor, increasing comfort, and adding to the joy of life.

E. Stanley Mitton

The Management of Westward Ho! Magazine asked me to contribute each month, a short article dealing with the problems confronting householders, in their arrangement of ideal dwellings.

It is not my intention to deal minutely with the purely technical side of these problems, but merely to make a few suggestions here and there, which may be of value and service in building a new house, or in remodelling an old one.

This month I have chosen to write of order in the kitchen; next month's article will deal with the arrangement of the ideal living room. I should like to hear from Westward Ho! readers, as to the topics for succeeding articles, and shall endeavour to meet their wishes, as to the subjects to be taken up. Write me in care of this Magazine.

COOK is leaving, says the weary housekeeper, and her husband, forthwith, sees in the mind's eye a series of cold lunches, the bother of advertising for someone to fill Cook's place, and the trouble and annoyance of interviewing applicants. "Cook is leaving," calls up visions of all that is least desirable among the thousand petty worries that housekeeping entails.

This vexatious problem, which the magazines and illustrated papers have dwelt upon with joyless mirth for some time past, will disappear as soon as builders realize the effect environment has upon the moods and feelings. A bright, sunny, airy, clean room means good health, and good health means good temper.

Cheerfulness, then, would seem to be the first requirement of the ideal kitchen. No longer must those entrusted with the preparation of our food, be condemned to toil in prison-like cells, remote from light and air, as in the old days when the kitchen was invariably in the basement.

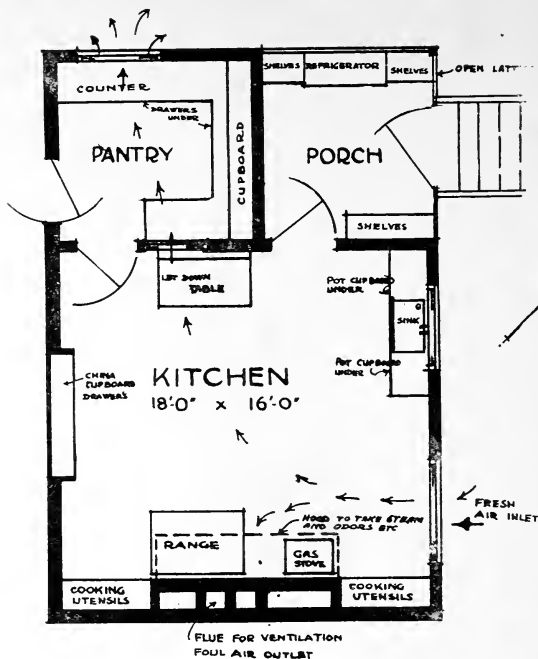
If your kitchen is now a gloomy and depressing room, try the effect of light papers or paint; you will find them work

wonders. A dado of cement some four feet high is particularly good. It can be stopped in a little mould at the top and, if you like, marked off like tile. Painted in white enamel paint, it is as good as tile and less expensive. Give the cook, or yourself, if you happen to be your own chef, a change of scene, and notice the improvement in the mental atmosphere.

Ventilation is another important matter. It is impossible to do good work in a room filled with impure air. While it is essential that every room in the house be well ventilated, the kitchen requires more thoughtful attention than any of the others for, in addition to the natural vitiation of the air, the noxious gases from the stove, and the fumes consequent upon the various culinary operations, must be contended with.

To obviate this annoyance as much as possible, a hood should be constructed for the gas stove and wood range, from galvanized iron, to be connected with the flue and adjustable. The ventilator should be fitted so that it can be closed when required.

At the sides of the range I have suggested cupboards with shelves and rails



for putting articles required while cooking. Sliding doors will be the best to close these.

You will see, upon examining the plan, a fresh air inlet; this I would make in connection with the sash window. In summer the window could be opened the full height, and in winter the ventilator would afford an ample supply of air. This fresh air inlet is highly advisable, as being the means of carrying the foul odors from the range into the flue, keeping the kitchen supplied with pure, fresh air, and preventing the odors of cooking from stealing to the other parts of the house.

If the windows are hung on weights and move easily, and a window stick with a hook on one end is kept in the kitchen, it is not much trouble to get fresh air. A transom over the window or outside door makes excellent ventilation, and is easily opened when fitted with an adjustable rod.

In order that the kitchen be well lighted, it is essential that the windows be properly placed. Take this important matter into consideration when building. You should have the light on your left. Notice how I have indicated this in connection with the range and stove.

Put a good floor in the kitchen. Nothing is more unpleasant for the cook or housekeeper, forced to remain so much upon her feet, than to walk up and down over a rough, uneven floor. I would suggest that the kitchen floor be made of "asbestos" jointless floor. Although this may seem an unnecessary expense, it is in reality sensible economy, for while lineoleums and oil-cloths are continually wearing out, a tiled floor lasts practically for ever, and has in addition sanitary features, and the ease with which it may be cleaned to commend it. In default of a tiled floor, I would ad-

wise one of some good hard wood, carefully laid, and polished with oil.

In building a new house, see that your architect makes provision for a good-sized kitchen—don't be content with a small, stuffy room, if you can avoid it. Once upon a time a small kitchen was considered the proper thing, builders talked of "kitchenettes," and enlarged the parlor and living room at the expense of the most used room in the house. It did not take long to recognize the fallacy of this proceeding; housekeepers soon discovered that a small kitchen adds to the difficulties of housekeeping, instead of serving to lighten its burdens.

The kitchen shown is 18 ft. by 16 ft. This is the minimum size, as for a smaller room it would be necessary to sacrifice some of the cupboards, and that would not be advisable. I have seen kitchens no larger than 9 ft. by 10 ft.; how culinary operations were conducted remains a mystery to me. The small arrows on the plan indicate the fresh air openings, and I trust you will give them your first attention, when you are ready to build.

The space under the sink should be left open, of course, but that under the drainboards might better be utilized for cupboards or some special purpose. A good housekeeper says: "Make the sink, work table and laundry tubs high enough to do away with that back-breaking position with which we have tortured our help all these years." She made her's seven inches higher than usual, making them about three feet from the floor.

System is just as essential to the modern kitchen as it is to the modern office. "A place for everything and everything in its place," is an axiom

that the housekeeper will do well to take to heart. A good cupboard saves time, worry and labour.

Most houses are built with a laundry, generally in the basement. But, if necessary, set-tubs can be put in the kitchen, or any convenient place, with a zinc-lined hinged cover, which will make them into a good table when not in use. The zinc lined cover, when fastened back against the wall, protects it from steam and suds on washday. On this plan laundry tubs could be set beside the sink in the corner, the hinged cover forming the sink table on one side.

I have shown on the diagram the cold storage on the outside porch. This is the cheapest form. Shelves for vegetables are shown on the sides, the whole being closed in with lattice work, so that the air may circulate freely, keeping them cool and fresh.

Have two or three chairs in the kitchen. It is frequently wise economy of time to sit down and enjoy a few minutes' rest. A low table where one can sit in preparing vegetables is most convenient. A hinged shelf under the window would serve the purpose.

Cleanliness, beauty, comfort, convenience—these are the points to bear in mind while planning and putting in order the ideal kitchen. All that tends to accentuate these things must be conserved, all that will retard us from the attainment of the ideal must be strictly eliminated. Nothing that adds to the sum of human happiness is commonplace or mean; no detail which will help us to live in a state of ease or moderate enjoyment is too trivial to be neglected.

It is a trite saying, but a comprehensive one nevertheless, that "All that ministers to human happiness is divine."



# The Eye of Charity

M. P. Judge

WELL? said the woman, half quizzically, although her face flushed as her eyes met his. "What are you going to do with me?" John Collison gazed at her angrily. "Do!" he retorted fiercely; "I ought at once to hand you over to the police"—then he hesitated,—as if some kindlier thought had come to him. "Oblige me by sitting down,—no, not by the window, I cannot trust you, you see; you might try to escape! And now, perhaps you will tell me your motive for this daily thieving of my possessions?" The woman moved over to the chair indicated, first placing a cup of milk on a small table near, that she had hitherto held in her hand. She was of medium height, and dressed in a well fitting dark blue tailor-made coat and skirt that had evidently never been made for any other than the present owner. Her age, he judged, to be about thirty-five. Her hair was dark, waving naturally, and it was brushed back off her forehead into a thick coil at the nape of her neck. Her features were delicate and refined, and she had a pair of the most beautiful, and honest looking blue-grey eyes he had ever seen. Something in the pose of her well shaped little head, as she sat upright in her chair before him, told him that this was no ordinary thief; and yet in justice to himself he felt what she had done could not be overlooked.

They were in one of the many hundreds of large rooming houses in the South of London. This happened to be an old one built in the time of the Georges, at a period when it was the fashion to have long French windows opening out on to a narrow iron balcony which could be reached from each front

room on the same floor. John Collison lived in the centre room on the second floor. Miss Evans, the lady—(he felt he had to call her that, though sorely against his will)—lived on his right; while a Miss Forth, a young shop girl, had the third room to the left. This he learnt from Mrs. Smith, the landlady, when taking his lodgings. "No," she said, "I gives no meals, you gets them h'out, or you cooks your h'own. Miss H'evens cooks 'er own; she writes, you know, for them magazines." (He did not know but accepted the fact.) "Miss Forth only cooks 'er breakfast and h'eats out." He had met both occasionally on the narrow dark stairway, but had only exchanged the barest civilities in passing. His work in town, that of third partner in a lawyer's office occupied the whole day; his evenings were spent at the Club. He was like so many men living alone in big cities, their lives growing more and more narrow as time goes on, through force of circumstances and perhaps laziness on their part to keep more in touch with their friends. If the married ones occasionally carried him off into the country he would, when there, enjoy himself; half envying them their wives and pretty children; but when he returned to town the old routine of work would begin again and he would lose the unspoken longing for a home of his own with the added interests it would have brought him. He was well under forty and moderately good looking, and when a younger man he had met many women, but had never cared very much for their society. Before his mother died he had been all in all to her. She had been an exceptionally beautiful and clever woman, and other women seemed to him in



comparison somewhat inane and insipid.

This morning he had forgotten to take his cheque book to the office, he was going off on a three weeks' holiday to Scotland and had returned unexpectedly at lunch time to fetch it. On entering his room he found the French window open and Miss Evans standing in the centre of the room with a cup of milk in her hand.

For the last fortnight he had constantly missed food from his small cupboard. A half loaf of bread, a box of sardines, sometimes an egg, stray rashers of bacon, the visible decrease of tea in the tea caddy and lessening of pats of butter. This he had attributed to Mrs. Smith, thinking she perhaps counted it her due for the daily attention to his room, but as the place suited him, he had as yet said nothing. And now to find one of the lodgers in this act of petty thieving! "Was it kleptomania,—or—was she hungry? No, she did not look the very least in need of a meal. "Good heavens," he said to himself, "I wish to goodness I had never come in at this moment." Miss Evans twice began to say something in a low voice and then broke off.

"I'm waiting," he remarked at length, rather grimly, "for some further explanation to account for your presence here!"

"Would it be too much if I were to ask you to let me go away now if I promised on my word of honor to come to you tomorrow evening to explain my being here and of the disappearance of your provisions. Could you trust me? I know it seems all wrong and I appear to be giving you orders, but—" She rose and came over to the large arm chair in which he was sitting. "If you have never before been asked by a woman to give up your own will to help her in a difficulty, will not you do it now?"

"And if I refuse?" he asked coldly, although he was growing more and more interested in the situation. "If you refuse," drawing back. (He fancied she held her little head even more proudly than before). "Then do your worst, send for the police, I am, as you know, completely at your mercy." She stood, not as many women do; as if to support themselves they had to lean against some

article of furniture, but upright, alone and still of movement.

The more Collison looked at her, the more he felt he could trust her, although, with a lawyer's caution, he considered it his duty not to give in too easily. However, just at that moment, from being first actor in the little scene, he became a very insignificant third.

Through the open window ran a tall thin girl, only half dressed, her hair down her back and an old torn kimono thrown half over her shoulders. She did not see him in his big arm chair. Making straight for Miss Evans standing by the table in the centre of the room, and kneeling down, caught her dress, crying out. "Oh, come back, come back, you mustn't stay in here. Mr. Collison might find you returning the milk, and think you were taking it instead of me. You have been so kind to me, why did not God let me know you before I began to steal. I am the most miserable girl in the world, I wonder you care to speak to me," and she burst into a weak torrent of tears.

Collison made a movement to rise, but unseen by the girl Miss Evans motioned him to hide, and presently he succeeded in hiding behind the chair much to her relief. Not until then did she free herself from the girls clinging grasp to kneel down beside her.

"Come my child," putting her arms round the weeping girl and drawing her to her. "Mr. Collison will find both of us here if we do not move." Tomorrow you have a long journey before you and must rest today to get back some strength." "First, I am going to help you back to your room to lie down, and then go and get you some lunch." Try and forget the past fortnight, dear! Few people could imagine what they would do if they were starving as you have been." "It might have been Mr. Collison or myself, under some circumstances—who knows?" "It is so easy to judge hardly when one has never suffered."

She went on talking in order to give the girl time to recover herself, and to keep her from the knowledge of the man behind the chair as she half led.

half carried her out on to the balcony and into Miss Forth's own room.

A few minutes later she repassed, looked in at Collison, who was standing near the window, and said in a low voice—"I will return to you in half an hour." "Thank you indeed for your silence."

"Thank goodness," he said, when she re-appeared, "you are innocent, I should never have believed in anyone again if it had been you." He felt like doing some of the silly things that one reads about in novels that people do on quite as short an acquaintance as theirs, such as taking both her hands in his and kissing them; telling her how he had admired her for keeping the girl's secret, and her pluck in telling him to fetch the police; for unless she had been forced to speak the truth, the case would have gone hardly with her. Instead they both stood looking at each other, reading as some people mutually interested can, each other's unspoken thoughts.

"How did you find out yourself," he asked at length.

"Won't you come over here, away from the window, or Miss Forth might hear our voices; and tell me more fully what has happened. There are still some blanks in the mystery that alone I cannot fill in."

"I met Miss Forth almost daily on the stairs, as you probably did, although we exchanged nothing more than a good-morning. It was my fault in not doing more; and being the older woman I blame myself for not being more neighbourly. It was selfishness on my part, I fear, having come here to get away from people, and dreaded interruptions if I began to show interest in my neighbours. Then about a fortnight ago, not meeting her, I enquired of Mrs. Smith if she had left. "She's lost her job, Miss, but she's paid up for her room for this month, and I hopes she soon gets another," she replied.

"I'm afraid I thought nothing more of her," continued Miss Evans, until this morning, just before luncheon, when I went out on the balcony to water a poor little smutty fern of mine that our London fogs do not agree with. To my sur-

prise I heard a slight noise behind me and on turning round saw Miss Forth, with a cup of milk in her hand, stepping out of your window. When she saw me I thought that she was going to faint, and I ran to her and took away the cup, and drew her into my room, making her lie down on the couch while I fetched some brandy and water. I was horrified at her emaciated appearance. Her story, which she has just told me, is sad enough. Her parents died a few months ago, they had run away from home to marry, and had cut adrift from all their relations. Miss Forth knew none of them and was absolutely alone in the world. She was employed in a large draper's store until quite lately, when the firm happened to reduce their staff of girls, she being one of those to leave, through no fault of her own. Since then she has been tramping the streets in search of work, and"—she paused a moment, and her voice sounded as if it had tears in it—"and all she has had to eat has been what she took daily from your cupboard. If *only* she had come to me; indeed it was but false pride that made her steal rather than beg from strangers! Tomorrow she is going down to a convalescent home I am interested in. When she is stronger we must try and find her something to do in the country. She told me that when her month was up here she had fully meant to kill herself,—and,—I believe that she would have done so."

"You have indeed been a friend," Collison said almost humbly. Few people had ever heard that depth of sympathy in his voice. "May I not share a little in helping her too?" He moved over as he spoke to his writing table, and drew out the cheque book, the forgetting of which had made such a difference to their day.

When Miss Evans went out on the balcony the following evening she felt a little unreasonably restless and lonely, both her neighbours away, "although," as she began to say to herself, "I did not know them to speak to even when they were here." But she had hardly time to frame the unspoken thought when the middle window opened quickly and the man she was thinking of came

out, carrying a big bundle of violets which he handed to her. "Why," she said in some surprise, "I thought you were going on your holiday," looking at him over the flowers which she kept smelling. "I have changed my mind about going," he remarked gaily. "You haven't?" "Oh you haven't?" she broke off, as if she suddenly understood. He coloured up at her quick, kindly look. "You wrote out that cheque for Miss Forth and it was the money that you would have spent otherwise on your own holiday." "Oh, you are generous," she cried impetuously, "I can never thank you enough for what you did yesterday." "I know of one thing you might do," he said, later on. "to help ease you of too much gratitude."

"Yes."

"Have a stated time for watering your smutty little fern during the next three weeks."

"And why?"

"Because then I shall be quite sure of having the pleasure of seeing you each day."

"And if it is wet," she asked mischievously.

He was silent, waiting for her to solve the problem.

"In that case," she added demurely, "if it is unusually dull I have the excuse for a wood fire in my room and am ready to receive callers."

"When did you first fall in love with me," she asked three months later. It was the day they had jointly told Mrs. Smith they were leaving her rooms, softening the blow by inviting her to the wedding; and she had blessed them with tears in her eyes at the thought of her empty rooms.

"When!"—"Why when you stood up like a little Briton and told me to send for the police."

"When did you yourself," he retaliated.

"When you hid behind the chair to save that poor girl from deeper shame."

"Then I was first to love you."

"Indeed no," she retorted, womanlike, with a double train of thought to each remark. She leaned over him as he sat in the big arm chair and held his face in her hands as she spoke, tilting back his chair in order to look fully into his eyes."

"I liked the way you said good morning on the stairs long before you had ever noticed my face."

"I was blind in those days," he said, as he kissed her; "By the way have you watered tonight our little smutty fern that has had so much to do in bringing us together?"

They went out arm in arm on to the balcony, presumably to water the fern, that had already been watered by Miss Evans that morning, and then as usual forgot it.

## The Wraith of the Trail

Arthur Chapman

There's a grass grown trail near the shining rail where the trains go whizzing by—  
Where the smoke from the overland fast express is spread like a veil in the sky.  
It's the trail where the stage went rumbling through in the days of the real frontier,  
But where is the driver who braved the path and whose stout heart knew no fear?  
'Twas a perilous trip that the prairie ship made across the high, brown plains,  
But has any one ever heard men tell of a coward who held the reins?  
There are plenty of tales of heroes' work and of passengers saved from death,  
But when did a driver ever quail in the fiercest blizzard's breath?  
So go to the trail when the stars are pale and 'tis scarce an hour till dawn,  
And you'll see a ghostly stage flit past, by four ghost horses drawn;  
And high on the box sits the ghost of a man, and he throws you an eerie hail—  
It is thus that the stage goes by today on the grass grown overland trail.

# "Hard Luck"—A Chicago Story

"Dick Western"

PLANTAGENET PRINCE, called "Plant" for short by his familiar friends, possessed a "butting in" faculty that was remarkable, and yet his luck was about as bad as most people's. He always said that "bad luck was perfectly natural to a man with a name like his." "What the deuce did my parents want to call me Plantagenet for?" "How could they expect me to succeed with such a name?" Often times he made up his mind to change it and take possession of an ordinary front name like other people, but some how he never could make up his mind just which to adopt, so his original baptismal handle stayed with him and he was the same old "Plant" at the time of our story.

His friend, Joe Stubbs, had gone to Chicago a year before the great Fair and succeeded in "getting a start towards making his fortune." Up to the time of the closing of the Fair he managed to hold down his job, although he said that somehow his wages were paid in a quality of coin that did not seem as lasting as the money he earned back in the East. He felt sure if "Plant" would come out to Chicago they could do great things together and wrote him frequent letters telling of the wonders of the Fair and urging him to come. By the time Plant had made up his mind to strike out, the depression of '93 was in full swing and instead of a multitude of openings for bright young men there was a multitude of bright young men and otherwise hunting for openings. When "Plant" reached Chicago, it was to learn that the boss had "laid off" his chum Joe and the only thing they could do was to bunk together and plan for

future business, trusting that something would turn up. They lived this way for some time, their small amount of cash gradually dwindling away until at last Joe ran across a man who was running a little barber shop down on the East side. Joe persuaded this man that he could be of great service in "building up" his barber business and finally gained permission to try his hand as a tonsorial artist. It is true that some of his early attempts were rather hard on his customers, one fellow remarking as he sized up his personal appearance after emerging through an ordeal with Joe that he looked as though he had been "trying to steal a litter of kittens and the old cat had come home."

But Joe stayed with his job and soon emerged from the unfinished apprentice into a full-fledged barber and tried his hardest to get Plant to go at the same game, but Plant knew his own weak points too well to tackle any such proposition. He said, "I can do more with my fist than my fingers," and another thing, "I don't fancy standing over a man and 'rubbing it in' in your style." I want something different.

So he continued his search for something to do, "butting into" stores and business houses, seeking and obtaining "personal interviews" with officials in various offices, sometimes being received kindly and other times getting "dropped" very hard. There was nothing for him, they "had no vacancy," "wouldn't need any more help until next year," and such encouraging remarks, was about all the satisfaction his efforts brought him. He was determined to find a job, however, and daily scanned the newspaper for "situation vacant." Sometimes he would

find something that looked promising, but when he reached the place the vacancy was "filled," or he would leave his name and address at the request of the man in charge and hear nothing further.

Sometimes his experience in answering advertisements was to find himself at the end of a long line of waiting applicants, and as there was only one man that could obtain the job the employer would pick the most likely from the first ones in the row. This decided Plant. He made up his mind that he would be "first" on the next occasion. At last the opportunity came. He was eating his "doughnuts and coffee" supper and reading the advertisement columns of the Chicago News when his eye caught the following: "Wanted—Active young man to work in warehouse; must be worker. Apply 8 o'clock sharp Thursday morning side door No. 903 East St." Plant couldn't wait for Joe to come home but went and saw him at the shop and told him his plan. He was determined to be the first one this time and meant to get that job "sure"! He would be there at 6 o'clock and then when the time came would put up such a talk for that job as would bring tears to the eyes of a brass monkey. He needed that job and intended to get it even if he had to "bully" the man into hiring him. So to bed he went that night—long before the usual time, and was up bright and early to be on hand at 6 o'clock. Joe woke up to find Plant opening the room door to make his departure and roused himself in time to reach a shoe to fire after him for "luck."

The morning was chill and drear as Plant walked down to the address in the advertisement, but he had heard that hope was a "good breakfast" and he contented himself with it until he had secured the job, then said he to himself, "I'll go and get filled up on something more substantial." About 6 o'clock he reached his destination and found that it was a brick building with the main entrance on East Street, and the side entrance, at which applicants were to call, located in the alley. The door was closed and was reached by mounting a flight of steps and at the top of these

steps Plant took his stand and waited.

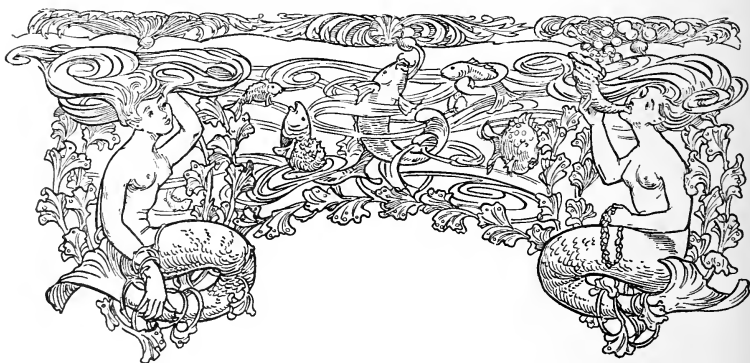
About an hour after his arrival a tall, thin fellow in overalls walked up and after looking about started to climb the steps, remarking as he did so something to Plant about coming for the job. At this point a bright idea struck Plant. Why not "bluff" this fellow out of the game? Might just as well, that would give him at least one more chance. So following up the idea, he produced a bunch of keys from his pocket and while he fumbled with them said he was "sorry," but the job had been filled and he had been asked by the boss to get around a little earlier than usual and tell the fellows that might call, so that they would not wait; to his great surprise the man "bit" at once and after a few remarks quickly went his way. In a short time a second fellow showed up, followed by a third. Plant did not wait for them to say anything but told them the same story in a regretful tone of voice and finally persuaded them that the job was filled. These two in turn walked off and just at the entrance to the alley Plant saw them engage in conversation with a man evidently bent on the job hunting mission. He watched them with interest, at the same time making as though about to open the door with his keys, and had the satisfaction of seeing the three walk away together.

Plant fairly hugged himself at the success of his scheme; he could have shouted with joy, and the more he thought of it the more he felt like dancing a hornpipe right there. Why not? said he to himself, "a fellow must look out for himself." "I'll turn every last one of the fellows who come away and then I'll get this job without any trouble." By this time three more had turned in the alley and were heading towards the steps, but Plant anticipated anything they might say and calmly told them "he was sorry" but the job had been filled rather earlier than was expected. One in the bunch showed signs of disapproval, but Plant rattled his keys and made as though to open the door, at the same time saying it is "too bad," but a fact just the same, and you won't gain anything by "growling."

So after passing an uncomplimentary remark or two the last contingent moved off. As they walked away they in turn met others coming, and like the previous seekers they imparted the information that the "job was taken." "Talk about luck," said Plant to himself, "sure mine has changed!" "I am 'it' this time for cert," keep it up, old man, you're "doing fine," won't Joe laugh when I tell him this? and visions of success floated before him only to be dispelled by another caller. But Plant again grappled with the situation and went through pretty much the same performance, with an addition to the effect that he thought if he called round on Monday that there might possibly be another chance. This last was a bad break for Plant because it caused the man to stop longer perhaps than he otherwise might have done and ask questions as to the character of the work and wages, but Plant answered as well as he could and finally turned away as though to open the door. This had the desired effect and his questioner walked away.

It was by this time about a quarter before eight and Plant began to grow anxious for fear some of the applicants would be on hand at the time for the door to open. He began to feel that he might be "caught in the act" and then there would be trouble with the crowd. While turning this over in his mind he heard the noise of a key turning in the lock on the inside and then the door opened and a man with a beard stuck his head out. After peering at Plant he came out on the top step and looked down the alley, expressing his surprise at seeing only one man waiting. Said he, "Are you the only one?" Yes, answered Plant. "Well, that's strange, anyway," said the man, perhaps it is just as well, as we don't need anyone now, we took back the old hand again last night.

Plant nearly fell off the steps. He stared at the bushy beard, of the man from the inside, and wanted to get both his hands in it, but somehow he didn't "come to" before the door closed again with a bang.



# Honour

Frank H. Sweet

THE man and woman that paced slowly side by side up and down the long, dim hotel corridors might have seemed to the thoughtless observer a typical pair of lovers. In reality she was seeking to pervert, and he to maintain, the administration of the law. She was acting the part that her sex is supposed have acted toward his from the days of Eve. With an absolute single-mindedness and loyalty of purpose that went further to exculpate her than the plea of ignorance could have done, she was knowingly and deliberately seeking to turn from the way of justice the steps of her companion. Artfully, insinuatingly, she held before his eyes the rosy apple of promise, a prize so alluring that the man beside her felt his head swim and his sense grow dazzled at the mere rising thought.

She had begun with excessive subtlety, made wise by her great need. Only the man beside her was capable of granting her this boon. To her woman's prejudiced vision it was beyond reason that he should remain unmoved. If there was any power to aid her in her glance, her smiles, her tears, if need should be she was ready to make ruthless use of them.

"Do you think, Judge Tresham," she said, "that the law is always right? Don't you believe—I am sure I do—that sometimes in enforcing the exact letter of the law one may commit a great injustice?" She paused, awaiting her unsuspecting adversary's next move; she was too cautious to overstep her mark.

"If you mean in the matter of circumstantial evidence, Miss Boniface," said Roger Tresham, "I quite agree with

you." He reddened a little, for any reference to the law was a pain he would willingly have spared her.

"N-no," said the girl, slowly. "I—I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking that the law doesn't seem to have any heart. It doesn't seem to take cognizance of misfortune, of—oh, Judge Tresham"—She broke off with a catch in her breath dangerously near to a sob.

Tresham was thrilled and warmed by the intimacy of her appeal at the same time that he was struck with horror of his own impossible predicament.

"Judge Tresham,"—she had regained her composure—"will you let me speak of my poor father's trouble? You know all about it, and it will be such a comfort. Judge Tresham, is the law really without pity?"

"God forgive me!" cried the man beside her; "I—I cannot listen; I cannot help or comfort you. Miss Boniface, if things had been otherwise I—you and I, perhaps; but now, as it is"—He stopped helplessly and made a despairing gesture. But Joyce Boniface met his troubled eyes with her own blue unabashed ones.

"Even as things are, Roger," she murmured, "it may not be altogether hopeless. There must be mercy somewhere, even in the law, and surely in the lawyers. Think, Roger, how much I should owe you if"—

Tresham had gone white to the lips; his breath came in gasps. Ten minutes ago he would indignantly have repudiated the idea that she could stoop to influence him by so much as a feather's weight upon one side or the other, far less to bribe him with the glittering promise of what he most desired. Accustomed to viewing things with the eyes of a lawyer and a purist, he had omitted

to take into account the natural prejudices, emotions and failings of poor, weak human nature. He shrank before the thing he knew she was about to utter.

"Do not say it, Joyce," he cried; "do not say it?"

She had faltered a little at his look of horror. "Have I said anything so terrible, then?" she asked, almost proudly. "Is it a crime to help one's father?"

"Hush," said Tresham; "yes. You are a child; you cannot know what you are doing. Your father"—

She dropped his arm. "My father knows nothing of this," she said, haughtily. "No doubt he would be angry if he knew that I had condescended to beg for him. No doubt he will be honourably acquitted without your help." Then she sank into a chair, laid her head against her arm, and quietly wept.

Tresham laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "You must not think I don't pity you," he said, softly; "but, indeed, I too am to be pitied. I am in a terrible position. When we came here some weeks ago, you with your unhappy father, and I his luckless judge, all three of us snatching at the legal delays to rest in mind and body; when I met you, and saw how lovely you were, and knew, as—God help me!—I knew soon enough that your smile or frown was the only bar at which I trembled, why, I should have been brave for you and for me, I should have put by the temptation for us both, I should have fled before you."

He paused, but the girl gave no sign; and he went on, brokenly: "Do you think it is only you that suffer? Do you think it is nothing to me to see you like this, and to feel that if honour were not a reality I could save you as readily as I can lift my hand? Yet, living as we do in a world and in a time in which honour rules, I am as utterly powerless to help as if my hands were fettered."

Again he paused, and this time the girl slowly lifted her eyes to his face; then she asked, gently: "Are you powerless, Roger?"

The swift blood surged through the young judge's face; a light flashed in

his eyes. He made a quick, involuntary gesture. Joyce Boniface saw and understood.

"I know what you would say," she cried, lifting her head proudly. "Like father, like daughter, you think. Well, you are right. I would save him if I had to lie or cheat or steal." Her voice shook helplessly. "Oh, if you could see him as I do—so broken, so changed from his former self! A poor, sick old man, hounded by the law and—Heaven help me!—by the man I love." She was still striving for her father with all the strength she had, and yet now she was not acting.

Tresham uttered a low cry, and losing all his habitual self-restraint, caught her to him.

"Roger," she whispered, and it was the voice of eternal woman tempting eternal man—"Roger, you will save him. It is so pitiful. What can a wretched pair of girls, persons we have never seen, matter to us? I know you will be good to him."

In the shock of returning consciousness and conscience, produced by her strange sophistical plea, he could not help a smile at the very womanishness of it all. It was a very wan smile, though, and then he put her from him.

"What a feudal princess you would have made!" he said, with grim humor. "You wouldn't have recommended cake in default of bread; you'd have asked what poor folk, persons you didn't know, had to be in the world for."

He knew it to be very far from a laughing matter, and yet the air of aggrieved surprise with which she regarded him gave him some ado to keep his countenance. At the same time he knew her to be a sweet, true woman. He knew that she would be at much pains to relieve any distress that came within the range of her vision. But the case of her father's unfortunate victims—that was barred out from her contract, hidden by a cloud as dense as prejudice could make it, utterly swept away by the current of her daughterly love. It was without meaning to her, something distant, vague, with which she had not to do. Her mind was incessantly busied



with the picture of her wretched father, victimized, martyred, as he seemed to her. There is inherent in women—handed down to them, perhaps, as a legacy from a time when they did not think or act for themselves—a strong tribal bias. From men it has been to a certain extent eliminated by advancing civilization; in women it exists to-day, a living witness of the narrow confines that once held them.

Joyce Boniface spoke now with the fervour of despair. She had risked her highest stakes, and she could not afford to lose. She silenced Tresham with a gesture, and broke out passionately:

"You pretend to be above temptation, to be superior to egoism; and you look down on people that have—blundered as if they were a lower order of creatures. Oh, you needn't deny it; it's quite true. And all the time you are hard and cruel and unjust—yes, unjust, too. Suppose I were the criminal; just suppose it were I whom you had to condemn, would you be so high and contained and self-righteous? Of course not. You are like all the rest. You can see a man suffer, no matter how old and sick and miserable he is; it is nothing to you. But a woman, you say, is different, most of all a lady. Answer me, Roger Tresham; if I were a criminal would you not find some way of acquitting me, some way of settling it with your conscience?"

"God help me!" mused her lover; "would honour carry me through such an ordeal as that?"

He did not speak aloud, but the woman read in his eyes the first sign of wavering. She pressed her point, not in words, for she had used her final argument, but by rising and standing before him, her hands lifted to his shoulders, her face squarely confronting his.

He spoke after a moment, slowly and calmly. "God alone knows if I should pass triumphantly through such a trial as that, my darling. Even as it is, so strong is your hold upon me that, were there nobody else concerned, I believe I should be induced to show more mercy than justice allows." He had forgotten her now; he was answering the arraignment of his conscience. "It has

never been with me as with many of the young men that I studied among. From the first I felt drawn to my calling by a power too strong for words. Later I received from my fellows a holy office, the duties of which I shall fulfil as well as in me lies. Even for the sake of the woman I love I could not be led into an act of foul injustice, into a decision that would deprive two helpless girls of their rightful inheritance."

She had dropped her hands to her sides, and stood looking at him strangely. He did not heed her.

"There are some old words ringing in my ears, the words of that old song of Lovelace's. You know what I mean:

"'I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.'"

He stammered a little with the reluctance of a modern to handle sentiment. "I had hoped that, for the sake of the strong love I bore you, we might, in some future day"—

"Never!" she interrupted him fiercely.

"Whatever may be your decision, I would have you to remember that if I could have yielded to you in this my love would not have been worth the having." He took a sudden step forward. "Joyce, will you not help me in my choice of the only right way, even if this is to be the end between us?"

But she shrank back and hid her face from him. In spite of her he drew her to him, and kissed her lightly on the forehead. Then he turned steadily away.

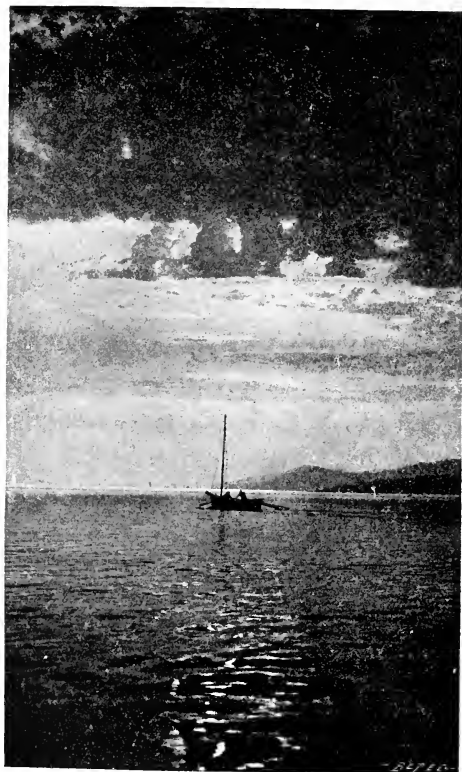
Joyce Boniface raised her head and looked after him, made as if she would have called him back, then turned instead and sank into a chair.

Half an hour later Roger Tresham, walking dejectedly to and fro on the deserted terrace, felt two slim hands thrust round his neck from behind, and heard a woman's voice say, brokenly:

"Don't look at me, Roger; let me stay like this. But I had to tell you that you're right, and that I know it. Oh, I feel like a traitor; but it won't move you—*nothing* will move you; and I wanted to say *I'm proud of you*, Roger. I shall feel bitter again tomorrow, and

think hard things of you; but just this once I wanted you to know that I stood upon your level and saw the right as you see it, just as God intended I should do when he put his love into our hearts.

If things had been different, Roger—but as it is—*never!* So dear, this is good-bye; but you will remember, won't you, that I rose for one moment and stood beside you?"





English Bay Beach.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

## Vancouver.

**T**HE development of every Pacific seaport on the North American continent, during the past few years has been phenomenal—nor has this rapid growth been confined to the immediate coast—towns in the Interior too have made rapid strides.

The fact is the resources and opportunities of the vast territory lavied by the Pacific are only just beginning to receive recognition. Eastern and European capital is flowing to these parts because greater results are to be obtained here, and then too the very elements combine to the advantage of various industries. Conditions are more congenial—no zero weather, no cyclones, in fact nothing to hinder the progress and continuation of any enterprise or development work that is undertaken—and this obtains the entire length of the Pacific slope from the extreme southern end of

California up to and including British Columbia. Vancouver, oftentimes termed the Liverpool of the Pacific, has received a wonderful impetus from this trend of development, and is rapidly climbing up to the 100,000 population mark, which it is estimated it will easily reach by 1910.

From a collection of shacks and a few hundred people, Vancouver has jumped into a populous city of fine substantial buildings with large districts of beautiful homes, ample transportation facilities and public utilities, in a little more than twenty years.

The advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway into Vancouver in 1887 was undoubtedly the cause of public attention being first drawn to the great possibilities of this place. Her strategical location is superb, and lying as she does, in the natural pathway of international



—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

commerce, there can be no question of the gigantic proportions that her shipping operations and manufacturing industries will assume.

Timber, minerals, fishing and agriculture products all bountifully contribute to assure the brilliant future predicted for Vancouver.

As environment is a big factor to the homeseeker, just a word aside from commercial inducements will be in order.

Vancouver nestles under the shelter of towering wooded peaks on the shores of one of the finest deep water harbours on the continent, and the magnificent mountain and marine views from the city are a constant source of enjoyment to its inhabitants, besides being a magnet of attraction to many visitors.

The far famed Stanley Park is indeed the pride of the city. It contains about 1,000 acres, with a small menagerie, flower gardens, recreation fields and a magnificent boulevard. But perhaps its greatest charm is found in its own natural wild beauty of thick woods and delightful glades.

Stanley Park is the community's cherished property, loved and valued by all. Recreation facilities for outdoor are unexcelled, aquatic sports, bathing, wheeling, driving, cricket, lacrosse, tennis, fishing, etc., all have their devotees, and the opportunity for the indulgence in any particular hobby is nowhere more favorable.



C. P. R. Station.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.



"Skirting the Velvet Pathway's Edge."—Stanley Park.

### STOPPED IN TIME.

Little Johnnie, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged. "I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he told his mother, "and I'm going to quit it."

Early one morning not long after this he was taken into his mother's room to see twin boys who had arrived in the night. Johnnie regarded them thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Gee," he remarked finally, "it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."—Everybody's Magazine.

### ETERNAL MASCULINE.

Mr. Bacon—Did you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning early?

Mrs. Bacon—Yes, dear.

Mr. Bacon—I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?

Mrs. Bacon—Why don't you remember, dear, you got up one morning early and you crowed about it for a week?

# Romance of the "Royal City"

C. H. Stuart Wade, F.R.G.S., (Eng.), F.G.S. (Am.)

**T**HROUGHOUT the Pacific Coast the thriving city of New Westminster is well known under the above name; it is a title worthy of being handed down to posterity and of which the citizens are truly proud, for the reason that the Great and Good Queen Victoria herself selected the name New Westminster.

The bygone days, however, possess a peculiar association with this city which was originally intended to be the capital of the Province, and which from its position strategically, as well as its beautiful surroundings it was fully justified in aspiring to.

We need not here, however, go into a dissertation as to the reasons why it should have been superseded, nor the wisdom of such a proceeding; the writer's object being rather to depict, very briefly, a few of the episodes in the history of the district which have changed the whole face of nature; until, at the present day, the hill slopes are covered with beautiful homes rising tier above tier, whilst its southern aspect makes it peculiarly entrancing from the earliest spring to the latest fall of the year, by reason of the wealth of its flora, and the magnificent growth of every variety of fruit and shade tree.

Even in the seventeenth and eighteenth century romantic stories were current in the Courts of England and Spain, about a wonderful country of vast wealth existing in these latitudes; and many a search was undertaken with the object of discovering the North-west passage, headed by such notable seamen as Captains Cook, Vancouver, and numbers of others. The romance of the North-

eastern Pacific may be said to have attained a concrete form in the year 1598, when a map was published by De Fonte showing a "passage to be possible across the entire continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic," by means of what is now known as the McKenzie River, but it was nearly two hundred years later ere Captain Cook made notable discoveries which caused widespread interest in the then known world, and inspired the maritime nations to further research; and yet these hardy seamen failed to discover that mighty river which we now know as the Fraser.

Meanwhile history had been in the making on the Atlantic sea-board. English and French adventurers and voyagers had been steadily pushing westward in the interests of the two great fur-trading corporations, the "North-west Company of Montreal," and the "Hudson's Bay Co.," founded by a charter of King Charles I of England.

Space does not permit of any description of their explorations or of the thrilling adventures, massacres, and sanguinary warfare between the Indian tribes and the hardy pioneers who penetrated the dense forests, swam or rafted over swift-flowing rivers, or were lost in the swamps and extensive muskeg covering vast areas throughout the land. pages might be filled with romantic episodes descriptive of the devotion shown by Indian belles for the white interlopers who first traversed the hunting grounds of their forefathers; but their descendants today, tell stories round the camp-fire of the cool courage and indomitable energy which led these white warriors ever on-

ward, fearless of difficulty, danger, or death.

Not the least noteworthy was Gauthier la Verendiere and after him La Gardeur St. Pierre who penetrated far to the westward about the year 1740. The discovery by Alexander Mackenzie of that great river bearing his name, which—whilst seven miles wide in parts,—pours the volume of water gathered in its course of near 2,000 miles (under various designations) through the rocky mass of the "Ramparts" where it contracts to a tenth of that width; pre-

In the autumn of 1805, he established a permanent post on the McLeod Lake; and in the following spring ascended the Parsnip at the head-waters of the Peace River, fully expecting to find himself on the borders of the ocean itself—a disappointment which he records in his diary under date of the 3rd July, 1806,—when he found the latitude to be nearly 49 degrees, thus upsetting a theory he had apparently formed that the river would prove to be the Columbia. Seven days later, he reached Mackenzie's "Great River," the descent of which oc-

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pared the way for the opening up of civilization in the Western province of Canada and the State of Washington. He it was, who first reported the discovery of the "Great River," and Simon Fraser an employee of the old Northwest Co., was sent into the district—then known as New Caledonia,—to explore, and trace to its mouth, that great body of water which is ever flowing onward past the city of New Westminster oceanwards.

cupied no less than thirty-five days. His journey was both interesting and valuable in its results, and a brief sketch may not be out of place.

Leaving Fort McLeod he went up the Stewart River, so named by him after one of his companions, and traveling westward reached the lake now bearing his own name. Here, almost alone amongst the aboriginal tribes, he witnessed an ancient Indian ceremonial used only by the natives at the burial of a



highly esteemed chief. In the fall of 1807 Mr. Quesnel brought despatches authorizing him to trace the Great River to the sea; and in May, 1808, he commenced his hazardous journey, through an unknown country, peopled by hostile tribes of Indians who had never seen a white man, and who fell down in terror of the thunder and lightning which destroyed the grizzly and the deer at the will of the pale-face invader. Passing innumerable smaller streams, water-falls, and heavily wooded islands, the little band of adventurers eventually reached the junction of what we know as the Thompson River, where greater troubles beset them on every hand; but death passed them by, and they succeeded in reaching a swift-flowing, but placid river of wondrous beauty, and capable of bearing on its bosom the mightiest vessels of those days, or even of the present time.

Years passed, and the fur-trading companies reaped a rich reward for their enterprize, when the discovery of placer gold on the Fraser river spread the fame of this region far and wide; thousands of miners with the usual aggregation of lawless men, and camp followers, flooded the country until the representative of the sovereign demanded military support from the British Government.

In 1858 Colonel Moody who had been sent out from England in command of two companies of carefully selected engineers, chose the present site of New Westminster as the location of the capital, and the military headquarters from which to control the mining camps and explore the surrounding wilds of tangled scrub and mighty forest land.

For forty years the city prospered, but calamity overtook it on the 10th September, 1898; when, at ten minutes past eleven at night, a large warehouse filled with hay was discovered to be on fire; although on the water front, so rapidly did the fire spread that the adjoining city market on the one side, and coal yard on the other were speedily in flames which crossed the street, embracing the Caledonia Hotel, and spreading far and wide!

On the river front, three steamers were ignited, and being driven in-shore by a

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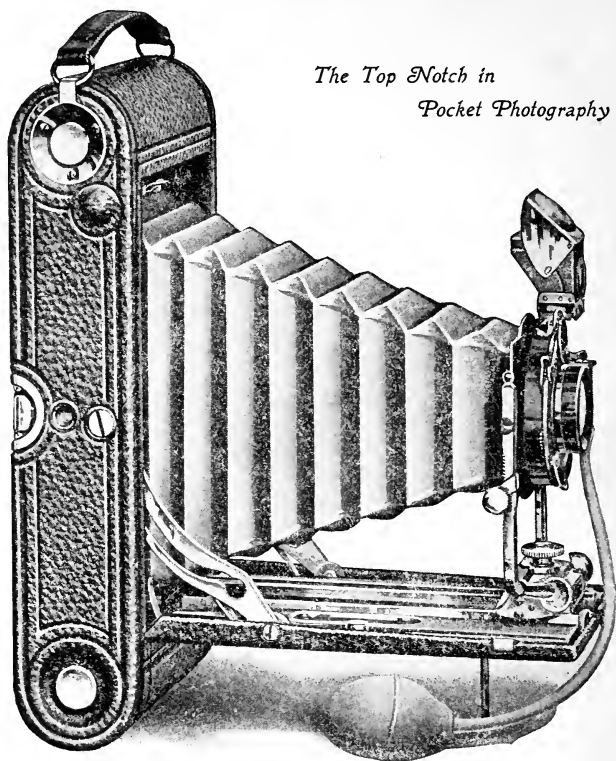
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strong wind carried the fire from point to point, until the entire water-front was one seething mass of burning wharves and buildings from end to end of the town. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the firemen, re-inforced by the Vancouver brigade and hundreds of citizen volunteers, the business portion of the town was practically wiped out; and four hours later, over eighty acres was covered with the ashes of what had been magnificent buildings and property of several millions in value.

Scarcely more than a decade has elapsed, since that fateful day when rich and poor alike were camped homeless on the devastated streets, dependent for their very food on the kindly sympathy which prompted the farmer and settler from miles in every direction, to gather together his stores of all descriptions as a free gift to the sufferers in this great catastrophe,—but how changed the scene!

Picturesquely situated on the hill-slope rising to a tree covered plateau, the Royal City of today is thriving in appearance and in fact; from all the forest wealth of a vast surrounding district rafts of logs, and bolts for shingles reach the many lumber mills located within the city bounds amongst them, being the second largest in the world—the Fraser River Saw-mill,—upon which \$750,000 has been expended during the last twelve months for machinery alone, whilst about 1,600 hands are employed in various capacities; this being only one of many mills engaged in lumbering industries in the district. Even the Fraser River itself employs several thousand men during the summer season in its very important, and valuable fishing industries; for salmon, sturgeon, trout, and in the salt water halibut, herrings, oolichans, and shellfish are a certain and prolific harvest. The forests and rivers are not, however, the only natural resources of this highly-favoured district; even the bottom-lands, which ages ago lay beneath a far mightier torrent than that which now traverses the valley, contribute a vast area of pastureage and rich, arable land: producing frequently eighty or one hundred bushels of oats to the acre, four

or five tons of hay, and root crops both excellent in quality and prolific in quantity. The atmosphere itself, contributes largely to the prosperity of the district subsidiary and adjacent to the city; for, whilst in other coast cities the verdure gets brown and parched, that of New Westminster is crisp, green, and pleasant to the eye, affording a maximum amount of nutriment to animal life, and making the product of its innumerable dairy farms surpass those of any other province in richness of quality.

Of recent years fruit-growing has become exceedingly profitable, and the entire district for miles around the city is rapidly becoming one vast orchard: prunes, figs, grapes, nectarines, and peaches maturing in the open on the south side of the Fraser River whilst the more common fruits or berries are to be found in almost every garden.

The city itself is the pride of its inhabitants, the majority of whom own the dwellings in which they reside; its streets are wide and well-lighted, and it has several public parks and grounds in one of which are erected the permanent buildings of the (annual) Provincial Exhibition, which attracts exhibitors even from far distant Edmonton in Alberta. The parade of animals is an event which shows how keen an interest is everywhere taken by British Columbians in the quality, and pedigree of their cattle; whilst in the realm of sport the "Salmonbellies" are recognized throughout the continent as champion players and keen sports, having won their reputation on many a hard-fought field. Many sportsmen desirous of bagging a deer or bear, and angling the wary trout, make this city their headquarters: whilst in the immediate neighbourhood scenery is to be found almost equal to that of Norway or Switzerland; and in this mountainous region, there is little doubt, exists a mass of mineral wealth which would amply repay expert investigation.

As an ocean port, the city of New Westminster is unique, for it is the only fresh water harbour on the coast and being less than fifteen miles from salt water it possesses safe anchorage for scores of the largest class of sea-going

vessels, whilst the recent purchase of a "Fruhling" dredge—costing the Government \$300,000—is a guarantee that a minimum depth of 30 feet will be maintained in the river channel: railway communication by means of three great lines, and an entire network of electric cars provide ample transportation to interior points, and every river settlement is catered for by the steamboats of the C. P. R. and private companies.

The commercial centre of fifteen municipalities, the seat of the Government

Agencies for Land, Public Works, Fisheries, Water Rights, and Timber Licenses with an assessed valuation of about \$6,000,000, this city is justified in claiming for itself advantages equal in every sense, and superior in some points, to those of any other part of Western Canada, its inhabitants enjoying the blessings of pure water, a maximum of sunshine, picturesque surroundings, cheap land, lighting, and water power with mercantile conditions which assure its future prosperity.



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# Forest Fires

Results of Investigation by Forest Expert in Alberta.

**F**ORESTRY in Western Canada (as everywhere else) means far more than the planting of trees. The first step in forestry is the preservation of forests already existing, and, as far as Canada—east and west alike—is concerned, that means the keeping out of fires. Something in this direction has already been done in Canada, but much remains to be done.

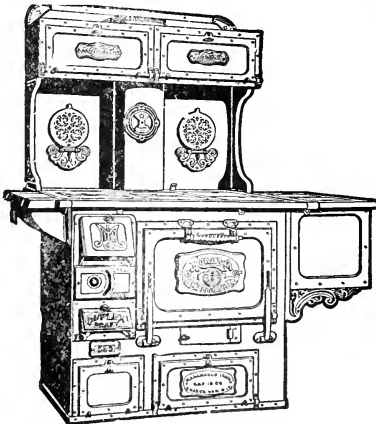
Forest fires in the Rockies, their effects and means of preventing them are discussed by Mr. H. R. MacMillan, Assistant Inspector of Dominion Forest Reserves, in the December issue of the Canadian Forestry Journal. His article gives the result of investigations made

by him during the season of 1906 in the Crow's Nest District of Southern Alberta, more accurately defined as the valley of the middle fork of the Old Man river between the Livingstone range and the western boundary of Alberta.

Originally this whole region was heavily timbered, so that reports of explorers and other early visitors to the district say, with the exception of a small area (eighteen square miles in extent) situated above timber line. "So numerous and so disastrous have been the fires following in the wake of travellers, settlers and railways," Mr. MacMillan writes, "that at present, of the original two hundred and twelve square miles of for-

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est, only thirty-three square miles remain." More over, the timber which is easiest to get at is always the first destroyed, and what is left is situated at high levels and in other places where it is hard to get at.

Not only has the timber originally on the land been destroyed, but in some cases all possibility of producing, without going to an enormous expense for artificial planting, more timber (or anything else) on the land has been taken away. In this Crow's Nest Valley alone there are, out of the two hundred and twelve square miles of its total area, eighty-five square miles of such land. Originally covered by a heavy forest of fir, it is now but a "poor, gravelly prairie, unfit for agriculture and of very little use for grazing." One fire alone does not usually have this effect, but "a second or third fire rarely fails to kill all the forest reproduction," (i. e., the little trees) "to destroy the remaining seed trees, to burn off the upper layer of soil, and leave a desolate waste," such as the country just spoken of.

On portions of this area nature has made a good start toward creating a new

forest. Sixty square miles of the area are covered by a dense growth of young trees, the land so covered lying too high on the hillsides and being too rough, stony and gravelly to be fit for agriculture or valuable for grazing. All that this area requires in order that it may again be covered with dense forests is protection from fire.

Thus fire protection is obviously the great need of the region, and the Department of the Interior, through its Forestry Branch, is devising means to this end. So far, the measures used for the protection of forests from fire in Canada have consisted of the patrol of the forests by rangers, who constantly travel through the forest, keep a look-out for fires (often discovering and extinguishing in their beginnings fires which, neglected, would burn over miles of territory), fight fires and warn campers and travellers against the careless use of fire. This patrol will in all probability form the basis of the system of protection eventually put in operation, supplemented by the use of "look-outs" and the telephone.

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"Huray!"

Screams The Fan.

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And Win If You Can."

'Tis a Clean Manly Game :  
When It's Over—We Hope  
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It Removes Every Trace of a Game.

# Imperial Defence.

In justice to the Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, whose article, entitled "Imperial Defence," appeared in the May issue of this Magazine, we take this opportunity of correcting a typographical error, as well as restoring to their proper places two paragraphs, by some oversight, omitted.

The writer was made to say (page 302): "When Queen Victoria ascended the Throne the debt was a little less than £4,000,000,000." From the preceding lines, however, the ordinary reader would know that the proper sum was \$4,000,000,000. (Four billion dollars—not pounds.)

Again—the following should have been added:

"According to British statistical authorities, the gross national debt in 1908 was \$3,799,130,255, the major portion, less perhaps \$3,331,315, being for foreign wars, as follows:—

|                                                 |               |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| The "Glorious Revolution" .....                 | \$ 80,000,000 |
| Marlborough's Campaigns .....                   | 190,000,000   |
| During reign of George II. ....                 | 435,000,000   |
| The American War .....                          | 605,000,000   |
| French Revolutionary War (during 23 years)..... | 3,007,501,715 |
| Russian War .....                               | 165,000,000   |
| War in South Africa and China .....             | 745,410,000   |

"Deducting amounts paid off from time to time, the above computation of 1908 is considered correct."

Again (page 301), after the words "square miles":—

"There are six coloured inhabitants of the Empire for every white—the population being:—

|                              |             |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| Indian Empire .....          | 300,000,000 |
| United Kingdom .....         | 44,800,000  |
| West Africa .....            | 16,500,000  |
| East Africa and Uganda ..... | 7,500,000   |
| South Africa .....           | 6,400,000   |
| Canada .....                 | 6,250,000   |
| Australia .....              | 4,400,000   |
| Ceylon .....                 | 4,000,000   |
| West Indies .....            | 1,574,000   |
| New Zealand .....            | 900,000."   |





Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

## Victoria, B. C.

THE visitor to Victoria, as the steamer approaches the wharf, will be struck by the imposing and substantial appearance of the Government Buildings, which are built overlooking the Harbour, throwing their reflection in its placid waters.

Among other attractive buildings are to be noted the Empress Hotel, and the new Post Office. These are such as would be a credit to any city in the world; and were built, not for a few years, then to be replaced by new ones, but are erected to stand the test of ages.

Victoria is one of the most charming tourist resorts on the American continent; combining its own individual, natural beauties with an old world charm of custom and arrangement.

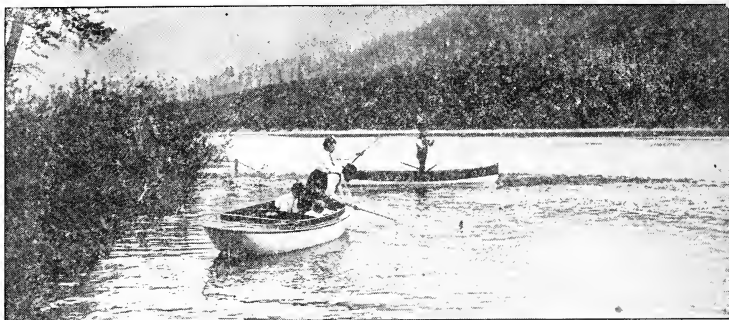
As a home city it stands alone. No place on the Pacific Coast can boast a more suitable location, or greater wealth of beautiful grounds, delightful flower gardens, displaying banks of bewildering colours; hedged about by hawthorn, privet, honeysuckle and roses. And the

homes that are built in such settings are as attractive as their surroundings.

While the city is growing rapidly, and assuming its place of importance in the world of commerce, it is evident to the most casual observer that "mere money-making" is not all there is to life in Victoria. With the best of climatic conditions and healthful environments; all that goes to make life enjoyable and "worth while" receives its true place with the residents of this city.

Country life, in the districts surrounding Victoria is most enjoyable, good society, good schools, and many churches in prosperous communities speak for the welfare of old and young.

Fruit growing, poultry raising and other interesting agricultural industries, are profitable enterprises for those who prefer to escape from the confines of city life, and such pursuits are becoming of increasing importance, as the supply will never equal the demand for the high quality products that can be produced here.



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## PROFIT

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A Club Cruise, 1908.

## Log of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club.

A Department of this Magazine for the recording of the doings of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club and yachting in general in the Pacific North-West, has been deemed a promising venture; a seaway wherein our mariners can live again the lurid moments of a keen race and can gambol once more in memory over the twenty-foot seas that seem to lay in wait for our intrepid heavy weather men.

It is hoped the department will command the interest and support of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club as well as the attention of sister yacht clubs on the Pacific Coast. Except at annual regattas, we hear too little of the doings of our brother yachtsmen in other ports and they of us. This, then, is to be our effort through the medium of Westward

Ho! as the official organ of the Club to keep more prominently forward the part played by the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club in the sport of yachting.

On the stroke of midnight, Saturday, July 4th, 1908, the last echoes of the home waltz died regretfully away amongst the whispering cedar trees around the White Club House in Stanley Park. The merry crowd in white duck and crisp pique thronged out on the Club floats and aboard the launches and were whisked away to town, the tired committee-men and fagged flag officers slept where they lay, and the International Regatta of 1908 receded into a favoured niche in the treasure house of the past. It is only a year ago, but to those who worked for its success, that regatta seems still very near, it widened

out the yacht club as nothing had done before; the keenness of public interest in the Alexandra-Spirit contest for the Alexandra Cup brought the occasion before the public in a way it had never been before. On each race day several great steamers were required to accommodate the crowd of spectators in addition to the hundreds of small craft and thousands of people who were unable to get better accommodation, lined the shores of English Bay to witness the now historic struggle.

It is hoped that the Trustees of the Alexandra Cup and the officers of the North-west International Yacht Racing Association may, before next year, arrange that the Alexandra Cup races shall not be sailed at the same time in the same place as the class races of the Association. The Alexandra Cup represents yachting supremacy in the North-west and during the series of races for it, it is impossible to keep any interest in the Association races; it would be for the good of the sport if the contest for the Alexandra Cup were to be an occasion by itself.

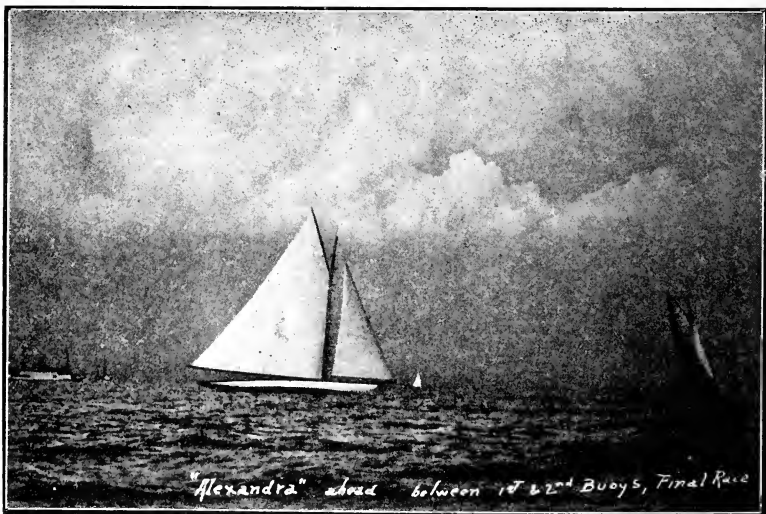
Another lesson we learned last year

was that a regatta should be short and busy. To most yachtsmen, the occasion of the annual regatta of the Association is their annual holiday, usually of two weeks. After the regatta most of the yachts go cruising up or down the Gulf for the remainder of the holiday. Time in port is begrudged and after three days of racing the attendance rapidly thins out. Now if the whole regatta could be pulled off in that three days, and there really does not seem to be any reason why it should not, the Association would have a full attendance during the whole of the programme, the yachtsmen, more especially the non-racing men, could stay to the end and not begrudge the time.

The following is the programme of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club for the season, 1909:—

May 15—First of series of Graveley Cup races, 21-foot centreboard class and motor boat races; Inlet 6-mile course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

May 22—Cruisers' race around Texada Island. Prizes: Dixon Challenge Cup, open to any R. V. Y. C. yacht, and the two Thynne cups for first and second



*"Alexandra" ahead between 1st & 2nd Buoys, Final Race*



Sloop Onawery.

to any cruising yacht in the North-West International Yacht Racing Association. Start in English Bay at 9 a.m.

June 5—Opening cruise of season to Deep Cove, Burrard Inlet. Start from opposite C. P. R. pier. Pennant to first boat to finish in each class.

June 12—Club regatta, English Bay course, 12 miles. New time handicap rules to govern. Open to every yacht in the fleet.

June 19—Beaver Cup race around White Rocks, and Ballanac Islands. Start in English Bay at 9 a.m.

June 28—Fleet cruise to Seattle to attend International Regatta of the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association.

July 17—Grand midsummer club cruise to Deep Cove, Burrard Inlet. Steamer Convoy with band in attendance. Start, 2.30, opposite C.P.R. pier.

July 24—Graveley Cup race, 21-foot center-board class and motor boat races; Inlet 6-mile course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

July 31—Julian Cup race, lady coxswain; Inlet course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

August 7—Club Regatta, English Bay 12-mile course. Start at 2.30 from club house, Coal Harbour; finish in English Bay after rounding bell buoy.

August 21—Final of Graveley Cup, 21-foot center-board and motor boat races. Inlet course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

August 28—Baskinbale Cup race, open to entire fleet, and Club Regatta. English Bay 12-mile course. Start 2.30 p.m.

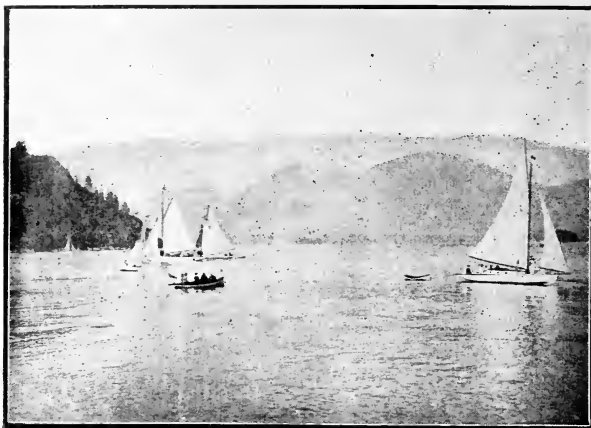
September 4, 5 and 6—(Labour Day)—Final club cruise of season to Nanaimo. Start, 2 p.m. from club house. Anchor first night at Keat's Island; on to Nanaimo on September 5, and return on September 6.

This arrangement seems to meet with general approval and it is expected that every event will be interesting.

For the race around Texada Island the American Yacht Clubs have been invited to make entries and the fastest of the cruising fleet of the Elliott Bay Yacht Club will come over to enter in the event. The course for this race lies through most interesting cruising



Alexandra.



At "Deep Cove," North Arm, Burrard Inlet.

grounds, lovely wooded islands, snug harbours and long inviting inlets, meet the sailor's eye as he travels north up the Straits of Georgia, and down the Malaspina Strait, and apart from the interest

of the race, the trip itself is most enjoyable.

The Club cruises have been well arranged and will no doubt be attended as usual by the whole fleet.

We have received a copy of a little book, entitled "British Columbian Problems," by J. C. Harris. Among the subjects considered therein are: "The abuse of the Crown Grant in mining property"; "Our Forests—their preservation or their destruction"; "Public ownership of Telephones"; "Civil Service Reform," etc. Mr. Harris handles these in rather a radical manner, but submits his book to "Read, not contradict, nor to believe,

but to weigh and consider," quoting Bacon. The Book is published by Thomson Stationery Co., Vancouver.

Mr. E. Albert Orchard of Vernon, B.C., has just issued a guide to the Okanagan. It is concise, well arranged and nicely illustrated. Anybody seeking specific information regarding the Okanagan Valley would do well to send for it.



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**J. Colcott & Co.,** Metropolitan Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.  
— Homer Street.

**PADMORES  
CIGAR  
STORE**

Moved to

**642 Granville Street**

**VANCOUVER**

Look for the Electric Sign.

**You Want  
A Home Site  
Close to Vancouver**

Buy one at Point Grey, Vancouver's choicest and best located future residential district.

Every lot a view lot and now going at acreage prices.

You can buy a large piece for little money on very easy terms.

Tram cars running now; 5-cent. fare. Write us today.

**LEMBKE & GILL**

Real Estate. Insurance. Timber.  
439 Richards Street,

**VANCOUVER, B.C.**

Branch Office:

Kerrisdale, B. C., Point Grey.

# Free for the Asking

We will mail to any LADY in Canada the Largest, Smartest and most Exclusive range of Washable Shirting Fabrics, **very suitable and specially adapted for Blouses and Suits.**

We import our Shirtings from the Mills in Scotland, and our prices are at least one-third less than retail.

You will save time, trouble and treasure by writing at once for samples.

## THIS MONTH'S SPECIALS

**WHITE MERCERIZED ZEPHYR SHIRTINGS**, in stripes, figured and embroidered effects (10 yds. sufficient for whole costume); width 27 inches.....**15c a yard.**

**ZEPHYR SHIRTINGS**, in white and colored grounds with Russian cords, stripes and figured effects of every conceivable color; width 32 inches. **Price 35c to 50c a yd.**

**BOTANY TAFFETA SHIRTINGS**, a wool weft fabric of light weight and fine weave, in every color and tint, unshrinkable and will wash like a handkerchief; width 32 inches.....**Price, 50c to 60c a yd.**

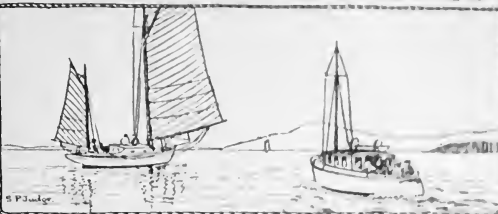
Our Mail Order Department is for your convenience, goods shipped same day as ordered and **GUARANTEED to MORE than PLEASE** you or money refunded, and all charges on Mail Orders **PREPAID** to any address in Canada.

Write for our extensive range of samples today and save yourself shopping troubles.

**HARRY TOLTON, - BERLIN, ONT.**

Shirt-Tailor and Importer of Woven Fabrics of rare weave.

# SPORTS AFLOAT



AGENTS FOR

MARINE

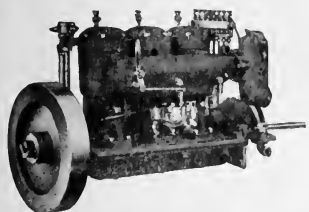
**"FERRO"**

3 H.P. to 25 H.P. ENGINES

The B. C. Boat and Engine Co., Ltd.

BOAT AND LAUNCH BUILDERS

FOOT OF DENMAN ST.



ALSO "HOLLIDAY" 4-CYCLE.

## Gasoline Engine Supplies

Promptly Shipped by Mail or Express. A full stock on hand.



OUR TYPE "A" LAUNCH

We manufacture Launches to suit you.

We provide and install Gasoline Engines that will serve you faithfully.

We guarantee our goods, and our customers will tell you that our guarantee is worth something.

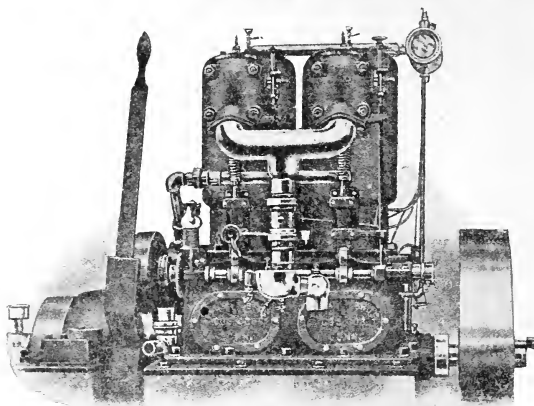
A choice of reliable engines is yours:

HIGH GRADE UNION AND REGAL 4-CYCLE ENGINES.

**THE HINTON ELECTRIC CO., VICTORIA, B. C.**

Address Launch Department.

# Palmer Motors



HAVE SATISFIED THEIR  
USERS FOR PAST FIF-  
TEEN YEARS.

THEY DEVELOP THEIR  
RATED HORSEPOWER

and are reasonable in price.

Built in 27 different sizes  
from 1½ to 30 h.p., 2 and  
4-cycle types.

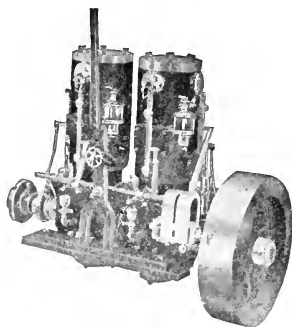
CAR-LOAD OF THESE  
MOTORS JUST  
RECEIVED.

Call and see them or write  
for Catalogue.

V. M. DAFOE,  
Western Canadian  
Representative.

1600 Powel St., Vancouver.

Down-town Showrooms,  
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Double Cylinder.

## ADAMS

### Marine Gasoline Engines

Now is the time for you to get an engine for  
that boat of yours. If you want a good engine  
at a very reasonable cost, you should write in  
to us or come and see what we offer you.

Best Engine.

Best Prices.

Write for our free catalog.

Sole B. C. Agents for Gilson Farm Engines,  
for running spraying machines, cream separa-  
tors, pumps, saws, feed choppers and all  
stationary work. Catalog Free.

The Adams Launch and Engine  
Mfg. Company

108 Water Street

Vancouver, B. C.



## WILSON'S INVALID'S PORT

(la a Qu du Perou)

Pays daily dividends in health, strength and vigor, by increasing appetite, helping digestion, and mildly toning the entire system

A healthy Stimulant  
An Invigorating Drink  
A Delightful Appetizer

Big Bottle  
All Druggists  
Everywhere



## NORRIS SAFE AND LOCK CO., Ltd.

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF  
SAFES.

VAULT DOOR TIME LOCKS.  
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Western Agents:

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ELY NORRIS MANGANESE  
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### Frank G. Bruson

P.O. Box 542. VANCOUVER, B.C.



## \$450.00 READY FOR SEA

This is one of our 22-ft. family launches, equipped with one of our 5 H.P. engines. She is comfortable and will carry 8 to 10 people nicely.

She is a good sea boat and we guarantee a speed of 9 miles an hour. Finish the best throughout with solid brass rudder and shoe. We make small sizes too, and also large launches of every description.

We are the only firm in British Columbia manufacturing Engines and Launches complete. We can give you the best value and we guarantee you results.

### EASTHOPE BROS.

Manufacturers of Marine Gasoline Engines. Builders Complete Launches.  
Office and Factory: 1705 GEORGIA STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.

## If You Want Current Information

regarding VANCOUVER and BRITISH COLUMBIA generally, here is your chance to secure the publications that will give it you.

We have concluded arrangements with the management of the "Daily Province newspaper" to include the Saturday issue of the paper in a combined subscription rate with Westward Ho! Magazine.

The Saturday edition of the "Daily Province" consists of over 50 pages. It is a live, clean newspaper, regular subscription price \$1.00 per year.

Westward Ho!, an illustrated monthly, regular subscription now \$1.00.

Both of these publications will be sent, postage paid, for one year, anywhere in Canada or the British Isles, for \$1.25.

Foreign, 50 cents additional.

This offer is for a limited time only.  
Use the following coupon:—

Westward Ho! Pub. Co., Ltd.,

Enclosed find money order for \$1.25, payment of your special subscription rate for Westward Ho! Magazine and Saturday edition of The Province newspaper; to be sent, postage paid, for one year from date to following address:—

Name .....

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Note.—If the above is to be sent to U. S. A. or other foreign country, add 50 cents to above price.

## Something New in Motor Boats

The average man, buying a motor boat at a reasonable price, wants four things:— safety — comfort— freedom from trouble—speed.

As to the last of the four, don't fool yourself—or let others fool you. If you are jollying yourself with the idea that you don't want speed, you have had mighty little experience in the great joy of motor boating.

You can't get a 35-miler and have comfort, but on the other hand don't be satisfied with a tub. You would rather ride at 11 or 15 or 20 miles per hour than to drift along at six.

We have the designs and the plant, and are turning out something different from the ordinary launch—different in design—different in construction—different in arrangement—embodying the latest ideas shown at this year's Chicago and New York shows.

Such are "KOOTENAY FLYERS," making from 9 to 28 miles per 60 minutes, depending on size and power.

These boats are not mere racing machines either — heavy, well constructed hulls—strong, substantial power plants—every inch of material the best the market affords.

And prices no more than ordinary launches.

Send for plans and descriptions.

## The Kootenay Motor Boat Company, Ltd.

NELSON, B. C.

# ==TRAVEL DE LUXE==

THE  
THREE  
FUNNEL  
LINE

THE  
THREE  
GREAT  
CITIES

BETWEEN

## VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, SEATTLE

DOUBLE TRIANGLE

ROUTE

DAILY SERVICE

FROM VANCOUVER

SWIFT

SAFE

TO SEATTLE:—Princess Victoria leaves C.P.R. wharf daily except Monday at 11:00 p.m. Princess Charlotte (the new Flyer), via Victoria, leaves daily except Tuesday and Wednesday at 10:00 a.m.

TO VICTORIA:—Princess Charlotte leaves C.P.R. wharf daily except Wednesday at 10:00 a.m. SS. Charmer leaves daily at 1:00 p.m.

“THE ONLY THROUGH TRAIN”  
ATLANTIC EXPRESS

FROM THE PACIFIC



TO THE ATLANTIC

Unsurpassed Accommodation. Vestibuled Throughout.

Leaves Vancouver daily at 3:15 p.m., carrying the most up-to-date Standard and Tourist Sleepers, making connections with Toronto, New York and all points East.

See that your ticket reads via Canadian Pacific to the  
ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

For further particulars call on:

J. Moe, City Ticket Agent,

C. Millard, Depot Ticket Agent,

428 Hastings Street,

Vancouver, B.C.

Or write to: C. B. Foster, A.G.P.A., Vancouver, B.C.

# INVESTMENTS & SECURITIES

## LANDS, BONDS, STOCKS, ETC.

### THE SOUTH-WEST ALBERTA LAND CO., Limited

(INCORPORATED IN PROVINCE OF ALBERTA),

invests funds on first mortgages on Albertan Wheat Farms at Eight to Ten per Cent. per annum. The Large margins and the upward trend of values make these lands the best secured investments at the highest interest for both home and British Capital.

**ARTHUR C. KEMMIS, PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA, CAN.**

Refer to UNION BANK OF CANADA.

Solicitor for S. W. Alberta Land Co., Ltd.

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MEMBER VANCOUVER STOCK EXCHANGE

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### MONEY JOHN J. BANFIELD EST'D

TO  
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REAL ESTATE,  
INSURANCE, INVESTMENTS.  
607 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

IN  
1891

## Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Limited, of Huddersfield, England

CAPITAL - - - \$2,500,000.

MUNICIPAL BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD  
ESTATES MANAGED, FINANCIAL AGENTS.

Vacant and Improved Properties for Sale in Vancouver, North Vancouver,  
MORTGAGES ON REAL PROPERTY  
Victoria, and New Westminster

Also SUBURBAN AND FARM LANDS in Lower Fraser Valley.

General Agents in B. C. for  
YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,  
OF YORK, ENGLAND (Established 1824, Assets \$10,000,000).

R. KERR HOULGATE, MANAGER

440 SEYMOUR STREET

VANCOUVER, B. C.

## Remarkable and Steady Progress

|                                                    | 1902         | 1905         | 1908         |
|----------------------------------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Insurance in force, Dec. 31.....                   | \$30,152,883 | \$42,270,272 | \$54,286,420 |
| New Insurances issued .....                        | 6,085,519    | 7,686,669    | 8,690,944    |
| Income .....                                       | 1,240,890    | 1,944,810    | 2,577,890    |
| Assets, Dec. 31 .....                              | 4,400,329    | 7,189,682    | 10,361,585   |
| Payments to beneficiaries and policy-holders ..... | 310,567      | 467,673      | 963,047      |
| Reserve for the protection of policy-holders ..... | 3,785,460    | 6,242,069    | 9,428,591    |

## The Manufacturers Life INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE:—TORONTO, CANADA.

MAJOR W. B. BARWIS, District Manager,  
Molson's Bank Building,  
VANCOUVER, B.C.

### A BUNCH OF DEAD HORSES ALL INSURED WITH AND PAID FOR BY THE BRITISH AMERICAN LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

This is to certify that we have this date received a cheque for \$1,340.00 from the British American Live Stock Association, Limited, of Vancouver, B.C., in payment for the loss of ten horses insured with them.

Yours very truly,

(Sgd.) M. JANSE.

Dated at Lethbridge, Alta., this 12th day of April, 1909. Per E. C. Janse.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION, LTD.,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

## Fruit, Farm and Ranch Lands.

In the Southern Interior of British Columbia. The Kamloops district stands unrivalled for Climate, Soil, Water and Transportation facilities. I have for Exclusive Sale acreage in small and large lots, suitable for settlers and investors, and back by 24 years of practical experience in the district can advise you of the best opportunities to engage in poultry raising, fruit growing, mixed farming and ranching.

## W. U. HOMFRAY

P. O. Box 235

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

# Revelstoke Fruit Lands



In my Addition  
to the City  
command a  
Home Market  
Unexcelled in  
the West.

These 5-acre  
plots face  
REVELSTOKE  
fronting on the  
Columbia River

The soil is excellent  
and the finest apples  
and small fruits can  
be raised without  
irrigation.

Write me for  
particulars.

**CHARLES F. LINDMARK**  
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Are You Looking for a Business Opening or a  
Safe Investment?

## THE BULKLEY VALLEY, B. C.

*with its vast area of rich agricultural lands, coal fields, and adjacent mountain ranges, rich with precious metals, such as gold, silver, copper, lead, etc., offers most unusual opportunities for those looking for favorable business openings and investments.*

*With the certain construction of the MAIN LINE of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY through this valley, it is bound to become one of the richest agricultural and mining districts in the world, and its development, now that ample transportation facilities are assured for the near future, will be marvelously rapid.*

*IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS NEW COUNTRY, send me a postal with your name and address, and I will send you full particulars concerning BULKLEY VALLEY LANDS and*

## TELKWA

*The Commercial Centre of the Bulkley Valley.*

*This town is located in the very heart of the BULKLEY VALLEY, at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers. It is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and is destined to be one of the most important cities in Northern British Columbia.*

*To those desiring to purchase property in TELKWA with the intention of entering business and living there, special inducements will be offered.*

**J. L. FOREPAUGH, Agent**

*Jones Block, 407 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.*

## Western Opportunities==Timber.

Have for sale one to 100 sections of 640 acres—Pine, Spruce, Fir and Cedar—along Fraser or Columbia Rivers. Write Free Information Bureau.

E. AUGUST BRADLEY,

P. O. Box 198

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUIT FARMS

in the Glorious Kootenay.

I have for sale 5, 10 and 20-acre fruit plots, cleared and uncleared and in fruit. Write for illustrated literature, maps and prices—sent free on request.

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**A YEAR**

**As Long as You  
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**SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY  
PAYMENTS**  
The less money you have, the greater  
the need to place it where it will  
work hard and fast for you

**Fill Out and Return Coupon Just Now**

Do you want an income of from \$100.00 to \$500 a year for life? If so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If, upon examination you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the **GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES** of your life to secure a steady, permanent income as long as you live, you are under no obligation. Our first semi-annual dividend was paid January 15, 1908, amounting to 21 per cent. per annum. As the business grows the dividends will increase.

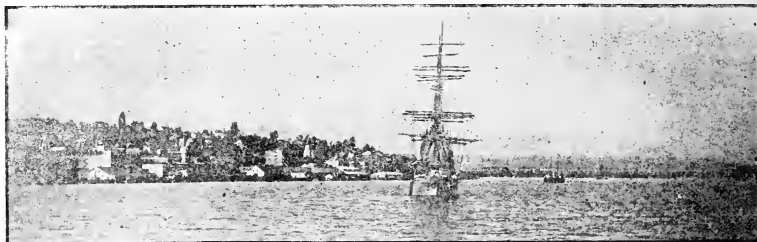
Name .....  
Post Office .....  
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Please reserve for me ..... Life Income Investment Bonds (value \$100.00 each). Send full information. If I am convinced that this enterprise is one of the **Soundest** character and will prove **Enormously** profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of \$5.00 each and \$4.00 per month on each \$100.00 Bond until fully paid. No more than 25 Bonds allowed for any one person.

**THE UNITED SECURITIES COMPANY**

1163 EMPIRE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

# NEW WESTMINSTER



**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

## WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

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Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

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Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences, Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes, and Iron Stairs.

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Real Estate, Insurance and  
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FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.



INCORPORATED 1905

SECURITY 121 791 821

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CAPITAL  
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## Your Estate Is Guaranteed

By

the combined service of capable and experienced men, when you place your affairs in the hands of this corporation. It benefits by the wisdom of many minds with much experience.

No private interest can interfere with just administration. No executor's death can entangle the affairs. We give a continuous service. Our position gives us an unequalled command of investments for those we serve. With untiring service we give absolute security.

The more you desire the wisest administration of your estate the more attractive will our service be.

DOMINION TRUST CO., LTD.,

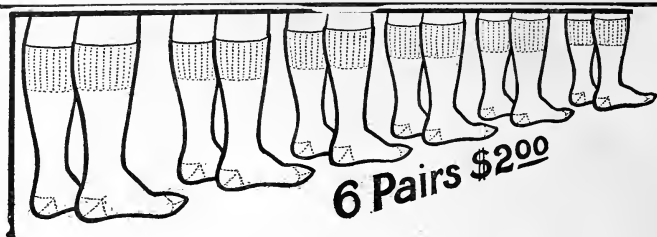
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# DOMINION TRUST COMPANY LTD.

HEAD OFFICE HASTINGS ST. W., VANCOUVER, B.C.

BRANCH OFFICE 1001 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



## STOP DARNING

No more need of wife or mother spending hours of eye-straining, nerve-exhausting labor, darning for the family. She can end it all with

# NEVER DARN Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

As the washing machine banished the wash board, and the sewing machine lightened the labors of the seamstress, so **NEVER DARN** Holeproof Hosiery will do away with the drudgery of the darning needle and the mending yarn.

You see **NEVER DARN** Holeproof Hosiery is not the kind of hosiery you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn and is

### GUARANTEED HOLEPROOF FOR SIX MONTHS

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for six months.

We use specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian lisle yarn. Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery. This hosiery is made to wear—extraordinarily durable, but not heavy—and the heels and toes are doubly reinforced, made to resist wear where the wear comes. Then they are so soft and easy on the feet.

Holeproof Hosiery is dyed by an entirely new process.

Dyeing hosiery in the ordinary way weakens the fabric, making it harsh and stiff, and, in a great many cases, positively unclean as the dye rubs off, discoloring the feet.

But our new process makes the Holeproof fabric as clean, soft and strong as undyed hosiery. The colors of Holeproof are absolutely fast.

Holeproof Hosiery is the most cleanly and sanitary hosiery in existence and costs you no more than the ordinary kind. You buy them 6 pairs \$2.00 with the following guarantee in each box.

If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

No red tape—simply detach coupon from “guarantee” enclosed in every box, and forward with damaged hosiery direct to us.

State size, and whether black or tan. Only one size in each box of six pairs. Send in your order today, if your dealer cannot supply you send us money order or bills for \$2.00, and start enjoying Holeproof comforts right away. Do it now.

We also make boy's and Girls stockings in same quality.

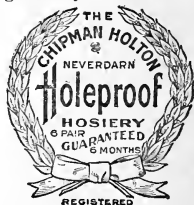
Box containing 3 pair, \$1.00.

Guaranteed for three months.

**Chipman Holton  
Knitting Co., Limited**

“It's the name behind the  
guarantee that makes  
it good.”

Mary and Kelly St., Hamilton, Ont.



# HERE'S THE SENSATION OF THE YEAR IN MEN'S CLOTHING



K5



K6

Either  
of  
These  
Suits  
in Blue  
or Black  
Worsted  
for

**\$9.10**

No question about it, an imported English Clay Twill Worsted, blue or black, made from pure Botany wool, is the most **DESERVEDLY POPULAR MATERIAL** for Men's Suits on the market. For that reason we have chosen this excellent fabric (17 oz. weight, guaranteed fast color) to be the leading MEN'S FEATURE of this season. Such value has never before been offered to Mail Order Customers in Canada.

**DON'T OVERLOOK THESE DETAILS.**—The greatest care has been taken in designing and tailoring these suits, and each one is carefully examined by an expert before it is sent out to a customer. The material and linings have been thoroughly shrunk before making up, and we guarantee them to retain their shape. A patent unbreakable front of shrunk linen duck is used in every coat together with hair cloth and padding stayed with linen. Each suit is lined with a fine twilled material and finished with **double stitched edges and raised seams**  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch sewn with silk. Single breasted style has fancy flaps on coat and vest pockets and cuffs on the sleeves.

K5.—Double-breasted { Sizes 36 to 44 .....  
K6.—Single-breasted {

(When ordering, specify which one you want. Sizes over 44, \$1.50 extra. Write for Catalogue.

**\$9.10**

THE  
ROBERT

**SIMPSON**  
TORONTO, ONT.

COMPANY  
LIMITED



# MURAD

## TURKISH CIGARETTES

The art of blending cigarette tobacco is much like the art of blending colors in a picture.

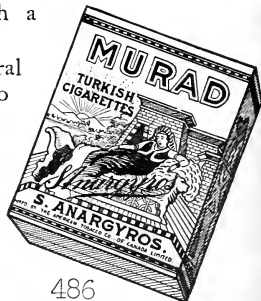
An artist can take a few colors and with a brush and canvas produce a masterpiece.

An expert tobacco blender can take several different kinds of Turkish tobacco and so combine them as to form a rich, full, delicately flavored cigarette.

The delightful flavor of MURAD Cigarettes is entirely due to the blending of the tobaccos.

If you like a really good cigarette you should try MURADS—10 for 15c.

S. ANARGYROS.



486

